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The American Catholic quarterly review

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THE
AMERICAN
CATHOLIC QUARTERLY
REVIEW

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**Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini
ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem
sive confitentem. S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii, AD PASCENT.**

VOLUME XLVII.

FROM JANUARY TO OCTOBER, 1922

PHILADELPHIA.

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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Book Reviews.

Average Cabins is not less interesting, but is more of a come. The scene is laid almost entirely in England, and as usual gives very true pictures of English life and custom. The heroine is son what of a Cinderella, though not in the strict sense. She is the youngest girl of a large family, the head of which was an Anglic clergyman. All the others marry; in fact, marriages are arranged for them, except John, who becomes a convert and a priest. Jan has been somewhat delicate, and everyone takes it for granted that she has never grown up, and never will grow up, although she is thirty-five years old when the story opens. But she is starving for affection, and when a friend of her brothers, whom he has brought to the house for a visit, and who has been very much of a ne'er-do-well, proposes to her she accepts him, although she is older than he by six years. It helps to complicate matters that John has learned his friend's previous history in the confessional during a serious illness.

The scene in the house of the oldest brother in London, where all the members of the family assemble to prevent this marriage is worthy of Thackeray.

We hope that Miss Clarke's pen is far from exhaustion, and that her readers will increase in proportion to her merits.

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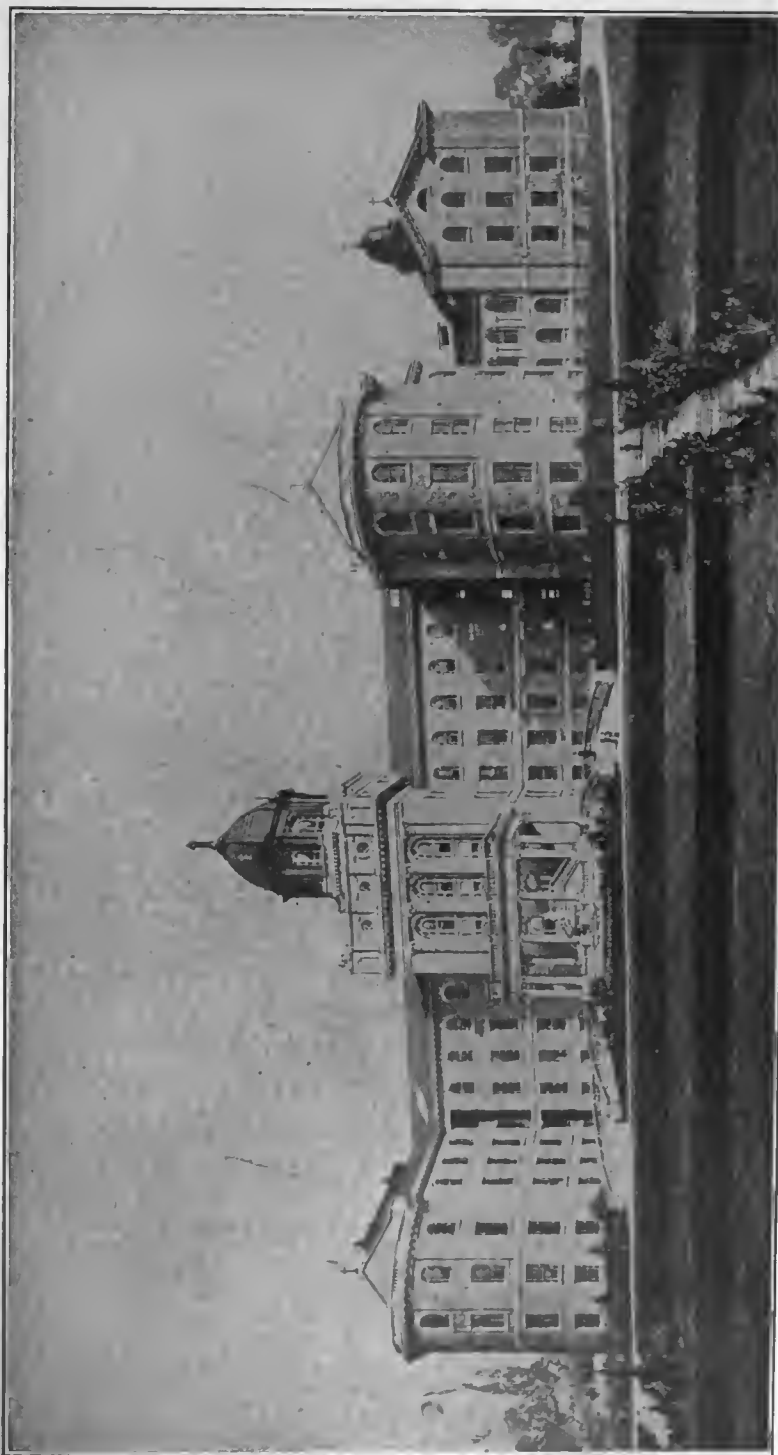
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(Extract from *Sabotary*, July, 1890.)

VOL. XLVII.—JANUARY, 1922—NO. 185

PROPAGANDA AND ITS PROTOMARTYR

APRIL 24, 1922, is a red-letter day in the Capuchin calendar. It coincides with the tercentenary of one of the most notable members of that order, St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, the protomartyr of Propaganda, the first of a long line of heroic missionaries who were faithful unto death in the defense and propagation of Catholic truth when it was the object of the most violent assaults to which it was ever subjected. Protestantism, supported by powerful princes, threatened to undermine the Church in the West. Luther and Calvin, who led the assault, marshaled and directed all the forces at their command against it. The Counter-Reformation had a hard battle to fight to repel it and check its inroads. Though the two great heresiarchs had passed away, Luther in 1546 and Calvin in 1564, the Europe in which St. Fidelis was to take his place in the ranks of the combatants on the side of the Catholic defensive, was thoroughly demoralized, religiously, socially and politically. The great revolt of the sixteenth century had succeeded in subverting the basis of order in Church and State. Luther, in openly condoning immorality and preaching justification by faith alone, in opposition to the explicit teaching of St. Paul,¹ had given a free rein to human passions; while Calvin, who scorned toleration, had autocratically imposed his iron yoke and gloomy creed upon his adherents. True liberty, which connotes judicious restraints, gave place to license, and authority, indispensable as the principle of order, was flouted. Even many of the so-called Reformers themselves were dismayed by the corruption

¹ I. Cor. xiii., 2.

their false teaching engendered. It must be admitted that there was a grievous need of reform in the previous century, which afforded a colorable pretext for the Reformation, and that a reform in discipline and practice had been too long delayed. The action of the Protestant innovators was as irrational as that of a man who, finding his house full of dust and dirt and cold, pulled it down in order to clean it. It is easier by destructive criticism to sap the foundations of belief than to renovate a Church in any order within it. It was persons, not doctrines, that needed reformation.

Thirteen years after Calvin had been laid in his undiscovered grave² was born one who was to devote the best part of his life and to sacrifice it, in an effort to undo the effects of this innovative teaching. This was Mark Rey, the future friar and martyr. His family had been among the victims of the persecution that accompanied the introduction of "the new learning," as Protestantism was euphemistically termed. It forced his grandfather to seek refuge, in 1529, in the little town of Sigmaringen on the left bank of the Danube in the centre of the Duchy of Suabia, the capital of the Hohenzollern district. The world has been hearing much of the Hohenzollerns that has not been to their credit. But there is also a contra side to the account. The Catholic branch of the family which takes its name or affix from Sigmaringen has done much to redeem partly their character. While the Margrave of Brandenburg, originally Catholic, found it convenient to side with the Reformation in order to seize upon the estates of the Teutonic order and found the kingdom of Prussia, which became an ambitious Lutheran power, the Hohenzollerns-Sigmaringen adhered to the ancient faith of Christendom whether on the principle "*cujus regio, ejus religio*" or not. Sigmaringen refused to open its gates to heretics and proudly proclaimed that it was always a Catholic city; its princely lord, Charles I. of Hohenzollern, has taken every precaution to prevent its being morally infected with heresy. The very year (1529) the Prince-regent took possession of the inheritance bequeathed to him by his godfather, the emperor Charles V., witnessed the arrival of a man of noble family named Roy or Rey, who came from Antwerp, and shortly afterwards married into a family as distinguished as his own, not so much for its rank but for its sterling Catholicity. In after years Madame Rey, the saint's grandmother, then ninety, loved to tell how the Rey family had always respected the faith of its ancestors and never tolerated anything injurious to it. She had several children, one of whom, John, who became a personage of distin-

² The precise place of Calvin's sepulture is not known.

at court and burgomaster of Sigmaringen, was the father of St. Fidelis. He and his wife, Geneviève de Rosemberger, were very pious. From this stem issued numerous branches. One of their daughters, Maria, married Count Helfenstein, of the Hohenzollern line. Two of their sons became Capuchins, George, who first joined the order and was known as Father Apollinaris, and his elder brother Mark, who, as Father Fidelis of Sigmaringen, reflected most honor on the family and the city as a saint and a martyr. The birth of the latter nearly occasioned the loss of the mother's life, which she offered to save that of her offspring. But Providence decreed otherwise, and both were spared. The room in which he was born has been converted into a chapel, and his cradle is the object of great veneration; pious people putting children in it after their baptism.

A brilliant course of studies at the University of Freiburg-im-Breisgau, where he was called "the Christian philosopher" and was early appointed a professor by a very exceptional favor, accompanied his preparation for the legal profession, to which he was drawn by a desire to devote himself to the advocacy of poor suitors at a time when justice was unworthily trodden underfoot to the injury of the weak and poor, resolving to "constitute himself the defender of the oppressed." He not only distinguished himself by his attainments in the study of philosophy and law, ultimately graduating as doctor *in utroque jure*, but by his equally assiduous practice of all the Christian virtues. A most brilliant career seemed to be before him, said an eminent fellow-student, Gaspard Kleckler; the rector declared that he had not his equal. Unlike most students, thrown upon their own resources and free to follow their own inclinations, he led a very mortified life. Baron Stotzingen, one of those who gave evidence at the process for his beatification, said: "I have never seen, never perceived in all his relations and in all his actions anything but a pious life devoted to God and worthy of being quoted as a model." At that epoch the Capuchins, whom he saw for the first time, exercised over the students a gentle but firm influence by their austere lives; the order, notwithstanding the defection of some of its members, being then still in its first fervor. They went to Freiburg in response to the wishes of the citizens, although that city already possessed eight churches and seven monasteries. Four years later, in 1601, they had a convent there.

As already stated, George Rey was the first to put on the rough habit of a mendicant friar, following the example of many young men of the highest families; for it is thorough earnestness in the pursuit of a religious ideal, and not laxity, that attracts the best

subjects to the cloister. Numerous gentlemen of Suabia, known to St. Fidelis and some who had been his fellow-students, received the habit in the Freiburg convent. The reception of a brother took place in 1604. It made a great impression, for, endowed with great talents, a poet and musician and an eloquent speaker, he had given up much, turned aside from every honor or worldly allurements to become a poor friar, remarked for his great love of God and his neighbor and profound humility.

At the request of Baron Christopher William von Stotzing and his wife Anne (*née* Vogt), Mark Rey accompanied them and several young nobles in making the grand tour of several European countries. It taught him much of the religious situation in continental Europe. France still remembered the Huguenot wars, the twenty thousand churches destroyed, the multitude of priests, religious and laity massacred, and the soldiers who had fallen in those fratricidal conflicts, leaving behind them widows and orphaned children. The country was alarmed at the invasion of the Reformation. They talked then of "the Protestant peril" as they now sometimes speak of "the yellow peril." But the former was much nearer and there was more of actuality than in the vague apprehensions of contemporary forecasts. Huguenots menaced the unity of the State as well as of the Church. They enveloped the country in a network of conspiracies, nothing doing but calculated to foment civil war; like the Orangists in northeastern Ulster in another Catholic country, vainly aided and encouraged by the British Government, they are endeavoring to at once establish another English pale in place of the old Leinster pale, renationalized, and to found a purely Protestant State in the most historic region of a land predominantly Catholic. For 140 golden crowns Condé and Coligny had sold Havre, Dieppe and Rouen to the English; which the Protestant Colbert stigmatized as "an act of cowardly perfidy." Despite the protests of the Sorbonne and the University and Parliament of Paris, except a few privileges had been conceded to the Huguenots, which emboldened them to constitute themselves a State within the State, measuring their strength against the legitimate government of the country.

The future zealous missionary and intrepid defender of the Catholic Church was revealed in the part Mark Rey took in public controversies, either in academies or Protestant clubs, where he refuted the anti-Catholic and unpatriotic teaching of the Huguenot French lawyers expressing their admiration of the manner in which this young German handled the most difficult questions, showing as much dialectical ability as older men who had grown gray in the study of law and theology. The reports of these public

cussions are to be found in the archives of the principal cities he visited. On his return from this tour (1610), made, it is noted, more like a pilgrim than a tourist, he lived with the Stotzingens in Freiburg-im-Breisgau for nearly two years, studying canon and civil law in the university, and receiving, on May 7, 1611, the doctorate of both with the greatest honors. His professor, Andrew Zimmerman, declared that "in the entire city and university it was hardly possible to find any one stronger on law than Mark Rey."

Like St. Liguori, he prefaced his apostolate by a brief career at the bar. It was at Ensisheim, in Alsace, he practiced. Being on terms of friendly intimacy with Count Charles II. of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and being held in high esteem at court, after a few months he was appointed assessor of the High Court of Justice. Numerous clients had recourse to his arbitration to settle their cases without going into court. His love of equity and impartial decisions caused him to be regarded as the advocate of the poor and oppressed. In the seventeenth century German legislation was so complicated and the consequent difficulties of reaching decisions so insurmountable, that causes frequently led to duels as the only alternative. Besides, for self-interested motives, lawyers prolonged cases by a tedious procedure to the pecuniary loss of clients and to their own advantage: profiting by the proverbial "law's delay," which put fat fees in their pockets while it emptied the purses of suitors. As St. Fidelis later affirmed, corruption, malice and injustice prevailed. This aroused his indignation. His honest advocacy was regarded by other pleaders as exceptional, inopportune and troublesome and they urged him to "do as others did." His refusal to do so earned for him their enmity. Turning aside in disgust and disillusionment from a profession which, practiced like that, was in such disaccord with his sense of justice, he began to think of adopting a way of living more congenial to his religious sentiments and his conscientious regard for equity. He found it in the Capuchin Order, already illustrious by the men of high birth, social distinction, learning and holiness who had renounced wealth and worldly honors to embrace a life of poverty and austerity. In Germany and Switzerland the heroic charity of Father Stephan of Unterwalden and several others who sacrificed their lives in solacing the plague-stricken had made a deep impression. Italy gloried in St. Lawrence of Brindisi, the fame of whose sanctity, eloquence and miracles was widespread, like that of St. Seraphin of Ascoli and St. Joseph of Leonissa. Belgium venerated Benedict of Canfeld, a convert from Protestantism. The Duchy of Savoy was full of the marvels wrought by Father John of Maurienne. In France scions of the first families esteemed themselves honored by put-

ting on the Capuchin habit, like the Ven. Father Honoré, son of the first President of the Royal Parliament, Bouchart de Champigny, one of the greatest orators, the cause of whose beatification is being proceeded with; Father Angelus, Duc de Joyeuse, cousin of the royal family, who had redonned the religious habit (1599) which he had temporarily replaced by the *cuirasse* to prevent Henry IV. from ascending the throne before he had abjured Protestantism; and Father Joseph du Tremblay, the *alter ego* of the great Cardinal Richelieu, surnamed "His Gray Eminence," and, the words of an historian "the polar star of France," who, had he lived longer, would himself have been a Cardinal and first Minister, or practical ruler of that country, instead of Mazarin.

His request to be received into the order (1612) was refused by the Provincial, Father Alexander Bucklin, but later made conditional on his previous promotion to holy orders, even to the priesthood, as proof of the solidity of his vocation. He was accordingly ordained, in 1612, by Monsignor John James Mürgel, in the episcopal chapel at Constance, and entered the novitiate on September 30 of the same year, celebrating his first Mass on the feast of St. Francis (October 4). Father Angelus, in giving him the habit and the name of Fidelis, uttered these words: "And you, be faithful even unto death, and you shall receive the crown of eternal life." They were unconsciously prophetic.

He was a model novice. Several of his fellow-novices affirm that, under God, it was to Father Fidelis they owed their perseverance in their holy vocation. As frequently occurs in the lives of chosen souls destined to accomplish a certain work in the signs of Providence, he was tempted to draw back, thinking he might be the victim of an illusion and was not in the right way. The supplications of the poor clients, widows and orphans, of whom he was the protector, seemed to resound in his ears. "They have no one now; return and protect them; God wills it!" cried the tempter who, when he cannot get men to sin, spoils as much good as he can. The wise counsel of a novicemaster, skilled in the direction of souls, restored his peace of mind.

In accordance with the Franciscan rule, before his profession he disposed, by a formal will, of all his worldly possessions, which were considerable; providing, *inter alia*, for the education of poor ecclesiastical students; a foundation which still exists at Sigmaringen under the name of the *Roy Stipendium*.³ After his profession he studied theology to its depths under a distinguished p

³ This foundation was valued, in 1863, at 7,600 florins, equivalent to 18 francs. The annual interest now (or, rather, before the depreciation of the currency consequent on the great war) amounts to 640 marks, which would have been equal to 800 francs.

fessor, Father John Baptist, who for four years was his confessor and testified that he possessed a maturity of judgment and a brilliancy of intellect far surpassing that of his fellow-students, never having known him to make a mistake in theology. "Of an invariably joyful and serene disposition," he adds, "it was apparent that his soul, free from any scrupulosity, was one of rare innocence. I venture to say that, far from having committed mortal sins, he had not to reproach himself with the slightest venial faults. His heart burned with the love of God and his neighbor. All his words and actions were characterized by extreme prudence and uniform modesty; all extravagance in laughter or language was foreign to him. His courage and mortification were never lacking; so he had no trouble in overcoming all the difficulties of the religious life; he delighted above all in obedience and poverty; and his whole person breathed such a plenitude of love, sweetness, affability and holiness that the very laity who once conversed with him earnestly wished for a second interview. His devotedness to his sick brethren was admirable. In short, I affirm that Father Fidelis was a model of virtue. In my opinion, he was much superior to the other religious." ⁴

The superstructure of his sanctity was thus laid upon a solid foundation. He was well prepared for the ministry and for martyrdom. As a preacher, he had a high estimate of the dignity of the Christian pulpit. An eye-witness, Father Mejnrad, deposed at Constance that before ascending it, he remained a whole hour prostrate before the tabernacle. "Never in the memory of man," said a Feldkirch magistrate (1626), "has our city seen such a renowned preacher." It was not by using ornate language or by what the Apostle calls "the persuasive words of human wisdom," but in the "showing of the spirit," that he impressed and captivated his hearers; it was the known holiness of the preacher. "If knowledge is not accompanied by the Spirit," he said to one Bertold Krell, "all labor is useless." Crowds thronged the churches at which he preached. The Canton of Uri (Switzerland), the Austrian Vorarlberg and Alsace were among the first places in which he exercised the sacred ministry.

Events soon summoned him to a different sphere of activity. War was imminent. It was an epoch of great political as well as religious upheavals. A *duel à la mort* was being fought between France and Austria. The great Cardinal-Minister, Richelieu, dominated the situation, keeping the Hapsburgs, then at the zenith of their power, and Spain, still a powerful monarchy, at bay. Religious and political interests strangely clashed; so much so that

⁴ Process of Constance.

Richelieu did not hesitate to order the arrest of the Papal legate that Rome sent to the aid of a power the hereditary rival of France. In sinking the Roman Cardinal in the French statesman, watching the interests of the monarchy he served and strengthened Archduke Charles, having reënforced the garrisons of the fortress, particularly that of Feldkirch, St. Fidelis was named chaplain. His influence over the army was such that he gained confidence and affection of both officers and rankers and he inspired the troops with a courage that enabled them to face fearlessly; some, after listening to his exhortations, preferred to die rather than to live and others actually deploring being wounded of their wounds as it exposed them to the danger of offending.

The Hungarian plague at this time invaded the garrison. He claimed many victims. The good chaplain had to stretch himself on the ground alongside the poor soldiers, drag himself from one to another, put his ear to their mouths and his mouth to theirs in hearing their confessions, visit them two or three times a day, wash their feet and prepare their food; and all this in a pestilential atmosphere, yet with a smile on his face as if he breathed a purified air. He often deprived himself of a great part of his food to give it to the stricken soldiers, some of whom he had removed to the Capuchin convent, where they were the objects of his most devoted attentions. Thanks to his indefatigable labors the ravages of the epidemic were reduced to insignificant proportions.

Military discipline was then extremely severe. It was not unusual to see the death penalty inflicted for small faults. The chaplain strove to mitigate it as much as possible. One day four soldiers were condemned to be put to the sword; by his influence he obtained the pardon of two, while the others he prepared to accept death with resignation. He also intervened successfully for a large number of prisoners; and by his boldness and intrepidity put an end to a military mutiny at the risk of losing his life at the hands of half-drunken men capable of committing any deed.

The army was not the only sphere of his labors. He was a social reformer. Moral disorders were very prevalent in Feldkirch and its neighborhood. In season and out of season he preached against luxury, immorality, injustice, hatred and disregard of the precepts of the Church. He reminded the rich even more than the poor of their duties; menacing wrongdoers, indifferent as to what class they belonged; required the reparation of this or that scandal, probed every social wound and applied the remedy needful for healing. He did not mince his words. He inveighed against unbridled luxury of women, the cause of the perversion and r

of families, so vehemently as to raise a storm of opposition, somewhat like the antagonism Savonarola's denunciation of the vices and vanities of the Florentines stirred up. His reforming efforts were the more resisted as the abuses against which he railed were countenanced by the higher classes in the city, to the general scandal of the people. They publicly protested against the audacity of this Capuchin who dared to speak so boldly and taxed him with indiscretion, imprudence and narrow-mindedness. All were not so minded. Meeting, one day, a pious lady, Euphrosine Pappus, who wore a rather eccentric headgear, he said to her; "Madame, it is Satan you are carrying there disguised in a piece of vanity; take it off!" Struck by this unexpected reproach, and grasping its meaning, she promptly discarded it. Contemporary society would be all the better for more priests of the type of St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen. If there was a burning of the vanities in every modern centre of fashion and frivolity there would be a big blaze. Appearing before the city Senate, he justified his conduct, pointed to the moral decadence and increasing impiety consequent thereof and the necessity of putting a stop to it. Everybody agreed with him. At his request the Senate passed a regulation designed to arrest the course of luxury, immorality and contempt of ecclesiastical authority. It was published by the magistrates and registered in the city archives, where the original text may be seen. Thenceforth the zealous missionary had full liberty to preach as he thought fit against social abuses. He availed of it to eradicate the evil of a bad press, getting the Senate to absolutely prohibit the circulation of doubtful or heretical books, of which a large number were seized and consigned to the flames. He did not stop there. To counterbalance the effects of heretical publications, he wrote a work on the Catholic faith entitled *De articulis fidei Catholicæ* and other publications of which unfortunately no copies are extant.

His unceasing efforts for the conversion of heretics were crowned with conspicuous success, notably in the case of Anna Zoller, who, when he preached on prayers for the souls in Purgatory, openly derided him and the doctrine, proclaimed that it was false, that Luther's teaching was the only true one and denounced the preacher as a driveler who should not be listened to. He used every method of persuasion, but unsuccessfully, with this Calvinist lady of high social position, who, endowed with more than ordinary feminine fluency of speech, employed her eloquence in public and private to disseminate her views, and, when cited before the tribunal, displayed her wonted arrogance and obstinancy. The Senate deputed her to put an end to the scandal. Still the good priest did not

abandon this lost sheep. By his prayers he obtained her conversion. Shortly afterwards she made her abjuration.

Another social sore was discord among families, who foolishly squandered their money in long-drawn-out suits. As arbitrator happily ended many of these and earned the appellation of "angel of peace," as his protection of the poor and the oppressed and orphans caused him to be named "the advocate of the poor." Others designated him "the universal counselor." He was in fact. Persons the most eminent for learning and dignity sought his advice. His reputation as a pacificator led Monsignor Andrea Scappi, Bishop of Campania and Apostolic Nuncio in Lucerne to confide to him the reform of the Benedictine monasteries of Pfadfers. By his exertions a ruined convent of Dominican nuns was restored and became a flourishing institution despite atrocious persecutions.

After a few months of his apostolate the city of Feldkirch and its neighborhood were unrecognizable, so great and beneficial was the change this one religious wrought.⁵ Universal approbation conferred him the title of "Father of the Country." Such a profound and radical transformation could only have been effected by supernatural virtue. "He only worked for God and lived always in His presence," said his companion, Father John. "In heat, cold, hunger, thirst, sufferings of all kinds, everywhere he had only in view the glory of God, the propagation of the Catholic faith, the glorification of the saints, the salvation of his soul and that of his neighbor. Indefatigable in his ministry, he preached, exhorted, encouraged, reprimanded, converted and visited the sick, without even a thought of self. His love for unbelievers and sinners was full of tenderness."

After this, one is not surprised to hear that he was a workman and a prophet. Of this several striking, interesting and impressive incidents are narrated. The prophecy he repeated oftenest was that of the time and manner of his own death. Early in the morning, before Mass, he begged of God to enlighten him on this subject: *da mihi intimam lucem horæ mortis*. When he opened his mission at Prätigau he said: "I have good hopes of converting the erring ones; still they will put me to death. It is certain!" After leaving Feldkirch he told the magistrates, his friends and brethren that they would never again see him in this world. His conviction was so deeply engraven in his mind that, during the two years preceding his death, he subscribed his letters: "Brot

⁵ In the Bull of Canonization Benedict XIV. thus sums up the reform work of St. Fidelis: *Omnia vitiorum genera, prava omnes consuetudines, immaculatis Christianæ sanctimonie legibus adversantes, qua fidelis exhortationibus, qua liberiori voce et mirabili quadam eloquentiæ insectatus novos populo mores induxisse visus est.*

Fidelis, who will soon be the food of worms." The nearer his end approached, the more he accentuated this: "Brother Fidelis who will *very shortly* be the food of worms." During his last sojourn at Feldkirch he thus expressed himself: "Brother Fidelis, who in days near at hand will be the food of worms." When he returned to Prätigau, Father John asked him if the country was lost again would it be reconquered? "It will be lost and retaken," replied the saint. "In that new conquest few of ours will fall; but that will only occur through a miracle." The prophecy was realized.

Elisabeth Lanzin, of Feldkirch, appeared, after her death, to one of her relatives named Barbara. Her face was very sad, and she uttered cries and groans, describing the dreadful pains she suffered in Purgatory. Barbara recognized her, as it was from her she had received elementary religious instruction after abjuring Protestantism. Terrified by these mournful visits which often took place, she told Father Fidelis, who, moved to compassion, said: "Make your mind easy! For your relief I take upon myself the duty of delivering your relation." From that moment Barbara's house ceased to be haunted; but the noises were heard in the Feldkirch convent; it was not words but terrible signs which followed the compact made by the guardian. For several days he celebrated Mass and caused Masses to be celebrated by his brethren for this suffering soul. Shortly afterwards Elisabeth appeared, radiant in her garb of glory, with a smiling countenance. "I am delivered," she said, "and I am going to heaven. To reward you I shall pray for you." She then disappeared.

It has already been pointed out that religious and political interests conflicted in the region that was the scene of St. Fidelis' missionary labors. For having incidentally supported the rights of Austria to the Prätigau the saint was denounced by the Protestants as "an oppressor of the people." The canton of Grisons, which he evangelized, counts among the principal places of the Helvetic Confederation. It is now joined to the east and northwest of Switzerland by the cantons of Saint Gall, Glaris, Uri and Ticino; to the south it borders on Italy, to the east and north on Austria, or what was Austria. The country was anciently known as Rhetia. Its people were very bellicose, difficult to subdue, and ready to throw off any yoke; and their history is a sanguinary reflex of the national character. Protestantism appealed to their rebellious instincts, and they enthusiastically adopted the doctrines of the Reformers, essentially revolutionary, as it gave them license under the guise of liberty. Calvin wrote: "Among a hundred evangelicals (that is Protestants) one would hardly find a single one who has become an evangelical for any other motive than to

be able to freely indulge in all sorts of pleasure and incontinence. Zwingli, therefore, had no difficulty in recruiting followers from the lax members of the clergy; the refuse of the diocesan cloisters formed the bulk of the ministers of error; while dissolute and venal officials among the laity found quite to their liking the abolition of all moral restraints. In upper Rhetia the Protestant leaders found adherents who were conspiring to get rid of the Austrian yoke. Protestant preachers traversed the country, inciting revolt against the civil as well as the ecclesiastical power. Catholics were persecuted wherever they gained the upper hand; and this invariably happens.

The Capuchins' success in bringing back lapsed Catholics and converting many Protestants stirred up more embittered competition on the part of the Reformers. "I am strongly convinced," wrote the Bishop of Coire to the Provincial of Brescia-Milan, "that the restoration of religious peace in our country, where religion has to fight for its existence, depends much on the presence of Capuchin missionaries." Pope Paul V. was of the same opinion. "It is a fact grounded on long experience," he wrote to the Milanese General, "that the Capuchins, whose manner of life so well imitates that of the Apostles, are the best adapted for this apostolic vocation." Benedict XIV. repeated this in the Bull of Canonization. "To oppose a rampart to the incursion of heresy in Rhetia," wrote His Holiness, "our predecessors, Paul V. and Gregory XV., deemed it useful to select missionaries from the Order of Minors Capuchins. The Protestants themselves were surprised to see princes educated by other religions, such as Maximilian of Bavaria and Ernest Ferdinand of Austria, call upon Capuchins to preserve their people from heresy. One of them thus commented on the fact: "Incited by the hatred of their degenerate brethren, the Capuchins are distinguished by great purity of morals, by disinterested activity for the salvation of souls and by the austerity of their life. The people, for whom the Jesuits were too learned and too politicians, felt drawn towards the Capuchins, who went from place to place, who made themselves at home in the humblest cabins, who made clear to them that sentence in the Gospels that 'to enter the Kingdom of Heaven,' inasmuch as they gave up all the pleasures and comforts of the secular life. In the mouth of a bearded and barefooted monk, who had only his habit and who slept on the floor, the doctrine teaching that the Christian ought to crucify flesh and fix his thoughts on his heavenly homeland, because he is a stranger and pilgrim in this world, appeared much more convincing; the consolation, that present sufferings have no proportion to the future glory which will crown them, made a much de-

impression coming from them, than from those less mortified. Hence the favor that Ferdinand showed to the Capuchins; and the great number of convents he built for them was very useful in his plans for conversion."*

As a general sends picked troops to the front when a decisive engagement has to be fought, so the most perilous post, that of Prätigau, was assigned to Fidelis when preparations for a campaign against heresy in Upper Rhetia were concerted between Leopold V. and the Capuchin Provincial. It spread dismay in the ranks of the Reformers. "They preach with such lucidity, their zeal is so ardent, and their lives so regular, so pure that," the Protestants declared, "if they are unchecked, soon all Upper Rhetia will return to Catholicism." Their pastors threw the blame on the ministers. "It is your fault," replied one of them; "you have no energy, and you don't devote yourselves to any serious study; that is why you cannot combat Capuchins." The Calvinists even spoke their praises in the Upper Engadine and regretfully acknowledged that their lives were irreproachable. A preacher, reproached for his ill-dissembled sympathy for the Capuchins, replied: "It is with reason I esteem them. I cannot do otherwise, for they live like saints." The exalted virtues and astonishing erudition of Fidelis dumfounded them.

This triumphant exposition of Catholic truth, instead of opening their eyes, steeled their hearts. They became more envenomed against an opponent whom they resolved to get rid of and to that end covered Rhetia with a number of secret societies of the Masonic type in the expectation that by exciting a tumult among the people, stimulating the spirit of revolt under the specious pretext of throwing off the stern yoke of Austria, they would by one stroke disembarass themselves of the Archduke Leopold and the Capuchins. They stopped at nothing in their rabid hatred of the Catholic missionaries. At the close of an inflammatory address to one of the secret societies, the speaker, a certain Simon, denounced Fidelis as a "criminal" and concluded: "He must be destroyed no matter by what means!" Electrified by this harangue they all exclaimed: "Death! death to Father Fidelis! Let us kill him!"

The saint foresaw clearly the fate that awaited him. The obduracy of the heretics drew tears from his eyes and this prayer from his lips: "God, forgive them; convert them!" For them he offered to God his many austerities and his fatiguing labors. He was full of charity. He recommended Catholics not to give offense to any Protestant, but, on the contrary, to be kind and compassionate to them. He and his companion-missioners, Father John and

* Menzel, tome 5, ch. xxv.

Father Alexis, worked wonders in withdrawing the people more and more from the Reformation, which greatly incensed its ministers. A Protestant gentleman, who was on his way to Fidelis to make his abjuration, was assassinated. In one of his pockets was found a letter from one of his friends in the Valteline in which was written: "Be careful of yourself! Warn also Father Fidelis and the other Capuchins. A sanguinary plot against them has been laid." One of the plotters said: "Just as David slew Goliath, and by that deed, put to flight the army of the Philistines, so we shall triumph when the inhabitants of Prätigau will take up arms and massacre the missionaries and soldiers." This evoked the exclamation: "Down with Austria! death to the Capuchins, those mercenaries of the empire." They resolved upon the massacre. Fidelis and fixed April 24 for the general insurrection which followed. His glorious destiny was to be the Protomartyr of Propaganda.

In 1599, Father Cherubin de Maurienne, a Capuchin of Savoy and the illustrious collaborator of St. Francis de Sales in the conversion of the Chablais, in an audience with Clement VIII. proposed, as the best means of bringing about the conversion of infidels and heretics, the foundation of a Congregation in Rome specially charged with the administration and interests of all the missions throughout the world. The Pope approved of the project but it was not put into execution until twenty-three years later. It is claimed that this Capuchin friar was therefore the first instigator and promoter of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, and that what he and Father Didacus accomplished for the glory of God ought to be made known to the whole world.⁷ In the beginning of the Pontificate of Gregory XV. the project was successfully revived by another Franciscan, Father Jerome of Narni, a very saintly man, likewise a Capuchin, at whose instance a Congregation having charge of all the missions in the world was founded. Monsignor Umberto Benigni, in an article on the subject in the Catholic Encyclopedia, says: "The origin of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has been variously accounted for; reality it is the result of slow evolution. It is certain that it passed through two distinct periods, one formative and the other constructive." This "evolution" does not bar the claim of the Capuchins to have initiated it. The Carmelites also claim to have had some share in it. It was formally approved by the Bull *Inscrutabile*

⁷ Ille est pater Cherubinus qui primus fuit instigator et promotor Sacre Congregationis Romę instituendę et Institutę de Propaganda Fidei vere quę facta sunt ab eo et a R. P. Didaco deberent omnibus et singulis pro gloria Dei innotescere (Memorabilia pro vincitię Sabaudia, 1610-11 Manuscript in the archives of the State of Milan.) Quoted by Ch. Truquet in his life of Father Cherubin, pp. 176 and 382.

of Gregory XV., dated June 22, 1622.⁸ Its tercentenary, therefore, synchronizes with that of its protomartyr, St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen. The late Pope Benedict XV., who had intended to celebrate High Mass on the occasion of their celebration and to preside at other functions, issued on December 3, 1921, an Apostolic letter and composed a special prayer to be recited. Pius XI., alluding to this event in a letter to the Most Rev. Joseph Antony of Persiceto, Minister-General of the Capuchins, dated March 7, 1922, says: "But this glorious commemoration cannot be fittingly celebrated unless the three hundredth anniversary of that illustrious martyr who consecrated the inauguration of the said Congregation by the shedding of his blood for his Divine Master be likewise recalled. And St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen is to be extolled with special praise, not only because by his blessed death endured for the love of Christ he has deserved to be set as the leader of the glorious phalanx of martyrs who have since shed lustre on the Congregation of the Propaganda, but also because by his innocence of life he set a noble example to all our missionaries and to all who devote themselves to this apostolic vocation. No one ever undertook the apostleship better prepared or better instructed than he, since he carefully equipped his mind with the principles of sacred knowledge and diligently adorned his soul with the practice of all Christian virtues. Hence nothing could be more gratifying than his all-consuming charity for the Catholic people which stimulated him to labor so incessantly for their protection against the malignant contagion of a spreading heresy. In this way he advanced to the highest degree of sanctity, and merited, at the very opening of the mission entrusted to him by the Apostolic See to attain the kingdom of heaven by dying a glorious martyr for that holy faith which he had labored so indefatigably to defend and to propagate. But if the name of this illustrious man cannot fail to command the respect of all believers in our holy religion, it certainly has special claims to reverence in your Order, of which he is so brilliant a light and so precious an ornament." His Holiness concluded by expressing an earnest hope that the celebration of his tercentenary may be the means of popularizing devotion to this glorious martyr, may bring fresh and zealous workers to the Capuchin missions, and may especially stimulate the missionaries them-

⁸ Several historians have written that the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda was instituted on June 22, 1622: they were self-deceived. The first meeting of this Congregation was held on January 14, 1622. The next day an Encyclical Letter sent to all the Apostolic Nuncios, announcing to them the erection of the Propaganda and ordering them to send to this new Congregation a detailed report of their respective missions. By his letter of June 22, 1622, Gregory XV. only promulgated the Constitution of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, giving the names of the Cardinals, Bishops and secretaries who originally composed it. ("Collectanea Sacre Congregationis de Propaganda Fide.")

selves to assiduous and untiring labor in the Lord's vineyard may here be noted that it was the reading of the "Life of St. Sigmaringen" that led the Blessed Joseph Didacus of Cadiz to become a Capuchin.

The latest biographer of the saint, Father Fidelis de la Servolex, says in a work which has merited the praise of the landists: "Such was the origin of that Propaganda of which Fidelis was the first martyr, the heavenly patron and one of its greatest ornaments. It has never ceased to deserve the eulogies bestowed upon it either by honest Protestants or free-thinkers. Its testimonies which account for the hatred and rage of the societies towards an institution which is one of the most manifest proofs of the Church's catholicity and one of the most powerful instruments of true civilization." Gioberti has written: "While often European potentates shed the sweat and the blood of their subjects to gratify their ambition and add a bit of land to their States, Propaganda, without shedding a drop of blood, extends the confines of the universe its pacific and beneficent influence. Missioners, cross in hand, go forth with hopeful hearts, ready to make the most heroic sacrifices, not to kill but to convert. If they fall in the breach, they die forgiving their slayers. With no treasure but an unconquerable faith, with no other arms than persuasion and charity, they often accomplish prodigies of courage that our valiant captains could not achieve."⁹

Propaganda, with its vast ramifications encircling the globe to the world-wide Church what the arteries and veins are to the human body, circulating the blood, the vital fluid, throughout the whole frame, imparting to it the glow of health, life and energy. The Church is the Mystical Body of Christ, Rome is its head and heart, and the Propaganda, acting in accordance with the will of Christ's Vicar, the Pope, is the chief executive of the reign of the Pontiff. Its principal officer, the Cardinal Prefect, is well named the Red Pope. Dom Maternus, O. S. B., writing in the *Tal* points out that while in 1800, in the large mission field of the world there were only thirteen ecclesiastical jurisdictions with about 100 priests for one million neophytes in the pagan mission field, there were in 1921 about 300 ecclesiastical jurisdictions under the dominion of Propaganda with ten million neophytes, or, including the Philippines, 17,550,000, ministered to by 12,377 priests, 3,200 lay Brothers, 19,400 nuns and 3,500 catechists; while there were 190 seminaries with 7,500 students, candidates for a native priesthood; for the Catholic Church, freest of Republics, draws no color line. Propaganda and the immense number of missioners it has sent

⁹ "De la Primaute." I. 119. Cantu, *Hist. Univers.*, tome X., p. 342.

forth it may be truly said: *Non sunt loquela, neque sermones quorum non audiantur voces eorum. In omnem terram exivit sonus earum; it in fines orbis terræ verba eorum.*

When Monsignor Scalpi, the Nuncio, reported on the progress made in Upper Rhetia and praised Fidelis so highly, dwelling enthusiastically on his great virtues and extraordinary qualities, he was unanimously nominated prefect of the mission in the Grisons and missionary delegated by Propaganda. While the messenger was hastening to transmit to him his credentials, he fell a victim to sectarian hatred and became the protomartyr of the Congregation, the standard-bearer of so many martyrs who went out from it, as Benedict XIV. declared in the Bull of Canonization.¹⁰

When he was leaving Feldkirch (March, 1622) he knew by revelation that he was going to his death. Many times he had already spoken of his end and the manner of it as an indubitable fact. To the friend of his youth, Gaspard Kleckler, of Feldegg, he declared in precise terms that he would be put to death in the Grisons. It was noised abroad. Nothing was talked of but the approaching death of Father Fidelis. There were tears in all eyes. In his last sermon there he said: "By order of my superiors I am returning to the Grisons and shall never come back." On the day of his departure (April 14) he said to Father Meinrad: "An insurrection will soon break out in this country and I shall be assassinated."

Black looks greeted his entrance into Prätigau, like clouds foreboding a storm. Won over to the revolution, the inhabitants affected a hypocritical submission to the Austrian power. He knew their designs, but he did not change his manner towards them, always affable and full of paternal kindness. In vain he urged them to abandon their projected revolt. Seeing his end was near, he redoubled his austerities, fasting more rigorously even after Easter. Burning with zeal he said one day to a soldier: "I would give even my life to affirm that the Catholic faith is the only true one, that which should save us." The soldiers often found him in ecstasy. One day at Davos, after one of these manifestations, he foretold with perfect exactitude the rising in Prätigau and the retaking of the country by the Austrians. The rebels themselves, in making known the realization of this prophecy, confessed that

¹⁰ *Vinea electa* primus inter sacros operarios ad excolendam vineam Domini a Sacra Congregatione Fidei Propagandæ adscriptus ad Rhetiae regionis, Zwinglii et Calvini erroribus infectas, orthodoxam religionem indefesso labore propagavit. (Card. Guadagni; cf. Benedict XIV. *De beatif et canon. serv Dei*, t. VII., p. 100). Primus ad excolendam vineam Domini per Sac. Congregationem de Propaganda Fide selectus (Card. Orsini, *ibid.* p. 106).

the victory was due in large part to the intercession of Fidelis.

When Fidelis resumed his journey to Grüşch, the Governor, learning of an ambush, wanted to assign to him a military escort, but he refused it. However, without his knowledge four soldiers were sent to follow him at some distance and to promptly go to his relief if the heretics attempted to attack him. At Prätigau he was the object of insults which were showered upon him. He was fixed April 24 for his assassination. After he celebrated Mass at Grüşch on Saturday, April 23, a deputation of Protestant ministers and Seewis hypocritically asked him to preach the next day in the village. "We greatly regret the disturbance we made during your sermons," they said, "but we swear that in future we will be quiet and submissive." The saint saw the snare and said to his companion: "I expect no good from the inhabitants of this village. Their language is not sincere; but I shall go notwithstanding in order to fulfil to the last the duties of my ministry." He was not deceived, but the Austrian soldiers, who made a kind of reconnaissance and finding everything apparently quiet, were; that very day the saint warned them to be on their guard and spoke with unusual gravity: "We know not when we shall be attacked. Soldiers! fulfil your duty to God and prepare for confession." He did so, and several heretics asked to be received into the Church.

The missionary's arrival was publicly announced and the authorities asked the people to come in large numbers, to be rid of the presence of the imperial troops the sectaries told the people that the Austrian soldiers meant to shut them up in the church, in order to put military pressure on them to force them to embrace the Catholic religion, and showed them forged letters purporting to be from the Archduke. The stratagem succeeded. The heretics, instigated by their preachers, surprised the saint in Castelo and confined them in the fortress, forcing them to take an oath to never more take up arms against Prätigau. They knew nothing of this in Grüşch on the 24th. Father Fidelis, after writing a farewell letter to the Prince-Bishop of Saint-Gall, in the evening he distinctly spoke of his approaching death, celebrated Mass after his thanksgiving, preached to the soldiers. In the middle of his sermon he suddenly paused; speech failed him; his face grew pale; his whole body became motionless as in an ecstasy. He would have thought he was dead, only his eyes were wide open, very bright, sparkling with light, his glances directed upwards. Gradually his countenance reassumed its calmness and color, and he finished with an eloquent peroration. It is probable that he then made known to him by an interior revelation the manner

death he was to undergo a few hours later. After the sermon he knelt before the altar, prayed long and fervently, and then rising, full of courage, went to meet his doom, accompanied by Baron Fels, the captain, and some officers and soldiers. He arrived at Seewis about 9 o'clock in the morning. The church was crowded. Without delay he ascended the pulpit. Before beginning, he paused for a moment, pensive and absorbed, as if a grave event had occurred. After his death it was learned that he had found in the pulpit a paper containing these words: "You'll preach again to-day, and never more afterwards!" During the course of the sermon he directed at the Austrian captain, Joachim Colonna Baron Fels, significant glances. That officer understood.

In the midst of the discourse a formidable commotion made itself evident. It was occasioned by the intelligence that the inhabitants of Schiers, hearing of the successful *coup de force* at Castels, had surprised and attacked the Austrian garrison and killed the greater number of the soldiers. The munitions deposited by the Imperialists in the church took fire and blew off the roof. One of the guard stationed before the church at Seewis, seeing the flames, entered, crying out: "Fire! fire!" Despite the tumult that followed Fidelis continued his sermon. But, all at once, a frightful uproar arose around the church; shots were fired; and orders were conveyed to the preacher to stop. The soldiers on guard were assassinated, and a bullet, destined for the Capuchin, struck the pulpit but did no further injury. Fidelis descended and knelt on the altar steps. The sacristan earnestly entreated him not to leave the church, seeing the danger that threatened him. "My brave man," he said, "don't be uneasy. I make no account of my life. I have placed it in the hands of God and His Blessed Mother." He thereupon left the church by the sacristy door, accompanied by Baron Fels. Both followed a path that leads to Grüşch, kept out of view of their enemies by a bend in the road. On reaching the meadow of Seljanas, a gunshot from the church of Seewis, the captain fell and sprained his foot. Immediately a band of rebels rushed at them. The officer was led to the château of Salis at Seewis. As to Fidelis, the insurgents, to the number of twenty-five, armed with various weapons, threw themselves upon him. "Will you, yes or no, accept our faith?" said one. "I did not come here to become a heretic," he replied, "but rather to extirpate heresy and restore to you the true Catholic religion. I hope and I am fully confident that you will return to the faith of your fathers." For a moment they remained bewildered. Then, regaining their ferocious courage, they exclaimed: "Ah! vile monk, it is you, then, who pretend to teach a foreign religion and to plant it in our coun-

try!" A monster named Riederer, drawing nearer and gnashing his teeth, said: "Will you, yes or no, embrace our reformed faith?" Without waiting for a reply, he drew his sword, flourished the air, and struck the priest's head, seriously wounding it. "Jesus! Mary! Come to my help!" he exclaimed, falling on his knees, while his blood fell in streams. Another of his murderers, Christian Saxer, struck him a second blow, which made a deep wound; Gebhard and Rodolph Hildbrandt a third and fourth, while another attacked him with a pitchfork. The rage of the tigers was not glutted until with swords and clubs they broke his right ribs and slashed his leg and left foot. The martyr still preserved the serenity of his countenance; the more blows they dealt him, the more joyful he seemed; to his last breath he maintained his self-possession. Stretched on the ground, his eyes gazing upwards, he murmured in a failing voice: "Lord, forgive my enemies! Jesus, Mary, assist me!" Then they left him for dead, satiated at last. It was about 11 o'clock on the morning of April 24, 1622, the fourth Sunday after Easter. An eye-witness, Margaret Ganser, surmising that Father Fidelis had been a Jesuit, went towards the meadow of Seljanas, and saw the dead saint. "At the moment when I looked at him, weeping," she said, "he raised his eyes to heaven, drew three deep sighs, and his soul took its flight to the regions of eternal bliss. After he had expired, I approached and examined him more attentively. Upon his head, partly covered by the hood, were seen two large wounds; other blows had wounded the tibia of one leg, and his blood dyed the ground." According to tradition, a miraculous spring spouted up at the moment of the martyr's death in the place of martyrdom. It has never run dry. The people there still call it St. Fidelis' Fountain.

Beatified by Benedict XIII. on March 12, 1729, he was raised to the highest honors of the altars by Benedict XIV. on June 29, 1764, in presence of thirty Cardinals, 150 Bishops, 3,000 ecclesiastics and 4,000 religious. On February 16, 1771, Pope Clement XIV. extended his office to the whole Church and, following the example of his predecessors, Benedict XIII. and Benedict XIV., proclaimed him the Apostle of the Grisons and Protomartyr of the Propaganda.

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CATHOLIC SCHOLARSHIP IN MODERN FRANCE

I.

"How many times, immortal France,
 Though men suppose you dead,
 You lift above black circumstance,
 Your haloed head." —William Roscoe Thayer

AMONG the multitudinous by-products of the great world war through which Europe and America have but just passed, two present themselves, upon which we would dwell for a brief space. While many of these aftermaths of war seem to have risen from its smoking ashes like veritable Nemeses; grim figures, threatening to hurl themselves, wild-eyed, against every bulwark of our modern civilization, these two speak peace, and one of them, at least, has signed herself afresh with the cross of Christ and bears upon her brow the motto of Christian scholasticism: "*Omnis scientia debet referri ad cognitionem Christi.*" We refer both to the movement on foot among many of our American colleges towards a closer scholastic relationship with French universities, and to the noble manifestations of renewed Catholic scholarship in France itself. Such a renewal of Catholic scholarship is, indeed, no mere product of the war, since it traces itself back to a much earlier date. It has, however, received a real impetus from the general revival of Catholic life in France which the war has deepened and developed; while this proposed intellectual rapprochement between France and our own country, though owing its incipency to many minor causes, is doubtless due, under God, more to the horror felt by the whole civilized world at the sack of Louvain, than to any other circumstance. A few years ago, when anti-clerical France was seething with "Ferry" and "separatist" laws, and her universities still held in the stifling, anaconda-like grasp of a radical government, we might have deplored such a movement. Or we might simply have waived its discussion, as a matter negligible in its effects on our own Catholic students.

To-day, much has changed on both these counts. We have, to-day, the president of one of our oldest and most conservative non-Catholic universities¹ crossing the ocean to lay the corner-stone of the New Louvain, to be the restored citadel of Catholic scholar-

¹ Columbia University was chartered in 1754 as King's College. In 1787 it became Columbia College. Its Constitution requires its President to be a Churchman (Episcopalian).

ship, while, East and West, two of our largest and most gressive institutions of learning have opened their hospitable to shelter an exiled Louvain professor and offer him a temp chair. The works of these men have appeared in English an one case, at least, published by the press of the sheltering versity.² We have, further, the proposed "Students' Aid Louvain Library," to be a "united offering from the entire st body of our country, Catholic and Protestant alike," to heroic Cardinal Mercier, whom all creeds delight to honor.³ the other hand, the number of our Catholic students in non- olic colleges has been approximately estimated at 45,000,⁴ a ber only slightly less than that in attendance upon our own h educational institutions. As such students can scarcely fail t affected by all that affects their intellectual environment, we rejoice in all tokens of declining prejudice and broadening pathies. It may be quite possible to overestimate the extent permanency of this friendly attitude on the part of non-Cal educational bodies, yet, as contrasted with the past, and in nection with other tokens, it is encouraging. Dr. J. J. Walsh us of another eminent Belgian scholar, Professor Sarton, driven from his own country by war conditions, spent some here endeavoring to establish an Institute for the History of Sci

Educational visits from French and French-speaking sch however, considerably antedate the war. As early as 189 Baron Pierre de Coubertin visited the United States as one o honorary heads of the Congress of Higher Education at the W Fair. During his tour of inspection of our educational institu he established four foundations for the study of French litera one at Princeton, Tulane, Leland Stanford, Jr., and the Unive of California, respectively. In 1897, Ferdinand Brunetière tured in French at Johns Hopkins and Harvard. In 1898, Doumic gave a course on *l'Histoire du Romantisme Français*. was succeeded in 1899 by Edouard Rod, and he, again, by E de Regnier. Since then others have followed in yearly succes lecturing at various universities, while between 1903-04, a fe ship, known as the *Cercle Français de Harvard*, was founde the annual exchange of lecturers between that university and University of Paris.⁵ Many of these lecturers were distingu

² De Wulf at Harvard; Leon Vander Essen at Chicago. "Short Hi of Belgium," by Leon Vander Essen, University of Chicago Press.

³ See appeal of the Right Rev. Thomas Shahan, of Catholic Unive Washington, D. C., also letter of President Nicholas Murray Butle lumbia University. Art. "Catholic Education," *Catholic News*, May 6,

⁴ "Catholic Churchmen in Science": Series III., Intro. p. 1, (1917).

⁵ "Evolution of France," by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, Intro. p. xl. by Prof. James Geddes, Jr., Boston University. "Bostonia" (1903-04.) printed in "Science and Learning of France," Appendix I.

Catholic scholars, whose "magnetism and charm" produced an "indelible impression upon their hearers." Others, however, were strongly anti-clerical. But whether for good or ill, this interchange of national culture has apparently come to stay and must, it would seem, affect our Catholic graduates, as they daily enter more and more into the intellectual life of the nation at large. Moreover, indubitably, the trend of American foreign scholarship will now tend toward France, rather than toward Germany, as before the war; and in the desire to obtain foreign degrees, our Catholic lay graduates may come to take a larger share. Would the scholastic atmosphere of France, to-day, strengthen or impair their faith? Such questions as these furnish us with a double motive, as Catholics and as Americans, for a closer inquiry into the present status and influence of Catholic scholarship and Catholic higher education in France.

That a strong, *social* bond already exists between our own country and France is evidenced by the large and ever-increasing body of American residents there. This Franco-American society embraces many eminent converts and exercises considerable influence upon our own more cultured circles at home, since they are recruited from their ranks. In the little volume, "For France," issued during the war, names of distinguished Catholics and Protestants alternate. The initiative of the book, we are told, is from Mrs. William Astor Chanler; the foreword is by Theodore Roosevelt; its editor is a Catholic writer; * the "Tribute to France" is by Cardinal Gibbons, while John McCormack employs his pen to remind his compatriots that St. Patrick was probably born in France. Since this social rapprochement has already done much toward leveling the ultra-Protestant prejudice of an earlier generation at home, and even led souls to the Church, is it too much to hope that a scholastic rapprochement might also bear good fruit, although not unattended by dangers?

As early as 1917 a work appeared in which the aims and *raison d'être* of this proposed "*Entente Cordiale*" between French and American scholarship are fully outlined. It is offered as an "Appreciation by American Scholars of the Science and Learning of France," with the motto, "*Scientiam nostram inter nos permutemus*," surrounding a divided shield, on either half of which are inscribed the words, "Gallia": "Columbia." Compiled by the "Society for American Scholarships in French Universities," it is printed by R. R. Donnelly & Sons, Lakeside, Chicago. The names of the contributors to and sponsors of the work are given in full, and it opens with a charming description of the "Intellectual In-

* Charles Hanson Towne.

spiration of Paris," in which, whether consciously or un- the author⁷ presents us with a long array of Catholic With graceful ease we are led from spot to spot, through a panoramic panorama of literary and scientific genius.

From under the "sheltering walls of Notre Dame," a colony of students rose to prominence in the twelfth century those of the University of Paris, whose fame drew students from all parts of the civilized world; across the Luxembourg (where, among beds of flowers and pools of water, the bronzes and statues of eminent men look out from the past. Among them are introduced to Ampère, Malus, Fresnel, Foucault and other Catholic physicists, whose work "a grateful nation" is still to record.

To our left rises the Pantheon, its vast dome inscribed with the words: "*Aux grands hommes, la Patrie reconnaissante.*" The Pantheon is no longer the Church of St. Geneviève, and its diocesan associations are Revolutionary rather than Catholic, although it still bears upon its walls the pictured legend of this saint of Paris, together with memorials of the most salient events of France's Catholic history, in its paintings of Clovis, Charlemagne and Jeanne d'Arc. Its great lantern also was the site of Foucault's impressive pendulum experiment in demonstration of the earth's rotation. Close at hand stands the *musée de Ste. Geneviève*, with its rich collection of manuscripts and Incunabulae, testifying to mediæval learning and skill. Looking down the vista of the Rue Cassini, whose name perpetuates that great family of Catholic astronomers, we glimpse the main walls of the Observatory of Paris, the scene of some of the greatest astronomical triumphs which the world has witnessed, here conducted by faithful sons of the Church.

The broad area of the *Jardin des Plantes* introduces us to another series of scientific activity, redolent of a Catholic past. Here are busts of Buffon, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Lamarck and others. Here, in a small laboratory, where their original instruments still be seen, we are brought almost into the presence of another family of devout Catholic scientists, the latest of whom, H. Becquerel, in 1896, all but anticipated the triumph of the Curies by his discovery of the invisible radiations of Uranium. We pass through the Rue Jussieu, recalling the name of four great Catholic botanists, reach the École Polytechnique, flanked by the Descartes and the Rue La Place, and press to the "core of French scholastic heart," where stand the Collège de France and the g

⁷ George Ellery Hale: Foreign Sec. of L'Académie Nat. des Sciences, Cor. of l'Institut de France.

pile of the Sorbonne. Here we are greeted by the very modern statue of Claude Bernard, the scientist of Brittany and friend of Pasteur, to whose work a Catholic needs no introduction.

A twin statue to Pasteur rises in the centre of the Place Breteuil, but to reach it we must pass through the Rue Champollion and the Place Sorbonne. Both are haunted by memorials of a galaxy of French scholars. The former unfolds a chapter of French Egyptology, rich in Catholic names, while in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne we pause before the statues of Robert de Sorbon, Richelieu, Descartes, Pascal, Rollin and Lavoisier, whose figures, in a sense, epitomize the many-sided activity of French intellect. Our survey is far from complete, for a long line of French chemists, almost all of them sons of the Church, lead up from Lavoisier to Pasteur. But perhaps we have seen enough to convince us that Paris is rich in suggestions of Catholic scholarship, not only of the past, but of recent and present times, sufficient to kindle the imagination and stimulate the loyalty of the Catholic graduate of to-day.

It would not be difficult to fill the pages allotted to this article with a closely written list of French Catholic scholars and their work. But such a course would be misleading, since it would afford us no means of estimating the relative strength of their adversaries—the comparative status of the two camps. Yet it is precisely here that we most need the aid of the critic, and in this fairness of comparative estimate lies his hardest task. To one who has assisted at any of the great pilgrimages of Lourdes, where more than 30,000 pilgrims are often gathered in the vast esplanade before the Basilica, where one hears the notes of the liturgy or some processional hymn, intoned by a concourse of 10,000 voices: "*Je suis Chrétien; voilà magloire, et mon espoir; Je suis Chrétien! Je suis Chrétien*"—or watches the tender care of the brancardiers (drawn from the proudest nobility of France) for their helpless charges—it becomes difficult to realize the existence of a far different France: a bitterly hostile, radical France, suspicious, *intransigente*; stained at times, despite its erudition, with sensuality and alcoholism, and of another, and yet another France, not openly hostile, but *alien* from the "covenant of Israel," estranged from the "promises to the fathers," quite unconscious of, or indifferent to, their Catholic heritage: *Enfants égarés, âmes atrophiées*; or again, men whose *foyer* is Catholic, who live in a religious *milieu*, who take the greatest interest in all the preparations for the First Communion of a beloved child, and are moved, even to tears, by her devout and radiant bearing; yet who register themselves with the anti-clericals, and tell you, with a pathetic smile, that they are conscious of their

"Catholic moments"—"*cela, c'est la génie française*"—yet the telligence "revolts against dogma." Or, again, men who p like Littré, spend their life in combatting the Church's doc yet, on their deathbeds, receive her sacraments with the docil a little child. Of such a bewilderingly divergent, incons France we must often suspend finality of judgment. But c facts, that a great Catholic reaction is at least *working* in social and intellectual France; that certain educational laws been rescinded, and that Catholic universities have been fou and are accomplishing a noble, even if only a partial work Catholic scholars of the first order have come to the front and the applause of the world, with the gratitude of their own cou of these *facts* there can be no doubt.

"Few will deny that for twenty years before the war the lectual classes in France were moving towards a Catholic rev writes a woman who for years has made France her home, wholly averse to the Church, acknowledges only what she c gainsay; and again: "Nationalism, in France, has always bee sociated with Catholicism, and the Catholic revival, which s about the beginning of the century, was at once a cause an effect of the growth of nationalism. 'Every true patriotic Fr man must be a Catholic,' said a Nationalist to me." To this w however, "the poilu's eagerness to attend Mass" was due, n religious zeal, but to a desire for a break in "the dull routin hospital life"; his anxiety to obtain religious medals, to "affe for his feminine relatives," who might have sent them.⁸ Critic such as these free the mind from any fear of undue partialit the part of our authority. Acting in the same prudential sj we make our first quotation in regard to the progress of Catl educational work from one of its bitterest enemies.⁹ "We d absolutely from Catholics," writes a *soi-disant*, "impartial," F estant, "in their ideals of teaching, as well as in their perpet aim to control the national education, but we cannot fail to re nize the importance of their *colossal work*." This statement more pronounced one than we would have ventured to cite f a Catholic authority. Monsignor Baudrillart writes more mode in his sketch of Catholic university life in France.¹⁰ But to derstand clearly what has been accomplished, what difficulties h been overcome, we must make a brief review of the original c stitution of the universities of France, of their suppression at time of the French Revolution and reorganization under Napole

⁸ Winifred Stephens: "The France I Know," p. 122, p. 25, p. 123.

⁹ Jean Charlemagne Bracq, Litt. D.: "France Under the Republic," p.

¹⁰ Monsignor Baudrillart, Recteur de l'Institut Cath. de Paris, "Les Universités Cath. de France et de l'Etranger."

the gradual secularization of all education; the laws of July, 1875, permitting freedom of higher education, and so giving the Church an opportunity (which she was not slow to embrace) of founding her own universities; the reestablishment of the provincial universities, under the laws of 1896; and, finally, the work, more or less epoch-making, of individual scholars, or groups of scholars, scientists, historians, litterateurs and publicists, who, whether graduates of State or confessional universities, have been proud to be known as children of the Church.

With the famous University of Paris, the pride of mediæval France, we are well acquainted. Its foundation carries us back, in vision, to the days of Charlemagne and Alcuin, dating, as it does, its incipency to the palatine school of Notre Dame and the Abbey Schools of St. Geneviève and St. Victor, which may be regarded as its triple cradle.¹¹ We are familiar also with the school of theology planted, later, in its midst by Robert de Sorbon, chaplain and confessor to St. Louis, which gradually assumed such prominence as to give the name of Sorbonne to the whole university. Well known to us, also, is the Collège de France, founded by Francis I., in 1529, as a secular rival to the Sorbonne, whose theological studies were deemed by the King too absorbing. The *École pratique des Hautes Études*, though dating only from 1852 and the Second Empire, brings probably, also, a distinct concept to our minds, as the leader and representative of France's many eminent technical institutes.

If the provincial universities of France do not stand out so clearly and definitely before us it is probably due to the fact that they were all abolished at the time of the French Revolution. These universities arose in France at various times, subserving each some special need, and forming the intellectual centre of the "region." As originally constituted, they numbered twenty-five—Lyons, Rheims, Angers, Toulouse, Montpellier, Orleans, Grénoble, Perpignan, Anjou, Orange, Aix, Dôle, Poitiers, Caen, Valence, Nantes, Bourges, Besançon, Nancy, Bruges, Dijon, Pau, Rennes, Clermont and Lille. On September 15, 1793, all these institutions, together with the University of Paris, were swept away at one blow: the National Convention suppressing all universities and colleges throughout France, together with all faculties of theology, jurisprudence, medicine and arts. Under Napoleon, a new organization arose, but one in which his own hand was manifest. Under the "Man of Fate," all education was to be centralized, not as an ordinary department of State, but as a unique creation of his own,

¹¹ Vaughan: "Life of St. Thomas of Aquin," Vol. I., p. 141; also *Encyc. Cath. and Brit.*

to reflect the mind and will of its organizer, presided over special "Grand Master." The University of Paris, with all erable traditions, and all regional universities, were cons into one monster "Université Nationale de France," of w formerly independent universities were simply "sectional acac

It must, in justice, be acknowledged that a great problem fronted the Emperor in this reconstruction. An intellectual of ten years had reigned since the fall of the old order. funds nor teachers were forthcoming; priests had been ba laymen sought more brilliant careers. Illiteracy had inc Moreover, Napoleon, however wonderful his military and tive genius, was no pedagogue, or was so obsessed by his of rearing a race of Spartan warriors ready to carry the ea France to foreign triumphs, that it blinded his judgment schools were military prisons; and the higher intellectual France was probably rather straitened than promoted by his tions. On his fall, an effort was made by Catholic and radical to throw off the educational yoke. But centralization had found a governmental convenience. Other matters were pre The Université Nationale was temporarily retained. Certain *libres*, technical, non-governmental schools, sprang up. After Revolution of 1848, the Falloux Laws obtained a modicum of erty for primary and secondary education. Meanwhile, the C had accepted the existing educational status simply as a *modus vivendi*, Monsignor de Frayssinous, himself, Grand Master 1830, being least desirous of perpetuating it, while Catholic Montalembert and Veuillot vigorously attacked it.¹²

Although much good work had been accomplished in the part of the nineteenth century by the brilliant scholars of that era seemed fruitful in France, yet later, and especially in the second empire, there had been a steady decline, not in the effort of individual men of genius, but in the aid and recognition received from the State. No one can read the pages of Va Radot's fascinating biography of Pasteur without realizing pitifully meagre were the appropriations for science under the second empire. It needed the terrible defeat of 1870 to rouse the French nation at large to its declining intellectual status. Then the cry rang through France: "It is the German schoolmaster triumphed at Sadowa." Monsignor Freppel now became the Church's spokesman for educational liberty.¹³ Elected deputy Finisterre, for eleven years the *Evêque député* was the most "actively heard orator" in the French Chamber.

¹² Albert Léon Guérard: "French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century," pp. 230-36 or Chap. vii.

¹³ Cath. Ency. Freppel: Guérard, p. 240.

By the law of July 12, 1875, liberty of higher education was conceded, and five Catholic universities were immediately founded: those of Paris, Lille, Lyons, Angers and Toulouse.¹⁴ The State retaliated by refusing to recognize their degrees, and compelling these newly founded universities to assume simply the name of *Instituts Catholiques*. The hatred sown by Gambetta towards the Church was bearing bitter fruit in the Third Republic; his famous catchword, "*Le clericalisme; voilà l'ennemi*," became the war-cry of the anti-clerical party. During the administrations of Thiers and McMahon this opposition could make but little headway: Thiers had been the ablest minister of Louis Philippe, McMahon the greatest general of the second empire.¹⁵ Gambetta and his self-styled "Saviours of France" had been contemptuously designated *Chevaliers du Pavé* by Bismarck in 1870. But under the primacy of Jules Ferry the secularization of education began in earnest, and the successive laws were passed which led up from the "School Laws" of 1882-86 to the final "Separation Laws" of 1905; the Catholics of France, meanwhile, remonstrating, appealing and making every effort, except the one which might, perhaps, have insured their success: the laying aside, that is to say, of political differences and presenting an undivided front against the enemy in parliament.

On July 10, 1896, however, by a certain irony of fate a law had been passed doing away with the centralized State control of the higher institutions of learning: the Université Nationale de France vanished, and in its place arose once more the University of Paris with sixteen of the former twenty-five provincial universities in their pristine autonomy. These institutions were given a legal status and allowed to receive bequests and confer doctorates.

Two distinct groups of degrees are now recognized in France: those conferred by the State and those conferred by the university in its own name. The distinction between them being that the State degree, alone, enables the holder to practice any profession, even the humblest, in France.¹⁶ The university degree gives equal credit for work done, but without this privilege. They are, however, extremely useful to foreign students who desire to receive credit for work done abroad, and the new arrangement has resulted in attracting such students by permitting them to pursue courses shorter than the six years required for the State degree. In other respects, as well, this restoration of autonomy has produced

¹⁴ "The Vatican," Right Rev. Canon Huquesde Ragnau, p. 368 sq. Mon-signor Baudrillart: *Universités Catholiques*, pp. 68-75.

¹⁵ "Life of Leo XIII.," by P. Justin O'Byrne, p. 258 sq. Van Dam: "Men and Manners of Third Republic," p. 1.

¹⁶ "Science and Learning in France," App. II., p. 393; Wendell: "A Harvard Professor in France."

most beneficial results, and created a certain parity between purely honorary degrees of Catholic and State universities.

Let us speak now of the work done by the distinctly Catholic universities founded after the permissive law of 1875. Monsignor Baudrillart writes modestly, almost discouragingly, of the attendance at these universities as compared with the numbers to Louvain or to the State universities of France. The attendance attained in 1909 numbered only 2,200 for the five Catholic universities, while Louvain alone boasts 2,300 and the Sorbonne 17,000! But when we consider the constant hostility shown to our Catholic institutes, the irritating restrictions imposed on them and the mere fact that graduation at a Catholic university places the future citizen at a disadvantage as regards his coming to the aid of his country, it becomes surprising that they should have attained their present measure of success, which is by no means inconsiderable. We must remember, too, that the university attendance quoted is quite exclusive of a much larger number attending the Catholic *Collèges libres*, established immediately after the Falloux Laws, and which are on a parity of teaching with the Lycées, established by the Restoration.

Monsignor Baudrillart repeatedly states that the numbers of attendance at these *collèges* justifies the expectation of a much larger university studentship, and demands of French parents, without any artificial earnestness, why, after an experience of twenty-five years of the high scholarship and beneficial results attained in these Catholic institutions, they should yet timidly withhold from their children the final training of the Catholic university. We must not suppose, however, from this apologetic preamble that the Catholic universities of France have failed of their purpose or do not hold their own in able rank, not only among Catholic universities, but among the great teaching bodies of the world. A brief survey of their work will suffice to dispel such distrust. Even within the short period since their foundation each of the universities has won for itself a special character and boasts some special excellence. Thus, Lille, with its numerous faculty under Monsignor Hulst, its conferences, its departments of law, science, medicine and theology, its brilliant teaching of such men as Abbé de Broglie, M. Lamarque, Monsignor Duchesne, M. George Lemoine, M. Lapparent, Branly and others, has won perhaps highest prestige.

Lille, second only in numbers to Paris, enjoys the advantage of a Catholic environment and a very complete organization. To its five faculties it added in 1885 a normal school for higher industrial studies (*École des Hautes Études Industrielles*) especially adapted to its industrial *milieu*. Its medical school enjoys a very high rank.

tation and is recruited by students from all parts of France. Its hospitals, its clinics, its dispensaries, its professional body, numbering over a hundred, and including men who have won a world-wide reputation by their medical work, has shed distinguished lustre upon its name. In addition to its ordinary activities, Lille carries on an extensive system of university extension courses, which bring the teaching of the Alma Mater to all the larger towns of the province. Angers has established a Normal School of Agriculture, which renders to the agricultural population of its section services analogous to those performed by the Industrial School at Lille for its manufacturers.

Lyons has specialized on applied sciences, and has also taken an active part in the work of the Catholic congresses in France, through the inspiring efforts of its eloquent orator, M. Jacquier, and the lamented Emmanuel Perrin; while to the guidance of Monsignor Battifal it owes its preëminence in sacred studies.¹⁷ Jointly, these universities have acted as training schools for the supply of teachers in the Catholic colleges already referred to, which, without such aid, would have been left to the tender mercies of licentiates recommended by the State. Up to November, 1908, the University (*Institut Catholique*) de Paris had sent forth 1,060 *licenciés-ès-lettres*, thirty-five doctors and thirty-six *agrégés*—an *agrégé* being entitled to rank as a member of the entire professional body of the nation, affiliated after a *concours compétitif*. In the canonical (theological) faculties, 1,319 bachelors, 208 licentiates, thirty-four doctors. In canon law, 584 bachelors, 154 licentiates, fourteen doctors. In philosophy, 848 bachelors, forty-one licentiates, nine doctors, and in addition, nine diplomas for Semitic languages. In all, 3,238 degrees conferred.¹⁸ After 1897, "by a truly iniquitous measure," the honor of aggregation was refused to all ecclesiastics.¹⁹ A number of the theological graduates of French Catholic universities succeeded, however, in obtaining several separate diplomas for Superior Studies,²⁰ which testified to their merit and learning, while at that date five of the graduates, or of the professors, from Catholic institutions had already received seats at the "French Institute," that most coveted of scholastic honors, embracing as it does the five great "Academies" of France. In this number, René Bazin and René Doumic represent l'Academie française; Monsignor Duchesne, l'Academie des Inscriptions; M. Amagat and George Lemoine, l'Academie des Sciences, of which the well-known Cath-

¹⁷ Baudrillart: pp. 76-80.

¹⁸ p. 89, also note p. 104. "Vatican," p. 375.

¹⁹ Baudrillart: p. 89.

²⁰ The recent "Diploma of Superior Studies" was created originally for foreign students.

olic geologist, Albert de Lapparant, is the perpetual secretary, MM. Witz, Béchaud and Ulysse Chevalier rank as correspondents.

Meanwhile, Lille had sent forth over 1,000 physicians, the hospitals confided to its care had been multiplied, and their meetings and conferences, especially the *Conférence Loënnec* and *la Conférence Fonssagrives*, had attracted wide attention: the faculties of jurisprudence had produced their Bougère's, their Adigards, their Louëdecs, their Dansettes, their des Rotours and their Groux, who have come nobly to the aid of the Church in the persecution which harassed her. Despite these manifest services to learning and to humanity, on June 3, 1908, a proposal was made by M. Lecomte for the abrogation of the Law of 1875, and Monsi^r Baudrillart was obliged to use all his eloquence to prevent the passage of such a measure.²¹ The faculties of Sacred Science, the last among the last to be founded, have risen to the highest importance in the work of Catholic universities, especially along the lines of dogma, philosophy, literary and textual criticism, apologetics, Church history and the study of Semitic languages, Hebrew, Arabic and Coptic, Christian Greek, Syriac, Assyrian, Ethiopian, with a special chair for the study of Christian Origins.²²

This activity has not escaped the observation of those hostile to the faith. Ferdinand Lot,²³ of the Sorbonne, wrote in the "*Calvaire de la Quinzaine*," some years since: "Religious phenomena have such a preponderating importance in the past and present life of our society, that we cannot understand why the monopoly of such studies should be left to the clergy—we need men of science and specialists to fight against the new clerical generation, which is putting men in possession of a totally superior degree of education. The government and parliament do not appear to realize the necessity (!) of recruiting a staff of teachers capable of contending on their own ground with the Catholic clergy of to-day."

Much golden fruitage from these studies, so deplored by M. Lot, has been and is being garnered by works which have greatly tended to enhance the fame of French Catholic universities abroad. A yearly list of publications is issued at each commencement. At the World's Fair of 1900, the volumes of the *Institut Catholique* of Paris formed a complete library, from which we make the brief selection. Among the theological writers we recognize at once the Abbé Vigouroux, well known for his Dictionary of the Bible and his "*Ste. Bible Polyglotte*," in which latter he collaborated with the Abbé Nau, who in turn collaborated with Monsi^r Graffin in the

²¹ Baudrillart: p. 102.

²² *Ibid.*, p. 114.

²³ *Ibid.*, p. 106.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 92, also "The Vatican," p. 378.

"*Patrologia Orientalis*." To Monsignor Baudrillart we owe many historical works. We mention here only his "*Dictionnaire d'Histoire et de Géographie Ecclesiastiques*." The works of Monsignors Duchesne and Hulst need no introduction to American Catholics. "*Le Canoniste Contemporain*," of Abbé Boudinhon; "*La Bibliothèque de Philosophie Experimentale*," by Abbé Peillaube; "*La Collection des Textes et Documents pour l'Étude historique du Christianisme*," the scholarly production of MM. Lejay and Hemmer, are only a few works from a long list. From the writers on Oriental language it is impossible to select without injustice. We mention only M. de Lamarzelle, M. Lepelletier, M. Lescoeur, where many equally able could be cited. Among men of letters, we quote David Sauvageot and René Doumic, P. Lallemand, the Abbés Lechatellier, Misset, Margival and Legay. Among philosophers, M. Huit, M. Piat and Monsignor Elie Blanc. Among historians, M. Lecoy de la Marche, Abbé Beulier, Monsignor Baudrillart, Abbé Pisani, M. Froidevaux, M. Gautherot; and among scientists, Père Joubert, George Lemoine, MM. de Lapparent, Branly, Vicaire and Briot. Lille is justly proud of the historical works of Monsignor Hautecoeur, of M. Salembier and of the Abbé Lesne; of the historico-theological works of M. Jules Didiot, as the "Grand Schism of the East," "The Metropolitans of the Carovingian Epoch"; of the literary biographies of M. de Margerie, M. Lecigne and of Père Griséille; of the legal treatises of M. de Vareilles-Sommières; the social and economic works of M. Béchaud; the mathematical memoirs of MM. d'Adhémar and Montessus-de-Ballore; the applied mathematics of M. de Witz, and the anthropological writings of M. Boulay, which, in turn, ally themselves to certain medical works, as those of M. Duret, Dean of the Medical Faculty. Canon Ulysee Chevalier, MM. Tixeront, Jacquier and Martin are among the historical writers presented by Lyons; the critical studies of MM. Beaune, Lucien Brun, Rambaud, Delmont and Delfour also deserve mention, with the linguistic ones of Monsignor Devaux and the scientific writings of MM. Amagat, Valson, de Sparre (who won the Poncelet Prize), Donnadieu, Lepercq and Roux. René Bazin is one of the "delights and glories" of Angers. Toulouse boasts the fascinating literary histories of M. Couture and the famous researches in chemistry of Abbé Senderens. The theological output of Abbés Portalier and Saltet also shed lustre on Toulouse, which once numbered among its professors the Abbé Gayraud and Père Colonnier, founder of the *Révue Thomiste*.²⁵ Of almost greater local influence than the complete works here detailed are the various reviews published by the Catholic univer-

²⁵ Baudrillart: pp. 98-103. "The Vatican," pp. 374-378.

sities of France. We can mention but a few. *La Pensée Contemporaine* under the able guidance of Monsignor Elie Blanc, fully examines all the theories which agitate the intellectual of to-day. *La Revue de l'Institut Catholique*, under the leadership of the Paris faculty; *La Revue de Philosophie*, under Peillaube; *La Revue Pratique d'Apologetique*, under MM. Bailart, Guiberti and Lesêtres; *La Revue des Sciences Medicales* published at Lille; *Le Bulletin d'Histoire Ecclesiastiques*, of Angers; *La Revue des Facultés Catholiques de l'Ouest*, of Angers, and several other periodicals of extremely high standing, while the *Bulletin de Littérature Ecclesiastique*, of Toulouse, is a model review for the discussion of contemporary problems.

Another source of extended influence for the universities is in their public conferences, many of them surprisingly erudite in their popular presentation. Thus we have at Paris the *Conférences de Lundi*, on apologetics, given by successive professors of the highest rank. Within the past three years, M. Gandeau has lectured on "The Errors of Modernism"; M. Delarue, on the "Roman Combs"; M. Guibert, on "Faith and Science"; M. Jouzard, on "Apologetic Value of the Prophecies"; M. Thureau-Dangin, on "Anglo-Catholic Movement in the Nineteenth Century"; M. Lallemand, on "Dogma and Renaissance-Art," while M. de Laporte and Père Sertillanges have lectured on "Science and Apologetics" and "Art and Apologetics." The Tuesday conferences are devoted to modern history, with a bearing on religious questions; Wednesday is reserved for vital questions of the day as they arise; Thursday is set aside for "Christian Origins," the chair being occupied by Abbé Lebreton; Friday to the "History of Religions," which is very broadly treated. Thus we have "Primitive Faiths," by M. Le Roy; "Islamism," M. Carra-de-Vaux; "Buddhism," by M. de la Vallée Poussin and Père Boyer; "Brahmanism," by Roussel, etc. Saturday has been divided between "Social Questions," by M. de Lamarzelle, and the course on the French Revolution by M. Gautherot. All these conferences are attended by cultured and crowded audiences. In the *Cours fermés*, such as those outlined, are more rigorously treated and in some cases have developed into printed works which have been most valuable for seminary use, and like those of Monsignor de Saint Projet and Monsignor Battifol, have been widely translated; an honor which has been shared also by lecturers who, like Père Coconnier and P. Montagne, have devoted themselves to strictly modern questions of hypnotism and experimental psychology.²⁶

²⁶ Catholic Encyclopedia: Vol. IX. and "Reading List," Vol. XV Larousse.

But no mere survey of work now being done at Catholic universities, though filling us with hope for the future, would suffice to give any adequate idea of the present status of Catholic scholarship in France. To accomplish this, we must review, however briefly, the career of a few of those men who, during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, have attained a lasting name; men whose renown is worldwide or nationwide, and who, having laid their laurels at the Church's feet, have won her prestige and established a certain tradition of Catholic accomplishment. And, first, we would speak of scientists, since many seem naïvely to conceive of science as a weak point in the Church's armor—a sort of Achilles tendon in an otherwise invulnerable Mater Ecclesia. Scientific ability is, indeed, a racial rather than a religious characteristic, yet there are certain branches of scientific labor in France on which it would almost seem as if the Church had held a special lien. In chemistry, for example, going back to the days of Lavoisier, we find the "Father of Modern Chemistry," a devout son of the Church, guillotined by the Revolutionary forces under Marat, in 1794, leaving his mantle as a scientist to fall upon Berthollet Guyton de Morveau, Gay Lussac, Fourcroy and Thénard, while these, in turn, bequeathed theirs to Chaptal, Vauguelin, Chevreul, Pelletier, Deopretz, Jean Baptiste Dumas, Pelouze, Sainte Claire Deville and Pasteur. Of the religious faith of this first group of Lavoisier's successors, it is difficult, at this interval of time, to speak with certainty. Their era was a stormy one, in which men hid, rather than displayed, their religious tenets. But, as far as presumptive evidence exists, it would seem to indicate that they were, at least, Catholic in sympathy: their early religious training, the monarchical tendencies of several (Berthollet and Fourcroy were attached to the household of Philip, Duke of Orleans, while Gay Lussac was of noble birth), and the high honors which they all (except Guyton de Morveau, who died in 1816) received under the Bourbon Restoration; a time when religious influences were again in the ascendant. Moreover, their enthusiastic admiration and esteem of Lavoisier, and the intimate relations which subsisted between them in the little *Société d'Arcueil*, suggest a certain unanimity of sentiment. Of the second group, we can speak more definitely. Jean Antoine Chaptal, Comte de Chanteloup, the earliest of Pasteur's more immediate predecessors, has a special claim upon our attention as Americans, as having been solicited by Washington to bestow upon our newly formed country the benefit of his researches in practical chemistry. Many important discoveries in the manufacture of gunpowder, dyeing, bleaching, vine-culture, etc., are due to him. But his greatest gift to the French people was the introduction of beet sugar into

more general use. As Catholics, he merits our gratitude for inducing the employment of Sisters of Charity in French hospital service. Vauguelin, also a true Catholic, was linked to Lavoisier through his association with Fourcroy and Thénard. He was especially eminent in the field of analytical chemistry. Michel E. Chevreul was the pupil of Vauguelin, a pupil of whom the Academy might be proud; distinguished for his original investigations in chemistry and physics, his most important discoveries in former science being upon the constitution of animal fats. In physics, he pursued a course of studies upon the harmony of colors, which his position as "Director of the Gobelins," under Louis XVIII., enabled him to apply practically to the advantage of the State. But Chevreul possessed also the mind of a metaphysician and participated actively in the philosophical debates of his day, always throwing his great influence on the side of religion. "I am a Catholic," he wrote, in answer to one who had impugned his faith, "if I am to be known as a savant, I wish also to be known as a faithful son of the Church." Chevreul's death, in 1889, may be said to place him within the ranks of recent scholarship. He lived to the advanced age of one hundred and three, and his centenary, which was celebrated in 1886, had been made the occasion of a remarkable demonstration, directed by a government too deeply indebted to him for his important discoveries in industrial chemistry not to accord him due honor.²⁷

To Pierre Joseph Pelletier,²⁸ the whole medical world is indebted for his discovery of the use of strychnine and quinine in therapeutics. His country honored him with a chair in the Academy of Science and in the *Conseil de Salubrité*. The Montyon prize of 10,000 francs had been bestowed upon him earlier, while the mineral alkaloid "Pelleterine," with three others, were named from him. It is to the testimony of Baron Cauchy that we owe our knowledge of Pelletier's Catholic faith.

Despretz, the next on our list of Pasteurian predecessors, was born in Belgium, but early became a naturalized citizen of France, where he spent his scientific life. Despretz' investigations did much to establish the foundations of modern chemistry in the domain of heat, of conductivity, of the expansion and compressibility of gases, and of the limitation of Mariotte's Laws. Later, he turned his attention to the production of heat by electricity and succeeded in volatilizing some of the most refractory solids. He was one of the earliest experimenters in the formation of artificial diamonds. As a Catholic, he lived and died devoutly, always resisting any attack upon the Church and ready to lead in her defense. He died in

²⁷ Farge: *Biographie de Chevreul*.

²⁸ Cath. Ency., Larousse.

On an even higher scientific plane than the preceding stands Jean Baptiste Dumas, whose experiments and memoirs on organic compounds, on the laws of substitution and chemical types brought him at once into the first rank of nineteenth century chemists. Early in that century he founded the *École Centrale des Arts et Manufactures*. Brilliant lecture courses in the Sorbonne won him yet further honors. He was made professor in the *École de Médecine*, where his scholars included such illustrious names as S. Claire Deville, Wurtz, Delray and Pasteur. Having been successively elected Member of the "Institute" and perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Science, he became, in 1878, a member of the *Académie Française*. Dumas was a consistent Catholic and spoke openly against the attacks on the faith by materialists in many of his public addresses and speeches. The Count d'Haussonville, who pronounced his funeral eulogy, speaks eloquently of the religious element in his life and writings. That such a man should, while still at the height of his scientific fame, have temporarily abandoned that field to enter upon political life has been a subject of deep regret to scientists, but the motives that prompted him were of the highest.

We turn now to Theophile Jules Pelouze, who, in contrast to Dumas, resigned several public positions which he had won early in life, to devote himself more entirely to the science he loved, specializing on organic and analytic chemistry, as also the determination of atomic weights. He was the originator of guncotton, or nitro-cellulose. Under Liebig, in Germany, and with Frémy, in France, he had worked on a series of vegetable acids. Later, as consulting chemist of the St. Gobain Glass Works, he introduced a new class of mineral salts as a constituent of stained glass and enamels. He was, in later life at least, a believer, according to the testimony of his friend, Abbé Moigno.

The life of Henri Etienne Sainte Claire Deville brings us into close proximity with Pasteur, whose friend and teacher he was. The close relationship between the two is delightfully portrayed in the fascinating pages of Vallery Radot's biography of Pasteur. Deville's work in mineral chemistry entitles him to rank as one of the greatest chemists of the second half of the nineteenth century. He discovered the phenomenon of dissociation and devised a means of preparing aluminum by decomposing its sodic chloride with metallic sodium, the first successful attempt towards the introduction of the metal into commerce, where its uses are now so manifold! Napoleon III. was much interested in this new metal—this "silver of clay"—and honors were heaped upon him. Deville worked also, as a pioneer, upon the use of petroleum and crude

oil as fuel, prophetically foreseeing a great, present-day movement. Though a conscientious believer, Deville spoke little of his faith, especially in public or scientific life. It was only among his intimate friends that he occasionally dwelt on that which was sacred to him—a certain reticence restrained him, as was the case also with Pasteur.

Of Louis Pasteur and his work there is little need to speak as a chemist, physicist or bacteriologist his fame is universally known. He stands, in the halls of science, as one of the immortals, yet as one of the humblest of men, the creator of a new science, bacteriology, the savior, not only of entire classes of insects, as the silkworm industry from the ravages of phyloxera, and of the brewing industries of France by his investigations on the bacteria of fermentation, or of the lives of thousands of cattle by his discovery of the anthrax germ, but also of innumerable human beings by similar discoveries, culminating in his wonderful discovery of the virus of hydrophobia! ²⁹ The descriptions given us of the depopulations of France in the sixties and seventies, of the loss of life from fevers and the suppuration, or infection of wounds (especially among the French soldiers of the Franco-Prussian War), are pathetic in the extreme. Pasteur, as we know, revolutionized these conditions. And a grateful country has crowned him with the most honored and earned laurels. He was indeed no less a patriot than a scientist, consumed with a desire to save his country. He reflected on the causes which had led to her terrible humiliation in 1870 and was fearless in his proclamation of them. Had Pasteur's methods been as well understood at the time, in France as abroad, the lives of thousands of her gallant defenders, then dying of wounds, could have been saved. The first empire had been a victim of scientific *éclat* in France, but while other nations had been progressing by the discoveries of her great men, France herself, as a nation, had been scientifically retrograding, and in the days of the second empire her scientific appropriations had sunk to the lowest ebb. The defeat of Sedan was a cry to halt this decadence. Pasteur devoted himself to stem the evil and the upward trend to progress. After his experiments on anthrax and animal vaccines, Pasteur finally awoke to find himself the most famous man in France. His work on the virus of hydrophobia, begun in 1885, led to his greatest triumph, yet, at the same time, undermined his constitution by the intense and unremitting labors it involved. On November 14, 1887, the Institut Pasteur was formally opened, but Pasteur entered "ill and weary." The beginning of the end came in November

²⁹ Vallery Radot: "Life of Pasteur," E. J. McWeeney, Prof. Pathology and Bacteriology, University of Dublin. Louis Pasteur, "Learning from the Science of France," p. 14.

1894, when acute illness began, although he lingered till the next September. Pasteur died with a crucifix in his hand, the other hand clasping that of his devoted wife. Pasteur was not one of those whose inner life was troubled by any "conflict between science and religion." On the contrary, a favorite saying with him was, "*La Science rapproche l'âme à Dieu,*" and what is of still greater importance, his whole life testified to the truth of his words. The work of Pasteur was so many-sided that we could have selected his pedigree from quite a different group of Catholic scientists, such physicists, for example, as the Abbé Haüy, Biot, Babinet, Fresnel, Abbé Moigno, Gramme, Regnault, Desains, Foucault, Fizeau, Branly, and last, but surely not least, the Bacquerels. It was, we must remember, in Pasteur's study of crystallography that his first triumphs were won; on his discovery of the dissymmetric polarization of light by crystals of racemic acid, the perception of a great, discriminating principle in physics suddenly flashed upon his mind and he rushed from his laboratory into the green alleys of the Luxembourg Gardens, to "unfold his visions" to his friends, Chappuis and Biot. The aged Biot, himself a keen student of crystalline forms, was delighted and exclaimed in scientific rapture: "*Mon cher enfant, j'ai tant aimé les Sciences dans ma vie, que cela me fait battre le coeur.*" These same studies had been pursued before Pasteur's day by a series of brilliant French physicists. At the opening of the century they had been taken up by René Just Haüy, known, later, as the "Father of Crystallography."

Abbé Haüy's work was largely that of a pioneer, both in the study of crystals, and, later, in that of pyro-electricity. His early trials were those of a poor scholar educated by the charity of the monks of St. Just. Soon after his ordination as priest he became professor in the College of Cardinal Lemoine. During the French Revolution he was imprisoned at St. Firman and his release with difficulty obtained by his former pupil, Geoffroy St. Hilaire. He lived, however, to be honored by Napoleon with the chair of mineralogy in the Paris Museum of Natural History. His later days were spent in retirement in the calm pursuance of his studies and his priestly duties.³⁰

Of Biot, we have already spoken as the aged friend of Pasteur. Although his fame rests chiefly upon his discovery of the laws of rotary polarization and the double refraction of light, he won high fame by his geodetic work in the measurement of the length of the meridian, as member of the Bureau of Longitudes. His scientific career was a long one, but it was only towards the close of

³⁰ Cath. Encyclopedia, Larousse.

his life that his religious views became clear and fixed. He is to have received the sacrament of Confirmation from the hand of his own grandson.

The work of Biot led, in turn, to the brilliant demonstration of Fresnel, Foucault and Fizeau. The great prestige of Newton's name had, until that time, secured the universal acceptance of emission, or corpuscular theory, of light by the scientific world. It remained for the three young French physicists to demonstrate the vibratory nature of light. "Never," we are told, "did physicist wrest important or more unthought-of truths from methods apparently less capable of yielding such results." Fresnel possessed the clear and unerring insight of genius in the interpretation of phenomena. He was aided by the earlier work on diffraction of the Jesuit, Grimaldi. But Grimaldi's work had remained a riddle to science until Fresnel was able to explain its significance as pointing conclusively to the undulatory nature of light and the transverse character of its waves. But the career of the young scientist, though brilliant, was short, his latest honors being received on his deathbed. He died at the early age of thirty-nine, sustained by a religious faith which had been his consistent characteristic throughout life.

The work of Foucault and Fizeau followed by different paths along the pathway of Fresnel. Born in Paris, within a few years of one another, they are associated together both in work and in life. Although Fizeau outlived his collaborator nearly thirty years, dying in 1896. Perhaps it was due to his friend's influence that Foucault's religious life deepened into greater seriousness as he entered upon middle life. Fizeau was throughout, as Cornu tells us, a practical Catholic and one who spoke openly of his religious beliefs. Especially in his presidential address, before the Academy of Sciences, did he dwell on the distinct limitations of science, "we should never oppose itself to the pure voice of conscience." Fizeau was the first to determine experimentally the velocity of light. Foucault its retardation when passing through denser media.

Babinet is widely known for his work on optics and still more for his many mechanical contributions to physical research: air-pump, hydrometer, "Babinet's Compensator," etc. But his personal character is best revealed in his writings. His brilliant talents as a lecturer made science "popular" before delighted Parisian audiences, while his contributions to the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, the *Journal des Débats*, his *Etudes et lectures sur les Sciences* and other works are lighted by gleams of the graceful pleasantry to which his genial and kindly nature do

²¹ Cornu: *Annuaire*, 1898.

less lent itself. He passed away in 1872, beloved by all for his charity and esteemed for his sincere faith.

It was reserved, however, for the Abbé Moigno to raise the rôle of scientific spokesman to a really great career. François Napoleon Marie Moigno had been a pupil of the Jesuits and entered their novitiate at an early age and, although, later, he left the order, yet the studies pursued there, both as preacher and professor, his wonderfully retentive memory and wide knowledge of languages and mathematics, seemed to determine the special trend of his lifework. He became the distinguished exponent of nineteenth century science. As editor of *La Presse* and *Le Pays*, as founder of the well-known scientific journals, *Cosmos* and *Les Mondes*, his career was a fruitful one. Such editorship, together with his extensive series of scientific works enabling him to render a rare service both to the world and to the faith.

The studies of Desains and Regnault may be considered in conjunction, as both bearing on the nature of radiant and latent heat, the specific heat of solids, liquids and gases, vapor tensions, etc. Both lived through the siege of Paris and the deaths of both were hastened by the hardships then endured. Desains, however, had won the gratitude of his country at that time by establishing electrical communication with d'Almeida, who was outside the French lines. He had but just succeeded, in 1859, in organizing the *Ecole Pratique des Hautes Études* and had made it a model of efficiency, so that its temporary collapse was a great blow to him, while Regnault suffered equally from the destruction of his laboratory at Sèvres, where he had been made director, and the seizure of his instruments and papers. This, together with the death of his only son, brought on a stroke of apoplexy in 1873, which was followed by "years of slow agony," during which, as Daubrée tells us, "only religious faith could have sustained him, but such support was not wanting." Two laws governing the specific heat of gases are named from him.

We have now reached our final group of French nineteenth century physicists—a group embracing the Becquerels, Edouard Branly and Gramme. They constitute emphatically a group of Catholic scientists and one representative of the latest knowledge of the age. Standing, as it were, at the parting of the ways between the simple physicist and the electrician, they belong to a school of which Coulomb and Ampère (themselves likewise devout Catholics) were the great progenitors. We might, indeed, depict them as standing at a grand crossroad of the sciences, since their studies touch upon such a surprising number of its departments. Like their Catholic forefathers of Brittany and La Vendée, they

have planted the cross upon their *grande traverse*. In 18 Edouard Branly resigned his academic honors and the promise of a great career at the Sorbonne to fill the humbler rôle of professor of physics at the *Institut Catholique* of Paris, where Becquerels have always been known for their loyalty to the Church. Only the elder Becquerel, Antoine César (1788-1878), strictly spoken of as Pasteur's predecessor. The others were contemporaries or juniors. Of him, Father Brennan, of St. Ignace, writes that "his researches in electro-chemistry were so numerous and important he may justly be considered the creator of a new branch of chemical science," his *reproduction* of many substances being a most valuable and entirely original labor. An American writer³² adds that, "through sixty years of untiring labor, he contributed more than five hundred memoirs and sides works of note on mineralogy and electricity." His career is summed up by Dumas: "Becquerel loved his country, his science and his family," while Fizeau ends his funeral oration with these words: "He died with the serenity of a sage and the mortal hopes of a Christian." Of his son, Alexander E. Becquerel (1820-91) the American authority already quoted tells us that his works constitute a practically continuous record of "relations of optics to electricity during the past fifty years."

The work of M. Gramme has been almost wholly along that of electro-magnetism. His name is especially associated with the "Gramme dynamo" and with the storage of electricity for various purposes. One of the greatest discoveries of the past half century in Father Brennan's estimation, was the "reversibility" of the Gramme dynamo, enabling it to be used as an electro-motor or generator. In connection with Gaston Planté, of Brussels, Gramme constructed his first storage battery in 1859. When we consider the present importance of his inventions and the vast possibilities now, being realized, for electricity as a substitute for steam in commerce and travel, we recognize, as Father Brennan adds, "the extent of the debt to these two Catholic experimenters."³⁴

The achievements of Dr. Edouard Branly carry us still further along the triumphant pathway of accomplishment in applied electricity. Dr. Branly is the inventor of the coherer employed in wireless telegraphy, and which first made "wireless" possible, the coherer being the life of the wireless telegraph, as the telegraph magnet is of the Morse system. He began his studies in the

³² Rev. Martin S. Brennan, Sc. D., "What Catholics Have Done for Science," p. 152.

³³ Robert Kennedy Duncan, F. C. S., Univ. Kansas, "The New Science," p. 81. Cath. Ency., "Becquerel."

³⁴ "What Catholics Have Done for Science," p. 131.

about 1890 and his tube coherer was perfected in 1891. A number of other forms have since been devised, Dr. Branly himself substituting, later, a tripod coherer of more sensitive and uniform action for his earlier invention. In 1900, he was nominated Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, as having discovered the principle of wireless telegraphy and, in the same year, received the Grand Prix at the Paris Exposition for his radio-conductors and the Prix Osiris from the Syndicate of the Press. On the relation of his work to that of Marconi we cannot here dwell, but in the introduction of the coherer he anticipated the latter's inventions by about six years.³⁵

We now turn to examine the work of Henri Becquerel, member of the French Institute, and discoverer of the Becquerel rays, the "basis of the phenomena of radio-activity." "As son of Alexander Edmond and grandson of Antoine César Becquerel" (we quote the words of his American biographer), "Henri Becquerel came worthily by his powers. Under the training and influence of these honorable men, it is little wonder that, through heredity and environment, he should bear the face of one who sends his soul into the invisible, for that, in good, solid truth, is what every true experimenter does." In due time, Henri succeeded to his father's chair of physics, "and began his work in their laboratory, the quaint, old home of Cuvier, in the Jardin des Plantes, 'a laboratory to which I had gone,' he says, 'since I was able to walk'; there he wrought nobly for the credit of his name, until Röntgen's discovery of the X-rays initiated an investigation which culminated (1896) in the discovery of the Becquerel rays and of radio-activity!"³⁶ We are so accustomed to associate the use of the word radio-activity with the discovery of the Curies that we forget the steps leading up to that final triumph. But to Henri Becquerel is due the initial discovery of this new property of matter, comparable in its action to light, heat or electricity: the property, namely, of emitting continuous, invisible rays, capable of passing through opaque substances and producing an impression of that object upon the photographic plate known as a radiograph. Radio-activity being once established, the further work of the Curies simply lay in obtaining a substance possessing this activity in the highest degree. Henri Becquerel had experimented with metallic uranium, but uranium is derived from pitchblende. The Curies, therefore, resolved to examine the radio-activities of this parent substance, and found them much greater than uranium. We all know the subsequent steps, how after infinite difficulty Mme. Sklodowska-Curie succeeded

³⁵ Collins: "Wireless Telegraphy."

³⁶ Duncan: "The New Knowledge," pp. 86-89. Thompson: "Light Visible and Invisible," p. 278.

in extracting from many tons of this ore a minute quantity of substance one hundred thousand times more active than uranium, to which the name of radium was appropriately given. I do not claim the Curies as Catholic scientists. M. Curie was a Protestant, not, or of Huguenot descent. Mme. Curie has never (as far as I know) proclaimed her faith to the world. She did, however, on the occasion of her recent visit to this country, contradict certain allegations of the press as to her mixed Jewish and Polish ancestry. Her words run: "In view of the fact that in the English language press here, there have appeared statements inconsistent with the truth regarding my family and ancestry, I respectfully request that you affirm, in my name, that I was born in Poland of Polish parents, of Roman Catholic faith. My ancestors, living both on the side of my mother, and on the side of my father, were of pure Polish nationality."³⁷ Whether, as we may hope, Mme. Curie has, or finally may embrace the faith of her fathers, she will surely find a noble ancestry among the Catholic scientists of her adopted country, as we will endeavor to show more fully by examining the other branches of learning in which French Catholics have excelled.

³⁷ N. C. W. C., June 24, Chicago.

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(To be continued)

ART AND IMITATION

IMAGINATION is the keynote to art, the central point from which art springs, and art is the vent for imagination, the God-given miracle that turns imagination into substance. Art is the result and completion of imagination, and the love of art is as natural to a child as are his fairy dreams. It is a spiritual intuition of which he cannot be dispossessed, and before he thinks and acts for himself, before his mind is invaded by outer influences, he can be led to feel its true beauty and meaning and power. Pretty pictures will appeal to his mind and dwell there as unquestioned realities. Melodious sounds will appeal to his heart and move it with messages of hope and aspiration. A child imitates what he sees and hears, he grows like what he is taught to reverence and admire. "We needs must love the highest when we see it." And art is one of the highest and most mighty of human forces.

The greatest artists are apt themselves to fall in love with their own inventions, not to see that they are mechanical inventions because they themselves have discovered them. Michelangelo in his "Last Judgment" is very professional; Titian was professional through all his middle age; Tintoret was professional whenever he was bored with his work, which happened often; Shakespeare, whenever he was lazy, which was not seldom. Beethoven, we now begin to see, could be very earnestly professional; and as for Milton—consider this end of the last speech of Manoa, in "Samson Agonistes," when we expect a simple cadence:

The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Milton was tempted into the jargon of these last two lines, which are like a bad translation of a Greek play, by professionalism. He was trying to make his poetry as much unlike ordinary speech as he could; he was for the moment a slave to a tradition, and none the less a slave because it was the tradition of his own past.

Once upon a time we used to satisfy ourselves with formulæ which tended to divorce literature from life—the result being to give art a certain seclusion of its own. It was in this spirit that we held the doctrine that the ultimate purpose of art is, and could only be, to give pleasure. Yet even when uttering this doctrine we were quite conscious that to pleasure must be given a far wider significance than it customarily bears. So with the old and much

contested formula of art for art's sake, which laid obvious stress on the chasm between art and activity. In this case it became necessary so to construe art as to make it practically synonymous with life. If art for art's sake suggested the solitariness of the artist, life's sake brought him back again into that fruitful relation with his fellow-creatures and with reality from which his best efforts to spring. The whole spirit of romanticism tended to give a lack of reality to the creations of the artist.

It is well to remember that the difference between seeing and drawing is the difference between a mechanical process and a mental process. But the willed mental process has for its end what is provided by the mechanical process; and the very intention that the artist forces him to attempt likeness, not to what he sees, but to his memory of what he sees. In fact, memory is the essential factor in art. In painting, as in all else, memory is the best critic. It tells us what interests us better than we can tell ourselves. And the fact that memory is the essential factor is what makes the whole artistic process so puzzling to us, seeming half willed and half unwilling, half conscious and half unconscious. For memory itself has this puzzling quality. It is involuntary as depending on interests and values already existing within us; but it can be trained, and our interests and values are to some extent subject to will. We are governed by our memories, and yet we make them. The great artist chooses to remember and to emphasize in his art what is worth remembering. His whole mind, his whole self, enters into the process; and the more he remembers of the visible world that is worth remembering, the more he tries to make his picture what he remembers.

That to enjoy pictures it is necessary to be a judge of painting is a Protean delusion, kept alive by superior persons in all ages, confuted by philosophers from Aristotle onwards, and the *raison d'être* of it is the suggestion that you cannot enjoy a cooked meal without knowing all about all the technique of cooking.

Now professionalism is the result of a false analogy between mechanical invention and the higher activities. It happens whenever the medium is regarded merely as material to be manipulated when the artist thinks that he can learn to fly by mastering another artist's machine, when his art is to him a matter of invention gradually perfected and necessarily progressing through the acquisition of knowledge and skill. One often finds this false analogy in the history of the arts, especially of painting and music. It is assumed, for instance, that Italian painting progressed mechanically from Giotto to Titian, that Titian had a greater power of expression than Giotto because he had command of a number

inventions in anatomy and perspective and the like that were unknown to Giotto. So we have histories of the development of the symphony, in which Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven are treated as if they were mechanical inventors each profiting by the discoveries of his predecessors. Beethoven was the greatest of the three because he had the luck to be born last, and Beethoven's earliest symphonies are necessarily better than Mozart's latest because they were composed later. But in such histories there always comes a point at which artists cease to profit by the inventions of their predecessors.

Here are a few quotations taken from that interesting work, "The Mind of the Artist," by Mrs. Laurence Binyon :

In my judgment, that is the excellent and divine painting which is most like and best imitates any work of immortal God, whether a human figure, or a wild and strange animal, or a simple and easy fish, or a bird of the air, or any other creature.—Michelangelo.

To paint is to be able to portray upon a flat surface any visible thing whatsoever that may be chosen.—Durer.

I remember Durer the painter, who used to say that as a young man he loved extraordinary and unusual designs in painting, but that in his old age he took to examining Nature, and strove to imitate her as closely as he possibly could; but he found by experience how hard it is not to deviate from her.—Melancthon.

The first object of a painter is to make a simple flat surface appear like a relieve, and some of its parts detached from the ground; he who excels all others in that part of the art deserves the greatest praise.—Leonardo.

I have heard painters acknowledge that they could do better without Nature than with her; or as they expressed it themselves, that it only put them out. A painter with such ideas and such habits is indeed in a most hopeless state.—Reynolds.

A painting which is not a faithful copy of Nature has neither beauty nor is worthy of the name.—Shiba Kokan.

Without the true depiction of objects there can be no pictorial art. Nobility of sentiment and such like only come after the successful delineation of the external forms of an object.—Okio (eighteenth century).

Yet the fact remains that the intuitions of the great painter are rich, not poor, in actual experience both of things seen and often of ideas. Form for him is never abstract, that is to say it is never invented out of nothing, or "evolved from his inner consciousness."

Is the artist a peculiar and isolated creature, in a world of men mostly different from himself, from whom, both for joy and sorrow, he is separated by the possession of a special faculty not shared by them; a being from some points of view of extraordinary value, but, just because of that, unassimilable in the social plexus? Or is the awareness which, as this view separates him, really a quality he shares, in greater degree or less, with a vast number of human

beings from whom his distinction lies in the condition peculiar craft? No. For the artist is a man like other men and craftsman. By far the most personal thing about him is his love of it. The notion of a "mute inglorious Milton" is, really, a tradition in terms: Milton is Milton by virtue of his expressiveness in a particular medium of his literary craftsmanship.

Every one knows that the act of "seeing" may mean one of three different things. (1) We may allow our glance to travel slowly over the field of vision, viewing the objects one by one and forming a clear mental picture of each in turn. Or (2) we may try to take in the whole field of vision at a glance, ignoring the separate parts and trying to frame before ourselves a summary representation of the whole. Or again (3) we may choose a single point in the field of vision and focus on that our attention, allowing the surrounding objects to group themselves in an indistinct general mass. We do not look at Nature in any one of these ways. Each is as legitimate as the others, but since in most ordinary cases we look at things in order to gain information about them, our vision is usually of the first, or, as we may say, the analytical kind, in which we explore objects successively, noting in the case of each in turn its individual characteristic.

Art is not clever design, but vision as well. On the other hand when learned people began to talk about art this showed that it was on its deathbed. The humble carpenters and masons who gave us our beautiful old villages, parish churches included, had never heard the word, and would have stared at being called even craftsman. Go into an average house unaltered since the death of George III and look round at the good proportions, the pretty furniture, the knick-knacks, a few miniatures and family pictures; what produces this quiet and charming ensemble in which possibly no single object is valuable or the product of genius? Not canons of criticism, but a conscious study of æsthetic unity, but just the good taste of the old and admirable tradition. Conversely, a clever and accomplished student of art, sixty years later, would probably build and furnish a home for himself and others utterly without charm. The sculptor of the Duke of Cambridge's equestrian statue at Whitehall probably knew as much as Lesueur, who designed the mounted effigy of Charles I., just above. But what passer-by looks twice at the former?

No man can pretend to great criticism who is not passionately in love with life, but it must be with life purified in the refinement and certified by mental valuation. There are forms of art to which a critic should have no sympathy; and a man who proposes to himself on translating art to others without influencing their judgment.

ment must remember that a technical and philosophical criticism is implied in the very act of generous exposition.

The general public can only slowly apprehend the subtle qualities of life expressed in art of any kind. Here then will be the function of helpful critics—to put the reading public into a fit state of mind to understand, to break down the spurious mystery and do away with the solemn trivialities of past criticism. In this connection we may recognize the value of the recent appointment of guide-lecturers for the large London galleries. Behind this enterprise is a real wish to get men who can communicate something of art's true significance to ordinary people. Through these guides and their successors, as well as through the usual channels, the sympathetic insight of critics may filter into the public mind. Such critics will only be valuable in so far as they show insight into life rather than encyclopædic knowledge of surface detail. For in no other way can art mean anything serious to the larger world. To suggest that artists gave their lives to expressing the illusion of bulk and muscularity, to "distributing their figures with judgment on their planes," or to "reducing movement to typical rhythms and controlling naturalism with design," is to say that music is ordered. Just as it strengthens us to apprehend the inspiration for which martyrs sang in the flames, so would we have some clue to what it was, over and above bald facts, that great artists saw in life.

For the fact that the artist judges a particular thing involves the claim to comprehend it; and the network of relations that binds any phenomenon, however we may arbitrarily and artificially isolate it, to every other phenomenon of the same kind, is not broken at those points where it may be ignored. All art, therefore, has a theoretical interest for the artist, and the extent to which he realizes this interest as feeling exactly measures the value of his judgment.

The true artist—poet, musician or sculptor, as the case may be—always has some definite object in view to justify the existence of his work. Each thing he creates, complete as it may seem in itself, is actually the partial expression of a secret ideal; without this underlying unity and coherence his work would not endure. This is no mere matter of sentiment, but a fact which the critic can define and analyze, and the outside public feels instinctively. Concentration of purpose is not only a commercial asset; sane art, built upon sound and fixed principles, can never be loose or indeterminate. Art that tries to satisfy any particular demand is of use neither to the flesh nor to the spirit. It is neither meat nor music. But where all is well with it, the spirit in the artist speaks to the spirit in his audience. There is a common quality in both, with which he speaks and they listen; and where this common quality is found art thrives.

Some have maintained that art is a by-product of religion; that its character and development depend primarily upon the nature of the religious conceptions of the artist and his race. These conceptions, speaking generally, are of one of two partly contrasting kinds; they either confine themselves to the future of the individual in life and after death, or they develop and heighten the idea of Divinity by looking to the past—often in large measure an imaginary past—and by inventing a mythology of gods and heroes. In the case of historical religions like Christianity, instead of inventing art of course records what are, or are believed to be, historical facts. The first kind of art, like the conceptions on which it is based, takes of the nature of magic, which may be defined as the science of compelling the Divinity to protect or benefit the man who purchases the charm; it is found in nearly all uncivilized races, and a crowning historical instance of it is the art of Egypt. The second kind begins for practical purposes with the art of Greece.

Art is the outward sign of Divinity within man, the power by which he expresses his highest and holiest thoughts, the vehicle of his overwrought soul, the channel by which he helps the whole round world to be "bound by gold chains about the feet of God." Art has a language of its own which can only be understood by men, and of its own brotherhood, and which is understood by them irrespective of time, space and nationality, and it is a gracious provision that heart-hunger we all have to share our own feelings and impressions with others. It is twice blest. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

Again there is a necessary relation between the work of an artist and its audience, even if no actual audience for it exists; and that this relation must be, even when there is no actual audience in existence, is the paradox and problem of art. A work of art without an audience, entreates it, is indeed made for it; but must have its own terms. Men are artists because they are men, because they have a faculty, at its height, which is shared by all men. Croce is right; and his doctrine that all men are artists in some degree, and that the very experience of art is itself an æsthetic experience, contains a truth of great value. But his æsthetic ignores, or to ignore, the fact that art is not merely, as he calls it, expression; it is also a means of address; in fact, that we do not express ourselves except when we address ourselves to others, even though we have no particular, or even existing audience. Yet this fact is obvious for all art gets its very form from the fact that it is a means of address. A story is a story because it is told, and told to someone other than the teller. A picture is a picture because it is painted to be seen. It has all its artistic qualities because it is addressed to the eye.

music is music, and has the form which makes it music, because it is addressed to the ear.

It is almost impossible to estimate the number of persons who have been shut out from the enjoyment that comes from artistic pursuits, or the appreciation of the artistic work of others, by reason of the high talk that has been made about simple things. The critic then who would communicate something of the content of great art to his public has first of all to rid his mind of reputations and the doctrine of an Ideal Beauty superior to truth. He has to possess a working test, an acid with which to try all art. We are not discussing decorative or architectural art, but that which interprets the life that is visually perceived. The only working touchstone, in our belief, is life, whether it be the truth of Degas or Millet as opposed to the pretty and mechanical convention of a Bouguereau or a Greuze; the truth of Cosimo Tura contrasted with the academic posturing of Francia; the truth of Turner or Constable as distinct from the self-conscious exaggerations of the Birket Foster school. Just as in the other occupations of the human mind men see truths of slight or profound significance, according as they are limited or far-ranging in thought, so artists see truths of little and of deep import. Truth is on a sliding scale. So that our critic unencumbered with considerations of Ideal Beauty has to know within him what in life itself really matters, in the sense that it has enduring interest and stimulation for humanity. The delicious color, substance and texture of Titian's "Flora's" bosom; the richly beautiful and sensuous bodies of Rubens' Goddesses who feast the gaze of Paris in our National Gallery, these are true and living. But compared with the mysterious and baffling significance that animates Giotto, Mantegna, Tura or Rembrandt they touch but the physical surface of our emotions. The things that permanently exceed our grasp and elude our explanations—for example, Blake's realization of the Eternal, and the nature of Job, or Turner's consciousness of landscape—perhaps prepare us for the verities of a non-physical existence.

As beauty is not an absolute objective quality, so great art is dependent on our human conception. Great art, in fact, is a shifting conception; so, assuming that art still survives when this globe's career is complete, the greatest will be that which satisfies the highest perception and consciousness of that day. None can say what standards will rule them, but we can get results from the standards and criticism of the past and present to supply a reasonably working theory. We have to discriminate between temporarily attractive art and more enduring art, to see what qualities remain interesting and what become relatively outgrown and boring. Brief analysis

convinces one that surface qualities—physical things that appeal chiefly to the eye and physical emotions—tend to be outgrown, whereas the subtler and more spiritual content of life that is guessed at and only half apprehended continues to interest because it baffles and eludes.

The nature of beauty cannot be ascertained by comparing a display of fireworks with a painting by Titian, for a great part of our pleasure in the fireworks may not be æsthetic at all; indeed, a great part of our pleasure in a work of art may not be æsthetic, and it is vain to go about examining the effects of works of art, or alleged works of art, upon people, and blindly tabulating the results. That way you may get a mass of statistics about pleasure, but not about art. Take, for instance, a *Venus* by Titian. One man may get pleasure from the fact that she has no clothes on, another because he enjoys the notion that he is enjoying Titian, another because he has bought the picture and his possession of it proves that he is a rich man. Not one of these pleasures is æsthetic, though all are caused indirectly by a work of art.

The question of imitation in the arts of painting and sculpture is now more pressing than it has ever been, because it is raised not merely in theory but in practice. There are artists who assert, in their works, that no degree of imitation or likeness is required of them; they put the problem so that we must answer it in our approval or disapproval of their art.

An ingenious attempt has been made in our time to classify the souls of poets as either masculine or feminine; and although the principles adopted cannot have been sound—for the impetuous and indomitable Shelley is petticoated under its operation—a species of sex in souls is hardly to be disputed. Among poets and artists those may with justice be described as feminine who more or less require to be impregnated by contact with other minds. William Morris refused to consider either arts or artists as existing in any sort of separation from life. In actual travail of creation the artist's pangs are as nothing to the poet's, but the poet's soul suffers less at the hands of the public, the average standard of intelligence in literature being in advance of that in art.

Pride, egotism, self-love, irritability, jealousy, coldness of heart, will be found, with rare exceptions, in the character of men of genius, and these features furnish a problem which biographers find it difficult to reconcile with the beauty of their works. Indeed, as a rule, the problem is not faced, and a portrait is dressed up which is very far from the reality. Again, in the works themselves, the most exquisite beauty may appear in conjunction with evidences of the absence of a moral sense, or even of a perverted moral sense. As an

extreme example of the latter the pictures of Aubrey Beardsley, unquestionably a man of genius, may be mentioned; some of the best of them were obscene. The rarity of supreme excellence in art has seemed to some people to justify the toleration of such productions, provided they have the necessary artistic merit, and they have sought to defend them under a theory that art has nothing to do with morality.

A critic, expatiating on the genius of a certain modern artist, described his work as "the very shorthand of poetry." Whether this dictum has any meaning or not, it is safe to say that the plain man does not see why he should be called upon to study poetic art-shorthand. In fact, preach as they may, the technique enthusiasts leave him cold, and he refuses to bow the knee to their goddess. He recognizes technique as the handmaid of art, but, when artists exalt it to the position of mistress, he begins to suspect that they are reduced to glorifying the means because they have failed of the end.

But in regarding the work of art as a thing in itself, he will never forget the hierarchy of comprehension, that the active ideal of art is indeed to see life steadily and see it whole, and that only he has a claim to the title of a great artist whose work manifests an incessant growth from a merely personal immediacy to a coherent and all-comprehending attitude to life. The great artist's work is in all its parts a manifestation of the ideal as a principle of activity in human life. The critic has not merely the right, but the duty, to judge between Homer and Shakespeare, between Dante and Milton, between Cezanny and Michelangelo, Beethoven and Mozart. If the foundations of his criticism are truly æsthetic, he is compelled to believe and to show that among would-be artists some are true artists and some are not, and that among true artists some are greater than others. That what has generally passed under the name of æsthetic criticism assumes as an axiom that every true work of art is unique and incomparable is merely the paradox which betrays the unworthiness of such criticism to bear the name it has arrogated to itself. The function of true criticism is to establish a definite hierarchy among the great artists of the past, as well as to test the production of the best unity of all art.

These are indeed signs that the larger issues of art are succeeding to the residue of critical interest left over by art history and "morphological" analysis. But, before we disdain art historians, the school of Morelli and the great tribe of detective experts who have brought a remarkable equipment of patience and acuteness to bear on relatively trivial points, we must be fair. Though we may admit that these critics have sometimes lost their sense of proportion,

becoming engrossed in the game of attributions for its own sake, yet we must honestly answer this question—had it not become imperative, about halfway through the last century, that the general ignorance, wildness and chaos, as regards Italian art should be grappled with and brought to order? Weighing this question with reference to the dark confusion that then prevailed and the comparative clearness of to-day, we must recognize that, on the whole and in spite of excesses, the documentary and morphological school of students was not only justified but indispensable.

But in painting as in poetry, all the new movements of value are escapes from professionalism; and they begin by shocking the public because they seem to make the art too easy. Dickens was horrified by an early work of Millais; Ruskin was enraged by a nocturne of Whistler. He said it was Cockney impudence because it lacked the professionalism he expected. Artists and critics alike are always binding burdens on the arts; and they are always angry with the artist who cuts the burden off his back. They think he is merely shirking difficulties. But the difficulty of expression is so much greater than the self-imposed difficulties of mere professionalism that any man who is afraid of difficulties will try to be a professional rather than an artist.

The works of Cimabue or of the great Chinese do not look as if they had been painted at top speed because the artists were trying to set down some passing moment of beauty. The artists were not trying to do that, rather they were masters of inward contemplation, and their method expressed their true state of mind. But much modern painting combines incongruously the mood or aim of inward contemplation with the execution of the inspired improviser, and the result is a loss of all material beauty.

The beauties of Nature woo the heart of man, the heart of man beats in response, and art is the result of this interchange of emotions. God rejoices over the manifestations of love and sympathy in His creation, and draws near to lay His Divine touch on the hand of man, working thus under Nature's spell, and, when once God's personal touch has been felt, the man knows that his mission on earth will be to reproduce, as far as his human limitations will allow, the sights and sounds prepared by

"that unwearied Love
That planned and built and still upholds a world
So full of beauty for rebellious man."

The very diversity of methods forces painters to think. What is this man getting at? they ask themselves when they see a new and strange picture; and the question must set them thinking, more or less clearly, about his art and their own. It may be a picture, not a

theory, that converts an artist; but, if he is converted, he changes his assumptions, though he may never express the change clearly, even to himself; and, when the art of a whole society changes, as painting has changed in Europe now, we may be sure that fundamental assumptions have changed, not only about painting but about other things.

Tolstoy tells us that the essence, the proper aim, of art is to do good. This is implied in his doctrine that art can be good only if it is intelligible to most men. "The assertion that art may be good art and at the same time incomprehensible to a great number of people, is extremely unjust; and its consequences are ruinous to art itself." The word unjust implies the moral factor. I am not to enjoy a work of art if I know that others cannot enjoy it, because it is not fair that I should have a pleasure not shared by them. If I know that others cannot share it, I am to take no account of my own experience, but to condemn the work, however good it may seem to me. From this logic also I can liberate myself by concerning myself simply with my own experience.

No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone; you must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead. I mean this as a principle of æsthetic, not merely historical, criticism. The necessity that he shall conform, that he shall cohere, is not one-sided; what happens when a new work of art is created is something that happens simultaneously to all the works of art which preceded it. The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the whole existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered.

A painter may read a book and may conceive a picture from it; he might even conceive that picture without remembering that it was begotten from the book; but, all the same, his intuition would have been caused by his experience of the book, though he himself could not state the link in words. It would also have been caused by his ocular experience of all kinds of visible things, though, again, he might not be able to state the link in words. So in his picture he would communicate all these experiences to the spectator, nor would it be necessary for the spectator to know anything about the book or the painter's ocular experience before he could enjoy the picture.

Ruskin worked out a definition of great art: "The art is greatest which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means whatso-

ever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas; and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind and as it more fully occupies and in occupying exercises and exalts the faculty by which it is received. . . . He is the greatest artist who has embodied in the sum of his books the greatest number of the greatest ideas."

In the abstract this definition is sound, but in practice it hardly takes us far enough. It is too vague; it leaves too many holes. For, if we test Ruskin's appeal to the greatest ideas, we at once find ourselves in a sea of speculation, inquiring what is the gauge for Ruskin's higher faculty of the mind, what test we have for the genuineness of great ideas, and how this theory worked in his own case. And then we discover that, consciously or unconsciously, he was referring everything back to an ideal which in its turn was based on those caste prejudices which already we have noted in Crowe and Cavalcaselle. In other words, Ruskin's test for art was the Ideal, not Life; and his definition of great art, conceived under this misapprehension, naturally fails in practice.

It needs a very great master to create a perfect form and fill it with a perfect soul. The Greeks made harmonious beauty their ideal, and, with single aim, succeeded in creating a perfect form inspired by an ideal beauty. In this ideal conception individual character played no part, either subjectively or objectively; objectively it could not, for pure Greek art was concerned only with ideal types; subjectively, it could as little, for the artist was but the inspired interpreter of the national ideals. Where there was such unity in the national conception of art, there could be no scope for individuality. Where Greek art most nearly links up with modern feeling is in the representation of physical activity. Here the type is closely derived from the individual, and the modeling of the human form showing a consummate mastery never surpassed before or since, the effect is one of intense personal vitality. Greek sculptors had no need to study nude models in the studio, their daily walks in the gymnasia gave them a familiarity with the human form (of the male, at any rate) in all its physical manifestations; the religious festivals, with their choric drama and public games, were only other of their common sources of inspiration for figure sculpture.

What Mr. Fry once set to prove is the fallacy of the definition quoted by him in "An Essay in Æsthetics," that "the art of painting is the art of imitating solid objects upon a flat surface by means of pigments." Art, according to him, is not concerned with the actual, but with the imaginative life. The emotions of this imaginative life are more concentrated, as they are not influenced by practical considerations. Imitative truth to nature is not the real test for a work

of art, but truth to the emotional experience, which may be a distortion of nature. Beauty in art is a different thing from what is called beauty in nature; "in objects created to arouse the æsthetic feeling we have added consciousness of purpose on the part of the creator, that he made it on purpose not to be used but to be regarded and enjoyed." The appeal of a work of art is a question of linear rhythm, of the relation of planes and masses and colors; resemblance to nature may be dismissed as a test. The gradual recognition of these facts has led to the realization of the logic and æsthetic detachment of primitive, archaic, and even prehistoric art. Where these early manifestations of art depart from realistic representation, the reason is not to be found in ignorance or lack of skill.

As regards their comprehension by and consequent service to the public mind, æsthetics stand somewhere between science and philosophy. The public mind realizes the meaning and utility of science because it practically benefits by sanitation and labor-saving appliances; philosophy, on the other hand, it regards at best as a harmless if superfluous pursuit for academic intellects, a needless if ingenious darkening of counsel that has no practical bearing on life at large. Art, however, though but vaguely understood and secretly regarded as something mysterious, is felt to come within every one's range. The common attitude—"Of course I know nothing about art, but I know what pictures I like,"—fairly expresses the prevalent comprehension of æsthetics. They are certainly mysterious and "difficult"; lay amateurs always find that the pictures they like distress the expert and fastidious senses of true connoisseurs. They are obviously unaccountable because the pictures worshiped by true *cognoscenti* strike the layman as queer or downright ugly. And then the notorious disagreements of those best qualified to know aggravate this sense of mystery. With science one is reasonably sure where one stands; no one disputes as to whether electricity is a force or mistakes oxygen for carbonic acid gas. Even the most expert scientists can generally agree as to the identity or presence or activity of what they have before them. But with the best connoisseurs it is different; they may be depended on to differ as to whether "The Piping Shepherd" is by Giorgione or a mediocre imitator; whether the "Fête Champêtre" is a master's creation or a scholar's plagiarism, whether a picture is a masterpiece or the reverse.

Young people nowadays too often grow up in a curious, hard apathy, scarcely admiring anything. To teach them to admire is to imbue them with reverence—a quality which democratic civilization needs to protect with jealous care. It means to quicken them, to give them severe accurate standards, by exposing them to what is beautiful and noble in every form. History, literature and art can

all be taught from this point of view. If the young are to be prepared and equipped to create a fairer and more genuine civilization than ours, they must gain the power to admire the right things. They can be taught to do so; nothing is more responsive to real excellence than a youthful mind. But in a world beset with blatant excitements, with coarse pleasures, a world of movies and cheap magazines, where the strident note is struck so constantly that finer melodies are hard to hear, it takes patient and brilliant energy to give the right training. Constant contact, enforced if need be, with the finest models, is essential; and a teacher who is himself honestly possessed by the perception of true excellence rarely fails to impart his passion to his students.

Art critics like Mr. Siren, with Mr. Fry, insist that the popular standard of likeness in art is based not upon actual vision, but upon the pictures to which we are accustomed. That is true, but it does not mean that the artist himself is not concerned with likeness. He remembers what he has seen better than the rest of us; we, because of our bad memory, may say, "This is like," when it is not like, and vice versa; but, all the same, likeness to what has been seen may be an essential of the painter's art. The artist, while certainly free not to accept our ideas of likeness, may be bound by a real likeness. Popular ideas of what is like or unlike are merely irrelevant to the problem.

Without injustice or exaggeration we can say that more harm is done to art by erudition whose standard of taste is low than by ignorant philistinism. This is obvious, indeed, for the pronouncements of leading authorities become sacred and pass into the popular creed. Thus the patient and impressible layman is mesmerized into acceptance of dogmas enunciated from high places; the inane prettiness and vulgarized Du Maurierism of the notorious "Wax Bust of Flora" come to represent for him the sublime genius of Leonardo. The layman, as we have said, comes to his study of art already puzzled; and, if he be of some education and seriously desirous of making headway, he is prone to take a modest attitude in the presence of mysteries. Thus, often in opposition to his own common sense and everyday code of criticism, he will humbly attribute his inability to see sublimity in the Flora or a popular Madonna by Raphael, to his ignorant philistinism. This diffidence, by muffling independent criticism, has most unfortunate results, for instead of seeing, feeling and judging for itself, the public passes through art galleries hypnotized, taking its handbooks for gospel and making no personal and immediate contact with the vital qualities of art.

In art there is always humility, in professionalism pride. And it is

this pride that makes art more ugly and tiresome than any other work of man. Nothing is stranger in human nature than the tyranny of boredom it will endure in the pursuit of art; and the more bored men are, the more they are convinced of its artistic salvation. Our museums are cumbered with monstrous monuments of past professionalism; our book-shelves groan with them. Always we are trying to like things because they seem to us very well done. Never do we dare to say to ourselves—It may be well done, but it were better if it were not done at all; and the artist is still to us a dog walking on his hind legs, a performer whose merit lies in the unnatural difficulty of his performance.

Now it is certain that we can enjoy a picture intensely without knowing or caring much about the dramatic idea, or even the facts represented in it. Artists often show indifference to the subject of a picture which they admire greatly; and every one who cares for pictures has been drawn to them, as it seems, by simple relations of form and color before he has recognized what they represent. We admit this fact more readily where color is concerned; we enjoy the color of a picture, as of a Persian carpet, without associating that color with any facts; it is to us like music, which, first and last, we do not associate with any facts at all. Yet our enjoyment even of pure color is not merely sensuous; for it is never really dissociated from our sense of form. There cannot, in a picture any more than in Nature, be color without form; we separate them in thought but not in our experience of them, for color itself actually makes form by its differences. It is the same with music, in which harmony and melody cannot be separated in our actual experience of them, and in which also our enjoyment of them is not purely sensuous, although we do not associate them with any facts or ideas. The composer, as in a symphonic poem, may associate them with ideas, may even have been inspired by an idea to produce a particular arrangement of notes, which we can experience without being aware of the idea that inspired him. Still we know that, for the artist, the problem is to express the fullest possible experience in his art; and this is so with music as much as with painting or literature. We know that any art which is cut off from the artist's experience of reality is merely imitative; for no artist can invent without expressing, and, if he tries to do so, he merely imitates the expressive inventions of others.

A century or less ago folk-art would have seemed as absurd, as valueless, as the most absurd primitive superstitions; but now any one with a sense of art at all respects it in all its forms. Whatever may be said about negro religion, negro sculpture is real sculpture, having virtues we do not find in our public monuments, just as

folk-song is real song with virtues not to be found in musical comedy. But folk-art is not a mere accident, it is a product of the whole folk-mind, and it tells us that that mind is serious, understanding, with values like our own and a great power of expressing them. In folk-art man speaks to man, the individual to the individual; it is not a museum curiosity, but intercourse about the deepest things. Those who know and love it cannot despise those who made it or any product of their minds. It is as if you had watched a man for long across the street with contemptuous amusement, as being a mere oddity, and then had suddenly conversed with him and found him full of your own ideas and affections, with more than your own power of expressing them.

To love true beauty, to learn real truth—this is to gain personality. In one of Mallock's novels, a dull, handsome girl ruefully consults an older woman as to how she may become more attractive. Her friend tells her to learn the best of Wordsworth's poetry by heart, and by and by to look in a mirror and see if a new charm has not come into her face. This is an aside; but, speaking of Wordsworth, no one has suggested better than that wisest of English poets what education should do:

"We live by admiration, hope, and love,
And even as these are well and wisely placed,
In dignity of being we ascend."

Thus art reveals to us the principle of its own governance. The function of criticism is to apply it. Obviously it can be applied only by him who has achieved, if not the actual æsthetic ideal in life, at least a vision and a sense of it. He alone will know that the principle he has to elucidate and apply is living, organic. It is indeed the very principle of artistic creation itself. Therefore he will approach what claims to be a work of art first as a thing itself, and seek with it the most intimate and immediate contact in order that he may decide whether it too is organic and living. He will be untiring in his effort to refine his power of discrimination by the frequentation of the finest work of the past, so that he may be sure of himself when he decides, as he must, whether the object before him is the expression of an æsthetic intuition at all. At the best he is likely to find that it is mixed and various; that fragments of æsthetic vision jostle with unsubordinated intellectual judgments.

Now the savage is unable to conceive any mode of living widely different from his own. He believes that the dead, the beasts and the birds have their tribes and assemblies and dances like himself. Anthropologists have observed that savages do not believe it possible for a man to die by natural causes. No one dies, he is killed. Life is everywhere, in everything. They cannot understand why an

oak or a rock should not have life like a man. Why should it not speak? Why should it not be your father? People in Hesiod's time thought you might be born of an oak or a rock. That is only the savage's conception if art is so primitive.

Mr. Clausen has said that whereas every artist in the course of his work had to continue and develop his own education the task was a congenial one, but they had to put into the minds of ignorant and indifferent people the meaning of anything artistic. To the average mind of the people of this country the arts did not figure as necessary things, and yet if we wanted to know about the history of civilization we did not turn to the sporting items, but to the arts. It was only through art that we knew of the civilization of Greece, Rome, old Mexico and India.

Beginning at the beginning, the drawings of children were hopelessly inaccurate and nothing at all so far as representation went, but, so far as the child could get it, everything in the form of expression. When the child came to the stage when its native intuition had to give place to definite instruction the teacher should bear in mind that the object of teaching drawing was to give the child another means of expression. They must impart a quickened power of apprehension. In the rare case of great artists the child's intuition went on through life accompanied by great intelligence; there was the simple childlike acceptance of Nature, together with tremendous intellectual force.

The "lesson we learn from Nature" in Matthew Arnold's poem, it is:

"labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Earth's noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do its ceaseless ministers move on.
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting:
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil;
Laborers that shall not cease, when we are gone."

Words and deeds that conquer by quietness and gentleness "shall not cease when we are gone," for they savor more of the spirit than of the letter, they derive their being rather from the things that are not seen than from those that are, and the things that are seen are temporal, and the things that are not seen are eternal.

In the literary compositions of genius there is also a certainty and authority about the utterances which distinguish them from those of reason. As we read we feel that what is said could not be said better, and we are thus kept in a state of pleasurable expectation. Things also which we recognize as true and absolute are constantly

being presented to our minds under novel and surprising forms, and our wonder is moved as to how it is done. Looked at from a perspective standpoint there are three types or classes of artists. There is the artist who despises perspective; there is the artist who depends upon it; and the artist who uses it.

CLAUDE C. H. WILLIAMSON.

London, England.

NATURE STUDIES

THE HAREBELL

"O fair and frail, the bluebell of old song,
The harebell, nodding by the sedge's foot,
Or looking forth, with gentle courage strong,
In shelter of some olden ash-tree root."

—A. H. Japp ("The Harebell")

THOUGH not *the* flower of song—that position belongs to the rose—the Bluebell occupies a prominent position as one of the favorite flowers of poets. Some few even make it their choice of all blossoms:

"Oh! roses and lilies are fair to see,
But the wild bluebell is the flower for me."

—Louisa A. Meredith ("The Bluebell")

"I love the fair lilies and roses so gay,
They are rich in their pride and their splendor,
But still more do I love to wander away
To the meadows so sweet
Where down at my feet

The harebell blooms modest and tender."

—Dora Read Goodale ("The Harebell")

"Mother, if I were a flower
Instead of a little child,
I would choose my home by a waterfall
To laugh at its gambols wild,
To be sprinkled with spray and dew:
And I'd be a harebell blue."

—Lucy Larcom ("A Harebell")

The attitude of the poet toward the flower is that feeling one always has for something delicate and lovely—"tender harebells, at whose birth the sod scarce heaved," Shelley says of them, and it is

"the light
And pliant harebell, swinging in the breeze
On some gray rock."

—William Wordsworth ("The Prelude")

"But a frail harebell
Is the only bell
Hangs now in Allerheiligen."

—Hon. Roden Noel ("Allerheiligen")

Joanna Baillie describes "two tiny imps who scarcely stooped to gather the slender harebell," making the two children small indeed;

while Scott, in order to convey the lightness of Ellen's step, did so by saying:

"E'en the slight harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread."

—("The Lady of the Lake")

The blossom's hair-sized stem and lace-thin petals gain in daintiness by being effectively posed against the rugged background of its chosen habitat. For "the sheltered deeps where bluebells hide in mists of splendid sheen" are usually rocky dells which man considers useless for all practical purposes. Emerson has described it in contrast when he speaks of the "harebell nodding in the gorge of falls," and again of "harebells nodding on a rock." George MacDonald tells us that "the harebells in the mountain pass flutter their blue about"; Mary C. Ames finds that at Nantasket "by the hill-path to the seaside wave myriad azure bells." And others who know where the flower loves to grow have said of it:

"Close by our feet, the mountain's child,
The delicate harebell, sweetly smiled."

—Rose Sanborn ("Mount Pleasant, Me.")

"Yet in bleak and barren places, fresh with unexpected graces
Leaning over rocky ledges tenderest glances to bestow,
Dauntless still in time of danger, thrilling every wayside stranger,
Scattered harebells earn a triumph never known below."

—Elaine Goodale ("Harebells")

"The harebell trembled on its stem
Down where the rushing waters gleam,
A sapphire on the broided hem
Of some fair naiad of the stream."

—Julia C. R. Dorr ("The River Otter")

Indeed, it is said that the presence of the harebell indicates a barren soil. But however the bluebell of Scotland may love the bens and dells, it is not averse to growing in more level places. One may find, as did Hood, "lonely harebells quaking on the heath"; there are "wind-swept bluebells on the sunny braes" (Alexander Smith) and "swelling downs where sweet air stirs blue harebells lightly" (John Keats). John Clare tells us that "on the pasture's woody knoll I saw the wild blue bell," while F. B. Doveton, naming the charms of a certain "Angler's Haunt," does not forget that "behind, a lovely azure maze, fair bluebell squadrons guard the wold," and Burns sings of "little harebells o'er the lea."

". . . and down one fragrant glade,
Listening as we onward stole,
Half-delighted, half-afraid,
Dong, we heard the harebells toll!"

—Alfred Noyes ("The Hideous Hermit")

Half the charm of the plant is its lovely, tiny cups on their wiry stems, gently waving to and fro with every breath of wind, so that one might almost believe in the reality of the silver music said to come from them in days of yore, when the good fairies rang their melodious chimes to summon the vagrant butterflies. Even now, if we will, we may hear the bluebell's fairy chime as the light wind passes.

"I heard, on sunny banks, the sweet bluebell
Tinkling unto the daisy."

—Robert Leighton ("A Breath of Whin")

The name of the genus of bell-flowers is *Campanula*, meaning "a little bell," referring to the shape of the blossoms rather than to their music, though the word itself rings with melody:

"even the single bee
Persisting in his toil, suddenly stopped,
And where he hid you only could surmise
By some campanula chalice set a-swing."

—Robert Browning ("Pippa Passes")

What lovely sounds are to be heard in John Symond's lines:

"Drowned whispers of a wandering stream that laves
Deep alder-boughs and tracts of ferny grass,
Bordered with azure-belled campanulas."

—("Pictures of Travel")

And what thought could be more dainty than the one suggested in the popular name—that as hares go skipping about the dells and across the leas, they set every bluebell they touch to jingling merrily:

"Bluebells, on blue hills, where the sky is blue,
Here's a little blue-gowned maid come to look at you;
Here's a little child would fain, at the vesper time,
Catch the music of your hearts, hear the harebells chime.

'Little hares, little hares,' softly prayeth she,
'Come, come across the hills and ring your pretty bells
for me!'"—Emily M. P. Hickey ("Harebells")

Or, if the hares be timid, the wind is not, and so to glimpse one of the blossoms is to see "the bluebell slimly ringing its purple chimes," as Madison Cawein describes it.

"And azure harebells nod their heads.
Rung by the passing breeze."

—James F. Coleman ("Sunday on Mt. Holyoke")

"The harebells swung as if they rung
The chimes of peace beneath."

—J. G. Whittier ("The Old Burying-Ground")

"Or when little airs arise
How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath!"

—Alfred Tennyson ("Adeline")

As John Clare tell us, "these harebells all seem bowing with the beautiful in song."

Their pretty cups have suggested other objects than bells, however. "Witch's-thimbles" is a Scotch nickname for the flowers and John Keats finds them suggestive of shelter:

"Underneath large bluebells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented." —(Ode)

And it has been easy to personify them, so that "knots of bluebells droop their graceful heads," according to Henry Kirke White, while more than one poet considers the flower capable of hearing:

"The clustered bluebell near
Hollows its azure ear
Low-leaning to the earth as if to hear
The sound of its own growing and perfume
Flowing into its bloom."
—Madison Cawein ("Wind and Cloud")

"Whisper in the bluebell's ear
Time has come for it to flood
With its blue waves all the wood."
—Alfred Austin ("Primroses")

"No more the harebell by the silent river
Shall bend her dainty ear
When nigh thou fliest, and her petals quiver
With maiden joy to hear."
—John C. Logan ("A Dead Singer")

Nicholas Michell, as a play on the flower's name, compares its flared, trembling petal-tips with the rabbit's odd mouth, when he describes "the pensile harebells with their dewy lips." And two human-like qualities are assigned the flower in the following lines:

"Here, on this scanty strip of soil
Unworthy of the farmer's toil,
The shore of yonder sea of heather,
The happy bluebells dance together
No minute still, they cannot rest
So much are they with joy possesst."
—A. S. Falconer ("Bluebells")

"The harebells quake, swinging their blue coronals
What time the breeze of dawn, piercing and keen,
Sweeps o'er their heathery bed."
—Anon. ("Morning in the Mountains")

Though Alfred Austin would have the primrose summon the bluebell, and other poets state that "out in the woods the bluebells are, and the pale little primrose flowers," and that "bluebells pave the woods of spring," this is not one of the earliest of spring blossoms. The season is usually well on its way before the flowers are

more than half awake, though when the weather becomes settled they appear with a rush:

"The south-wind breathes, and lo! you throng
This rugged land of ours;
I think the pale blue clouds of May
Drop down, and turn to flowers!"
—T. B. Aldrich ("The Bluebells of New England")

It is a summer flower, rather—"dark bluebells are her eyes," is one line in a poem on "Summer," and in another they are considered as furnishings for summer's woodland home:

"And like a carpet on the ground
The azure bluebells all around
In fair profusion grew."
—Anon. ("Summer's Here")

"And he knew well, without such telling, harebells grow in June," Browning says, in "Paracelsus," stating both a nature fact and a humorous observation on human nature. As its color indicates, the harebell is a blue-sky flower, and if it waits for June's cerulean glory, it tarries to reflect October's azure dome as well:

"For the harebell comes in June,
Bright and blue,
Lasts until October's noon—
Blooms for you."
—Elaine Goodale ("The Last Harebell")

"Yet the frail harebell stays
Lightly upon the breeze to swing and dream."
—Anon. ("After Summer")

Ever since Shakespeare penned the line "the azur'd harebell, like thy veins," poets have had a favorite adjective to use in describing its elusive color:

"The azur'd harebell next, with them, they neatly mixt;
T' allay whose luscious smell, they woodbind plac'd betwixt."
—Michael Drayton ("Polyolbion")

"It was a modest, tender flower,
So clearly blue, so sweetly tender;
No simpler offspring of the shower
And sunshine may July engender.
The 'azure harebell,' Shakespeare says—
And such a half-transparent azure
Was never seen in country ways
By poet in creative leisure."
—David Gray ("The Harebell")

"This nodding little bluebell seems a vagrant bit of heaven unfurled," says one poet, and to another they are "bluebells mimick-

ing summer skies." Now "sky-blue" is about the most interesting color a blossom can have, since it is as variable as the weather. It may be pale or dark, soft or brilliant, flat-toned or mottled, and if a single bluebell be examined carefully, it will be found to contain one or more of these tones. Even the summer-night azure is not lacking—"dark bluebells drenched with dews of summer eves," Matthew Arnold calls them.

"The bluebell beds wi' blindin' light
Aroon' us bloomin', dazed oor sight,"

reports George F. Savage-Armstrong, which reveals a most intimate study of the flower. If we look at that part of the heavens which is exactly at right angles with the position held by the sun on a clear day, we will see a color which Ruskin calls "blue fire," and which is duplicated in the heart of the bluebell, for the flower's beautiful purplish blue is so charmingly graduated within the bell that in its depths it is so misty-looking as to be fiery. The texture of the bluebell's petals are so marvellously fine and exquisitely colored that "blindin' light" is not too high a tribute for their beauty. One observer sees the blossoms tinted with haze, or sunset glow, for in "Autumn Hedges" she marks "there the tall campanula its lilac bloom is shedding." On the other hand, Mr. Savage-Armstrong has noted that "pale is the blue campanula," and Mrs. Hemans discovers "harebells of the mildest hue," while the blossoms, like the skies they reflect, may be washed of all color:

"And behind the bluebells hung
Fading now like ghosts at morn,
Here and there a white one bent
Like a 'maiden all forlorn.'"
—Florence Tyler ("Fairyland in Midsummer")

On April 23, the day of St. George, the patron saint of England, the bluebells tingeing the meadows and pastures with their deep color are thought to afford an emblem of the empire of the ocean over which Britannia assumes the rule:

"St. George's Day, when blue is worn,
The blue harebells the fields adorn,"

according to a folk rhyme giving a calendar of flowers, and this is perhaps the origin of William Browne's statement that

"The harebell for her stainless azur'd blue
Claims to be worn of none but those are true."

In the language of flowers, however, the harebell is supposed to speak of both "Submission" and "Grief." In both cases, this appears to be an arbitrary assignment, except as in the general sense

of the plant's bending to the wind, and suffering the loss of its blossoms :

"The statelier flowers may keep their pride,
We fear no footsteps, we do not hide;
On the trodden turf of the waste roadside.
We are blown and beaten in breaths of blue;
The wings of the gnat are not so thin;
But we smile in singing the wild days through
We are here for any who care to win."
—Harriet E. H. King ("Harebells")

"a spring head of clear waters
Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters,
The spreading bluebells; it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and scattered thoughtlessly
By infant hands, left on the path to die."
—John Keats ("I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill")

"Lonely in the light of morning,
In the forest's gladed stillness,
Exiled from the flowery meadows
Trembling stand three delicate harebells.
Pale, forsaken of your kindred,
Wherefore, like estrays of azure
Lured by forest-pools from heaven
Lurk ye here, ye tremulous harebells."
—John Todhunter ("Lonely Flowers")

The flower has been used in an illustrative sense by Keats in two different ways in "Endymion," when he uses the line, "We'll give the bluebell pinch to your dimpled arms," and

"The wind outblows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion;
'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed
Over the darkest, lushest bluebell bed
Handfuls of daisies."

Tennyson makes apt use of the flower in "The Princess" when he describes

"Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with tears
By some cold morning glacier; frail at first
And feeble, all unconscious of itself,
But such as gather'd color day by day."

The little flower even waxes didactic and preaches for us such helpful sermons on faithfulness, inspiration, procrastination and aspiration, as follows :

"If only a single bluebell gleams
Bright on the barren heath,
Still of that flower the Summer dreams

Not of his August wreath."

—George Barlow ("If Only Thou Art True")

"The eye, far wandering, threads through bush and bole,
Where endless green and gold the vistas fade,
Then, slow returning, gathers for the soul
A purple harebell swaying in the shade."

—Margaret Ashmun ("Inspiration")

"One day, one day, I'll climb that distant hill
And pick the bluebells there!
So dreamed the child who lived beside the rill
And breathed the lowland air.
'One day, one day, when I am old I'll go
And climb the mountain where the bluebells blow.'

"Years passed, a woman, now with wearier eyes
Gazed toward that sunlit hill.
Tall children clustered round her. How time flies!
The bluebells blossomed still.
She'll never gather them! All dreams fade so,
We live and die, and still the bluebells blow."
—George Barlow ("Bluebells")

"There is a story I have heard—
A poet learned it from a bird,
And kept its music, every word—

"A story of a dim ravine
O'er which the towering treetops lean,
With one blue rift of sky between;

"And there two thousand years ago,
A little flower, as white as snow,
Waved in the silence, to and fro.

"Day after day, with longing eye,
The floweret watched the narrow sky
With fleecy clouds that floated by.

"And through the darkness, night by night,
One gleaming star would climb the height
And cheer the lonely floweret's sight.

"Thus, watching the blue heavens afar,
And the rising of its favorite star,
A slow change came, but not to mar;

"For softly o'er its petals white
There crept a blueness like the light
Of skies upon a summer night;

"And in its chalice, I am told,
The bonny bell was found to hold
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.

"And bluebells of the Scottish land
Are loved on every foreign strand
Where stirs a Scottish heart or hand.

"Now, little people, sweet and true,
I find a lesson here for you
Writ in the floweret's bell of blue:

"The patient child whose watchful eye
Strives after all things pure and high
Shall take their image by and by."
—Julia Eastman ("The Legend of the Bluebell")

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

"the flower
That kindly comes to charm the wintry hour,
The Christmas Rose! the glory white as snow!"
—John Wilson

The Black Hellebore (*Helleborus niger*) is a member of the Buttercup family. It grows wild in the mountainous parts of southern and central Europe, but is best known through its cultivation in gardens, greenhouses and pots, for the sake of its beautiful rose-like flowers, which bloom in midwinter and give to the plant the name of Christmas rose. And a most appropriate name, too, for these

"Pale winter roses, the white ghosts
Of our June roses,
Last beauty that the old year boasts
Ere his reign closes."
—Anon. ("Christmas Roses")

True to the family rule, this cousin of the buttercup, anemone, hepatica, columbine, and other members of *Ranunculaceæ*, has showy flowers without petals, five sepals serving in their stead, and being large and white, giving the corolla much the appearance of a white single rose. Under ordinary circumstances, the petalous sepals are quite blanched, but perhaps after the Christmas decorations go up, they may in a slight measure reflect the holly berry's gay scarlet. At least, one poet seems to think so:

"In antique gardens hellebore
Puts forth its blushing Christmas Rose."
—John Davidson ("Christmas Eve")

Erasmus Darwin, whose long poem, "The Loves of the Plants," contains far more botany than poetry, devotes several lines to this species. Some of the facts about the flower are hinted in his lines. For instance, in each blossom there are several pistils and several stamens; he refers to the former as "gay sisters" and to the latter

as "enamour'd bands." He also records the fact that after fertilization the corolla fades by turning a sickly green. Prefacing his lines with a bit of philosophy, he manages to concoct a wonderful—even awful—bit of rhyme overburdened with personification and audibly limping:

"As yon gay clouds, which canopy the skies,
Change their thin forms, and lose their lucid dyes,
So the soft loom of beauty's vernal charms
Fades in our eyes, and withers in our arms.
Bright as the silvery plume, or pearly shell,
The snow-white rose, or lily's virgin bell,
The fair Helleboras attractive shone,
Warm'd every sage, and every shepherd won.
Round the gay sisters press the enamour'd bands,
And seek with soft solicitude their hands.
Erewhile how changed!—in dim suffusion lies
The glance divine, that lighten'd in their eyes;
Cold are those lips, where smiles seductive hung,
And the weak accents linger on their tongue;
Each roseate feature faded to livid green—
Disgust with face averted shuts the scene."

Because of its time of blooming, this plant is also called the "Winter Rose." Sometimes, in England, it arrives early enough to greet some of its departing floral friends, as David Moir notes in his tribute to the daisy:

"And when December breezes howl
Along the moorlands bare,
And only blooms the Christmas rose,
The daisy still is there."

But the blossoms do not disappear with the holiday season. And so William Sharp, in his poem, "Flora in January," says:

"But while she dreamed, the dead blooms had grown fair
And Christmas roses made a veil above her."

This flower is dedicated to St. Agnes, and one name for it is "the flower of St. Agnes"; in the floral calendar it would represent January 21.

Hellebore was highly regarded by the ancient Greeks. Indeed, their name for the plant has been merely Latinized, and it would appear the Hellenes must have set great store by the genus to give it their own name. They used it to purify their houses and to hallow their dwellings, and even to bless their cattle. The root was dug up with appropriate ceremonies, such as drawing a circle about the plant with a sword and then asking permission from Æsculapius, the god of medicine. An extract, or tincture, or decoction of the fibres of the roots was a famous medicine with the ancient

Greeks and Romans, who used it in the belief that it gave clearness and activity to the mental faculties. Even the most celebrated philosophers are said to have drunk its infusion for this purpose, though how much of their philosophy is due to the infusion is not determinable. In French, "*avoir besoin d'ellébore*" (literally, "to have need of hellebore") is an evasive way of saying a body "is not in their right senses." For it was a folk-remedy for insanity. On the heart it has strong action. In large doses, it is a violent poison, and perhaps that is why, in folk-lore, it is considered a plant of ill omen. More likely, however, it was because the simple-minded mistakenly took the first four letters of Helleborus to indicate the origin of the word, instead of correctly connecting it with the first five letters—the name of the beautiful Greek maiden who fell from the winged, golden-fleeced ram into a portion of the sea since known as the Hellespont, or of Hellen, the son of Deucalion and Pyrrha and the ancestor of the Hellenic or Greek race. Anyway, according to Thomas Campbell, there is

"Round its dark vaults a melancholy bower
For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour."

In the language of flowers, the Christmas rose has the very artificial message, "relieve my anxiety." One would think such a symbolical blossom would convey a more lofty sentiment.

"Last child of the old year, first of the new—
Ghost of the past, soul of the future rose—
From roots of ebon darkness, through the mould
Sprang up the pure white blossoms, one by one."
—Hugh MacMillan ("The Christmas Rose")

SEED-SOWING DEVICES THAT PLANTS HAVE INVENTED

Whether a plant lives to bear fruit or bears fruit to live is a debatable question, with the *pros* not all in favor of the seed, in spite of the striking example of the century plant that spends its life in preparing for its one period of bloom and dies upon the ripening of this single crop of seed. The same fate awaits the frailest or the stoutest annual, while the lower forms of plant life, such as the scums, yeasts and fungi, propagate by division rather than by seeds, and some of the long cultivated varieties of plants, like certain oranges and raisins, have become so dependent upon man as to do away with offspring entirely.

The majority of plants, however, bear fruit of some kind, and the sole object of this labor is the proper nourishment, maturing, protection and final distribution of the seed or seeds contained within. For in botany the word fruit is applied to the ripened

pistil of the flower and the parts attached to it, without reference to edible or other qualities; in a botanical sense, the dandelion bears fruit just as the apple tree does, even yields it more prolifically, in proportion to its size and its term of existence.

Now many a plant shows great intelligence in its particular form of root, leaf and flower, and it is often no less canny when it comes to the problem of getting its seed planted. Not all plants have solved the question the same way, so that their various seed-sowing devices make an interesting chapter in that fascinating volume Nature offers her readers on plant intelligence.

Probably the simplest device of them all is the one that has proved very effective, when results are studied—that of the pin-cushion type of fruit, in which the seeds, when ripe, are easily shaken off the parent stem by the wind or some other buffeting agent. This device is used by many widely different plants, regardless of the exact form of the fruit, such as the buttercup and the strawberry.

The buttercup has probably the simplest form of fruit known, that of the small, dry, one-seeded, non-splitting, uncovered nutlet, botanically termed an *achene*, or naked seed. The centre of a blossom consists of a spongy, dome-like receptacle, upon which is seated many jug-like little pistils. Each pistil that is fertilized with pollen develops into a flattish, brown, smooth, shiny, leather-jacket of a case, enclosing a single seed; this coat never cracks or works unbuttoned until it decays after lying months in moist ground, or the sprouting seed inside gets "too big for its clothes," and so bursts through. Many of these ripened pistils may be bunched on a single receptacle; while immature they are well anchored in place, but after ripening there is sufficient shrinkage for them to become "as wiggly as loose teeth," as one young observer put it. In time their seat on that receptacle becomes so uncertain that a passing breeze or pedestrian is sufficient blow to send them all flying right down into beds of their own.

In studying the fruit of the various species of plants, you will often come upon the achene in different forms. But whatever its outward appearance, in structure it is a small, dry, one-seeded little affair with a thin covering that does not split to set its seed free; that is, the jacket goes with the seed and remains about it until sprouting time. The achene develops from a single pistil; the number of achenes a single blossom may develop depends on whether it has one or more pistils. For instance, the flower-head of the common dandelion is made up of many small florets, each having a single pistil which, when ripe, becomes an achene. The buttercup is a simple flower with many pistils and therefore many

achenes; the dandelion is a compound flower made up of many single blossoms each having just one pistil and one achene. The achene is the favorite fruit among the composite plants—daisy, sunflower, aster, goldenrod, ragweed.

But in the dandelion we find another seed-sowing device that is very popular with the plants, and that is the winged type. "Just outfit a seed with some sort of a sail, and it can take advantage of a favoring breeze when it is ready to go seek its fortunes," these parent plants seem to say. So the "airplane" has been in vogue these many centuries in plantdom in a variety of different models.

The dandelion seed has settled on the parachute plan, with its achene depending by a long, silvery hair from a parasol-like cluster of white hairs. If you watch one of these little brown seeds floating serenely along at the end of its parasol, you will no longer wonder that this species, originally from the Red Sea region, is now a naturalized weed the world around. It has followed man wherever grains and grasses have been sown, and indeed, by means of its winged seeds, has even gone slightly in advance. In addition to being a sailing device, this plume of hairs atop a long shaft makes a sort of winged arrow of the dandelion seed, so that when it drops to the ground the feathered shaft up aloft keeps waving back and forth, and so helps "squiggle" the little brown seed down snugly into its earthen bed. It is a planting as well as a sowing machine, you see.

The winged seed is popular in the composite circle of plants, though not all members use it. For example, the sunflower does not feather its achenes, no doubt considering them large enough to do without a sailing or planting device. On the other hand, many plants outside the composite group wing their seeds. There is the clematis, a member of the buttercup family; in the centre of a fertile flower will be found a group of pistils, each with a long, plummy style; the ripened pistil, or achene, retains this style in the form of a dainty, curling plume; before the cluster of plume-tailed achenes separate to seek their individual fortunes, they form a very lovely white powderpuff where the greenish-white flower sat on its stem in June. Old Man's Beard is a popular name for the clematis in seed-time, when the blossom stalks are covered with these tiny, twisted-tailed curly locks.

"Where gray the wilding clematis balloons

The brakes with puff-balls" —Madison J. Cawein

It will be noticed that most milky-juiced plants equip their seeds with plummy scalplocks — dandelion, milkweed, lettuce, chicory, spreading dogbane, some composite plants and others belonging to different families. A seed doesn't need to be an achene to have

the gift of silken wings. Such a great big sturdy plant as the poplar tree takes pains to furnish its offspring wings that it may successfully accomplish its flitting. Perhaps this is because the seed is such a tiny affair for such a large tree to produce.

The winged seed is a most successful institution from the standpoint of keeping up the species from year to year. Man often has occasion to condemn it, as it causes some weeds to become altogether too common, while in the case of the poplar, the down "gets into everything," as both the housekeeper and the victim of hay fever protest. On the other hand, the dense "wool" of the cotton seed has an economic value that can hardly be reckoned in terms of dollars and cents.

Not all wings, however, are downy; some are on the bat's-wing, or fin, order, consisting of a thin, skin-like membrane stretched over a skeleton of ribs and other such stays. The maple key is a familiar example, also the seed of the box-elder, of the pine and of the linden.

I once spent an idle hour while making a long auto drive, lying flat on my back on a grassy knoll beside a little meadow brook, under a basswood tree, resting, and watching the falling seeds come whirling down on their peculiar parachutes. For, as you will see if you examine the blossom or the seed of the basswood ever so casually, the stem of each flower cluster leaves the parent twig accompanied by a large leafy bract; just midway the bract the flower-stalk, or peduncle, leaves the bract and each go their own way at a forked angle to each other. But when the cluster of flowers has become magically transmuted into a group of round, woody little nuts, and the fruit is ripe and ready to seek its trundle-bed for the coming winter, the separation takes place at the point where the united peduncle and bract left the twig. In this way, flower-stalk and bract both accompany the adventurous little party of not-so-foolish nuts to aid and abet them on their way. By this time the bract is dry and brown, and the tug of those nuts has caused it to dip down in the centre. So, as soon as the journey from tree to ground begins, the bract stands up above the cluster like a pair of bird-wings; motionless themselves, their upstanding, perky gesture causes the whole group to whirl round and round at a dizzying rate. The resistance thus set up will, even on a comparatively quiet day, cause the seeds to be carried some little distance away from the tree during their downward sail.

Some rather old-fashioned plants prefer the balloon to the air-plane or parachute or other sailing device. The ground-cherry, or strawberry tomato, or alkekengi, as it is variously called, is one of these balloon enthusiasts; the calyx that cupped the petals of the

blossom remains with the seed, developing into a large, bladder-like bag that, when filled with air on a windy day, makes a swift means of transportation across country. The species of lobelia, called Indian tobacco, is also the bladder-pod, because it resorts to the inflated jacket as a satisfactory means for getting its seed off and away. The windbag-like pods of the bladder-nut, or bad-nut, of the bladder campion, and of the bladder ketmie, are other noticeable examples of the balloon applied to seed aeronautics.

This brings us to the pod form of fruit, which is intended more for the protection than for the dissemination of seed, but often does double duty. In many cases, when the seed is ripe, the pod merely opens somewhere to set its offspring free, but has nothing more to do with the journey. "Well, if you are ready to go, the door stands open, and good-bye," says the pod, and settles down to that gradual decay that overtakes any abandoned homestead. Pod-grown seeds must usually decide the manner of their departure for themselves; with many it is the simple matter of yielding to the force of gravity, though it must be admitted that often this very tumble into its earthen bed has been anticipated by the parent plant, which delayed bearing blossoms until it had "got up in the world a ways." For, naturally, the farther a seed has to drop the wider it will be scattered and the deeper it will be sown. Perhaps this may be one reason for towering trees, climbing vines and tall herbs; they intend to pelt the earth with seeds and so get up where the initial speed of the falling missiles may be steadily increased during their fall.

But some pods, like fond parents, cling to their children even after permission is given for them to depart. That common weed of the dooryard, the plantain, which the Indians named "the white man's foot" because it follows the pioneer so closely, is one of these doting parents. The single pistil in each tiny blossom, when fertilized with pollen, becomes a small, jar-like pod that sits snugly within the four pointed parts of the calyx; it is divided by a partition through its middle into two cells, each compartment being several seeded. When the seeds are ripe and ready for distribution, this pod cracks along the tiny line that runs around it just where the top starts tapering off. The top falls away like a lid, yet to the seeds within it is not so much the opening of a door as the removal of the roof. They must still remain at home until a strong wind or some other jolt is sufficient to tip the uncovered jar sidewise or even knock it off its shelf entirely and so scatter its contents.

The poppy is even more reluctant to lose its progeny; its round capsule is built on the pepper-box plan, and must be worked the

same way. When the little black seeds are ripe, certain holes open in the top of the pod, but they are prisoners until something bends or breaks the brittle stem and causes the "seed-shaker" to hang upside-down or to go rolling over the ground. In either case the result is the same, only perhaps by the latter method the sowing is more broadcast.

The fruit of the common garden purslane, or pusley, is an egg-shaped pod that is packed full of seeds; its line of cleavage is around its equatorial middle, so that when the lid falls off half the seeds are scattered, while the others are shed more gradually as the stems wither, or as the plants are gathered up and carried "off to be burned," a bit of tactics on the part of the gardener that the plant welcomes, as it can drip seeds all the way to the site of its funeral pyre.

The tumbleweed of the fence corners and roadside has realized the possibilities that the pusley and the pigweed have but dimly sensed in the plant of going along with its offspring. This weedy plant makes itself as unattractive and inconspicuous as possible from spring until fall, being so squat-formed and colorless that it may be plentiful the countryside over and receive no notice at all. But it makes up for this monotonous life when its fruit is ripe; then the whole plant becomes a dry skeleton held only to the ground by a short, brittle mainstem. Then some windy day it breaks from its moorings and starts merrily off down the wind, pods snapping at every somersault to scatter their ripe seeds. In this way, a single tumbleweed may sow its seed in generous quantities a long mile or more.

However, most plants are such stay-at-homes when once rooted that they cannot endure the thought of ending up in some foreign fence-corner. Still, they want their seeds to have every chance possible, so give them a good, snappy send-off. The balsam, or touch-me-not, is one of these helpful parents that advocates "doing all one can for one's children." So, having nourished and protected them to maturity, suddenly some day there is a grand "coming-out party" for the seeds; the home pod bursts with a snap, its sections curl up, and by their hair-trigger action literally shoot the ambitious children off into space. Every boy or girl that has had free run of an old-fashioned garden has spent many an idle moment furnishing the slight touch necessary to cause these pod doors to open.

The wild geranium also works on the sling-shot method. That long, tapered, candle-like capsule that cause it to be named geranium in Greek and crane's bill in English consists of five two-seeded tubes collected about a central "core." When quite ripe,

each seed-case breaks away at the bottom, and like a released spring curls upward with such force that the twin seeds in each one are scattered about to a distance frequently of twenty feet or more. No wonder the plant thrives in the moist woodland borders it chooses to frequent.

Witch-hazel, too, has adopted this device. Its fruit is a downy, two-beaked, two-celled woody pod, each cell containing a large, hard, bony black seed. Frequently the fruit takes a whole year to ripen, delaying to open until the flowering season has once more rolled around. But it makes up for lost time by suddenly bursting with unexpected elasticity into two pieces along the top, when the outer coat separates from the inner with such a jerk as to eject the seeds with considerable force.

"Sometimes," records William Hamilton Gibson, "the distance is forty feet. I had been attracted by a bush which showed an unusual profusion of bloom, and while standing close beside it in admiration I was suddenly stung on the cheek by some missile, and the next instant shot in the eye by another, the mysterious marksman having apparently let off both barrels of his little gun directly in my face. I soon discovered him—an army of them; in fact, a saucy legion—all grinning with open mouths and white teeth exposed and their double-barreled guns loaded to the muzzle and ready to shoot whenever the whim should take them." Thoreau, too, describes the sudden opening of these pods: "Heard in the night a snapping sound, and the fall of some small body on the floor from time to time. In the morning I found it was produced by the witch-hazel nuts on my desk springing open and casting their seeds quite across my chamber, hard and stony as those nuts were.

Even the bean, if the pods are left until the strain of their own drying and shrinkage causes them to crack, is a sort of marksman, though a rank amateur compared with the witch-hazel. But as those valves that formed the two halves of the pod split and curl, they often cause a bean to let go with a decided snap. The violet blossom produces a three-sided, conical capsule; when ripe it splits from the peak down each seam, each valve rolls back along either edge with sufficient speed to "shoot" its seeds off into the air.

This last-named sharpshooter pod is the fruit of the showy blossoms; the violet doesn't trust all its eggs in one basket, so to speak, and often produces, low down among the leaves or even just below the surface of the ground, short-stalked, inconspicuous, bud-like blossoms that never open. They are petal-less, the calyx parts that enclose the stamens and pistils being the only floral envelope these blind flowers possess. They are very fertile, however,

for pollenization takes place in these secret flowers even more effectively than in the showy ones that must rely upon insects for cross-fertilization. When produced among the leaves, the fruit of these blind flowers may open, but when produced underground the pods remain about the seeds until rotted away by time and spring rains.

"Why bother to sow seed, or run the risk of your seed not getting properly sown, when you can just as well produce them underground in the first place?" asks the peanut, and answers the question by what it reasons is the most expedient method of seed dissemination. Still, it can't bring itself to resort to blind flowers in the manner of the violet, fringed milkwort and several other plants—"one flower for use and the other for beauty," as John Burroughs puts it. For though self-pollenization produces very many seeds, the practice is frowned upon in the plant world as the marriage of brother and sister is in human circles—close in-breeding is not good for either plants or men. Indeed, it is supposed that the violet will not produce blind flowers unless the showy ones have failed to set seed, either through lack of insect visitors or because some admiring human gathered them all.

But the peanut has devised a most ingenious means of producing above-ground blossoms and underground fruit. This is the way of it: The plant is itself a diffusely branched, trailing one, with small yellow flowers borne along the stems at the union of leaf and plant stalks. After a flower has been pollenized, its stem curves over in such a manner as to push the forming pod quite below the surface of the ground; if by any accident this is prevented, the fruit ceases to grow, but when covered with earth it rapidly enlarges and forms the well-known and dearly beloved peanut. Unroasted peanuts may be planted in northern gardens by those who wish to witness this curious habit of pushing the pods underground to ripen, though they may not come to perfection north of Virginia.

On the other hand, some plants, notably the corn cockle, whose round black seeds are such a pest to the wheat-grower and the flour-maker, make a special effort to get themselves rooted in cultivated soil, so that their seeds may ripen and be distributed along with those valuable ones upon which the farmer has spent so much time and thought. "Just see that you are properly rooted yourself, and you have provided for your children," is the slogan of these "cultivated" weeds—corn cockle, mustard, wild oats and their ilk. In this way, many European pests have become American ones, while plants native to the Western or Mississippi Valley States have become well established in the Eastern States by travel-

ing along in hay, such as the black-eyed Susan and many of her sisters.

For man does his part in the distribution of seeds; many plants have escaped from cultivation and become so thoroughly naturalized as to appear native in regions or countries or even hemispheres and tropics where they were strangers before man began cultivating them, just as the weeds of agriculture are to be found in every settlement, however remote from their place of origin. Of course, there is not much danger that the seeds of oranges eaten in Canada will sow that country to orange groves, but though all the various species of orange known were in the beginning found only in India and China, in certain parts of Florida, especially along the St. John's and Indian rivers, the tree is so thoroughly established as to form immense groves of "wild oranges"; botanists regard this as an instance of remarkable naturalization, the trees having descended from those introduced by the early Spanish colonists.

Even wars have had their effect upon vegetation; the passage of an army through a country leaves weeds in its train which were not there before. For example, after the civil war one of the *Lespedezas*, or bush clovers, sprang up all over the Southern States; it is not known how it came or where from, but its native country is Japan, and in some localities this species is cultivated as the Japan clover for use as a forage plant. Doubtless some of the plants were in the hay carried by the northern armies, and so the seed became scattered over the south.

Water, too, is an excellent agent for the distribution of seeds as well as for their sowing. A good rainstorm will beat many seeds into the ground, or wash them into small crevices, or even carry them along for some distance. Indeed, history records that it was "a branch of thorn with berries floating near" that so heartened Columbus' sailors that they consented to finish the voyage, and so "put America on the map." The great sea cocoanut was long a puzzle to naturalists, the large nuts being picked up frequently far out at sea. As long as their origin was unknown, they were said to have remarkable virtues, and were classed among the most costly of kingly gifts. With the exploration of the Seychelles Islands in 1743 the source of this "wonderful miracle of nature, the most rare of marine productions," was discovered; it is the fruit of a certain palm. Indeed, it would appear that the smaller, more common cocoanut was intended for water travel, since it is outfitted in a light, husk-like life-preserver to bear it safely to new lands.

At any rate many species of plants regard the water route as the safest and most convenient method of seed distribution. At

least, a multitude of species choose river banks for their favorite habitat, others even wade out a ways in order to assure their progeny safe conduct. The water crowfoot, a near relative of the meadow buttercups, arrowhead, smartweed and many such plants just allow their seeds to drop into the water and be floated away, but the pistil of the white water lily becomes a berry-like fruit with a tough, hard, rubbery rind, pulpy within and each of the numerous seeds enveloped in a thin membranous sac—a stock of provisions and fertilizer to nourish it during its infancy, to hasten its germination and to strengthen its early days. The plant takes still greater care of its seed infants by ripening this fruit under water; that is, when the blossom has breathed itself away in sweetness, the stem twists and doubles until it carries the pistil down even into the mud. In time the fruit splits along its various seams and frees the seeds, some of which no doubt remain near the spot, while others float away, bag and baggage, to find a new home.

Naturally, a plant that will take the pains to produce edible fruit or seeds has the right to expect that it will be spared, even cultivated, for this reason. This is accomplished in a great variety of ways. One is by cramming the seeds themselves as full as they will hold of starch, as the bean, pea, grains and their like. Or parts of the flower about or underneath the pistil may develop in some unusual manner; and this brings us back to the strawberry, whose seeds are the tiny dark specks that dot its surface and are so easily shed that a dish that has contained some of the ripe fruit will be found thickly peppered with the tiny achenes.

If a strawberry blossom be examined, it will be seen that the centre consists of many small, simple pistils seated upon a rounded mound, or receptacle; as the pistils mature without themselves increasing in size, this receptacle becomes greatly enlarged, pulpy and edible, and is popularly regarded as the fruit. It is really the much altered end of the flower stem, while the true fruits are the small seed-like achenes, or ripened pistils, which are scattered over its surface or sunk in little pits. This is the formation of the fruit of which Dean Swift remarked that "God could doubtless have made a better berry, but doubtless He never did."

Botanically, the strawberry is not a berry at all, as is the currant, grape, cranberry and banana. A true berry has its seeds safely tucked away inside, not stuck loosely on the outside; it is a fruit-cake, so to speak, with the nuts and raisins inside, not just a plain cake with the goodies ornamenting the frosted top. Briefly, the same part of the pistil that in a pod becomes the valves of the "shell," in a berry becomes pulpy and soft, or in a nut is hard and woody. However, the exact structure of the many kinds of fruits,

though a highly interesting subject, is not within the limits of this article.

The berries, both true and false, as well as the pome fruits, which include the apple, pear and rose-hip, and the drupes, such as the peach, plum and cherry, are all strong believers in the saying, "It pays to advertise." So they produce an edible fruit, then call attention to it by giving it a bright color, or at least one that stands out showily against its background of foliage. Those not eaten by man are not discouraged, but continue to advertise in order to catch the attention of birds and other fruit-eating animals. The seed of an edible fruit is always hard, so that it is in no wise injured by the swallowing and digestive processes; indeed, it profits doubly by the experience—it is transported miles, even hundreds of miles, from the parent plant, and when it drops to earth is enriched and fertilized for sprouting time.

Some plants that are extra enthusiastic over advertising their wares not only color the fruit, but the foliage as well; sumac, barberry and Virginia creeper are examples of fruiterers that furnish elaborately decorated booths for their goods. Thoreau remarks of the pokeweed in autumn: "Its cylindrical racemes of berries of various hues, from green to dark purple, six or seven inches long, are gracefully drooping on all sides, offering repasts to the birds, and even the sepals from which the birds have picked the berries are a brilliant lake-red, with crimson, flame-like reflections, equal to anything of the kind—all on fire with ripeness." In addition to all this color, the stout stem, the large leaves, and even the foot-stalks of the currant-like clusters of poke-berries, take on splendid tints of crimson lake, as if to announce to the migrating flocks passing over, **POKE'S REFRESHMENT BOOTH—HELP YOURSELF.**

Other plants are curmudgeons, and deliberately make their gay fruit unappetizing, even poisonous, so that upon being tasted it will be thrown away, which is as good a method of distribution as any, for that matter. Even the red-cheeked, juicy, tempting Apple profits in this way, for after getting some one to pick it and nibble it while passing along, the core is to be tossed aside, where it will become planted some distance from the tree. While if the way-farer be an animal that eats core and all, the hard-coated seeds generally remain uninjured by being swallowed. Of course, one might take the opposite view of the matter and say that the sour wild crab-apple makes itself inedible in order to be let alone, but doubtless when all apples were sour crabs human appetites were correspondingly less finicky and still found them tempting.

Also, the shape of a fruit may have something to do with its journey in search of new quarters. Round or cylindrical ones, like

that of the mustard, apple or oak, roll merrily away several feet or rods; but seeds with corners, such as the beechnut or the buck-wheat seed, are more likely to remain where they fall and so form dense rather than widespread colonies. There are advocates of both schools of thought in the plant world, just as humans have conflicting theories regarding government, educational methods and many other subjects of public interest. Only, in plantdom, each species is free to proceed on its own theory as best it can.

Then we have the determined sort of fruit that will be planted, willy-nilly, regardless of whatever opinions others may have as to the desirability of the species or the need for its continuance. The bur-marigold, or stick-tight, or beggar's-tick is a striking illustration of the fruit that is equipped for traveling clandestinely, for "riding the bumpers," so to speak. It is an achene, but instead of being smooth like that of the buttercup, or winged like that of the dandelion, it is outfitted with a pair of spurred heels; in the ripened flower-head, it with many brothers stands head-down on the receptacle, with hooked toes in the air, waiting for the chance to board some passing vehicle in the shape of wool on a sheep's back or on a human's limbs, or the hairy coats of animals.

"If one were only describing the attractive wild flowers, the stick-tight would certainly be omitted, as its appearance is not prepossessing, and the small barbed seed vessels so cleverly fulfill their destiny in making one's clothes a means of conveyance to 'fresh woods and pastures new' as to cause all wayfarers heartily to detest them," says one writer, while Thoreau remarks, "How surely they prophesy the coming of the traveler, brute or human, that will transport their seeds on his coat!"

Avens, burdock, Jamestown weed or thorn apple and the tick-trefoils are all hook-fruit followers; the tick-trefoils literally smear one's clothing with their rough-coated, jagged-edged, sawblade-like pods. "Though you were running for your life, they would have time to catch and cling to your clothes," declares Thoreau. "These almost invisible nets, as it were, are spread for us, and whole convoys of tick-trefoils and bur-marigold seeds steal transportation out of us. I have found myself often covered, as it were, with an imbricated coat of the brown tick-foil seeds, or a bristly *chevaux de frise* of beggar-ticks, and had to spend a quarter of an hour or more picking them off in some convenient spot; and so they get just what they wanted—deposited in another place."

So, by hook and crook, by fair means or foul, by strenuous efforts or merely by yielding to some outside force, the plants get their seeds distributed. A consideration of the various methods they use to adapt themselves to circumstances is one more mani-

festation of the Divine Intelligence that runs through all nature, of the love of the Father of all for His children that has provided even the weakest and dumbest with the ability to protect and care for its offspring.

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

Duluth, Minn.

TRADE UNIONS

THE GENERAL SECRETARIATE OF CHRISTIAN SYNDICATES IN BELGIUM
AND THEIR WHITE GENERAL, FATHER CESLAS RUTTEN, O. P.

NUMEROUS though they were, the unions of Christian workmen which had been formed in Belgium after the publication in 1891 of Pope Leo XIII.'s memorable encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, proved unable to make their influence felt all over the country. Not that they lived what one might call a languishing or a lingering life; no, but, for want of harmony and sufficient understanding, there appeared among their various members a lack of that mutual intercourse we all know to be absolutely necessary to an enterprise that is to last.

An organization was needed which would bring all members into close contact with each other; the need was felt also of a directing power, universal, sufficiently elastic, active and positive. This organization, this directing power, came into existence in the old city of Ghent in August, 1904. It was called the General Secretariate of Christian Syndicates in Belgium.

Eighteen years have elapsed since the birth of the General Secretariate, and these eighteen years have witnessed such an amount of far-reaching work throughout the whole of Belgium that, as Catholics, we may rightly rejoice, and after our best thanks to God Almighty, who has blessed the zeal of his valiant and strenuous servants, record here the main events of its formation period and its gradual development. What has been achieved by Catholics in Belgium may be a consolation to their fellow-Catholics abroad; to many, it will, no doubt, be a stimulus, to some, perhaps, an inspiration!

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"Every beginning is hard," the proverb says. Still, we very much doubt whether there ever was a beginning coupled with as many difficulties as that of this variegated and important organization. Prejudice, distrust, misunderstanding arose from everywhere, and formed, so to speak, a barrier of insurmountable obstacles and unconquerable drawbacks. While, on the one hand, the founders of the organization were frequently spoken of as "socialists in disguise" and "upsetters of the citizen"; the adver-

At this time of industrial unrest throughout the world, when strikes and rumors of strikes are widespread, and when capital and labor, employer and employee, seem to be getting farther apart rather than closer together, and when many are hinting at violent methods as the only effective means for bringing about a settlement, this paper on Christian trade unions should have a special interest.—ED.

saries, on the other hand, of all denomination and political color, continually harassed the recently born enterprise and spread all over Belgium rumors that were to make the workman believe that the Christian syndicates only aimed at . . . "enforcing his servile condition and at giving the death blow to the principle itself of all trade unionism." Indeed, the circumstances were such that only one man could satisfactorily cope with the difficulties: a man gifted with an iron will, kindled with a boundless love for the poor and destitute of society, free from all desire after worldly satisfaction and living solely for God and his people; a man whose clear intellect, whose kind, affable, friendly and generous character would win all hearts that beat for a good cause; a man whose irresistible and fascinating power of speech would draw together the diffused forces as a magnet draws the filings; a man, finally, whom no human or earthly power would prevent from fulfilling his duty nor from bringing to a successful end an enterprise once clearly conceived and planned. Such a man, luckily, was found. His name is Father Rutten, of the Order of Friars Preachers, "our white general," as the Belgian people now call him.

* * * * *

Born at Termonde, in Flanders, on August 10, 1875, Ceslas Rutten entered, at the age of sixteen, into the Order of St. Dominic, where he was professed on September 20, 1891. Sent to the Dominican convent at Louvain, he, there, diligently applied himself to the study of theology and political economics. In March, 1900, he received the degree of Doctor in Theology. After having undertaken a journey of study and investigation in the industrial provinces of Hainaut and Liège, where with the intention more especially of studying the life of the workman, he exchanged his white Dominican dress for the coarse clothes of a miner, and was for several weeks seen descending hundreds of feet under the ground, working like one of the miners; he was sent to Ghent.

What personal experience had enabled him to understand of the life-endangering labor of our friends in the collieries, he shortly afterwards elucidated in "*Nos Grèves Houillères et l'Action Socialiste*," a work which enjoyed such universal praise that in 1907 the socialist leader, Vandervelde, himself did not shrink from openly declaring in the presence of the whole Belgian Chamber of Representatives that "he would never refuse any pecuniary help or subsidy towards the spreading of works as sound, as earnest and as scientific."

As a writer, Father Rutten is neither a lettered Frenchman nor a learned German; his style is too concise, too tangible to be anything like French; he never repeats himself, and does not play with

rhetoric. Nor does he give proof of German scholarship: foot-notes, bibliography, quotations he utterly despises; he writes his own language, and that truthfully, honestly and brightly.¹

As a orator, he is known far and wide; his numerous speeches are printed and sold by hundreds and thousands; his Lenten sermons in Notre Dame at Antwerp attract every second year crowds of people.

Again, as founder and director of the *Semaines sociales wallonnes et flamandes* he has no equal. Everybody still vividly remembers the enthusiasm and warmth with which he was greeted at the *semaine sociale* of Versailles in 1913, and the judgments passed upon him and his work by the great Parisian newspapers.

In 1910, Father Rutten was made secretary of the international congress for home work held in Brussels during the world exhibition. About the same time, he was appointed president of the *Société d'économie sociale* in Brussels, member of the provincial committee for the unemployed of East Flanders, and at the demand of King Albert himself, member of the permanent committee of trade unions, a committee the establishment of which had been frequently requested by the Belgian *Ligue du Peuple*.

* * * * *

From the very beginning, the General Secretariate was entirely autonomous or self-subsisting. This independence, the statutes stated, was to be forfeited under no pretext whatsoever, "the more it would be given the opportunity of developing its power of action by its own inspiration and initiative, the more the General Secretariate would spread and diffuse its beneficent influence." Not that this independence did away with all advice and direction; no, often enough did the General Secretariate deem it its duty to consult persons of higher standing and more intimate acquaintance with the problems under discussion.

After having guaranteed its independent action, the General Secretariate looked out for means of strengthening what already existed, and endeavored to gradually meet the spirit of particularism of the time, and clear up the misunderstandings many still had about the Christian syndicates movement. This proved to be a giant's task. For, while many priests and well-intentioned citizens fully understood their mission, there were still very many who were very much opposed to any such undertaking. Some saw in the

¹ Of Father Rutten's other publications we may mention: "Le Mineur Belge du Bassin Houillier du Couchant de Mons," "Organisation professionnelle des ouvriers catholiques," "Les Secrétariats ouvriers," "Pourquoi nous voulons des syndicats chrétiens," "Petit manuel d'études sociales," "De Lessen van de geschiedenis der arbeidersbeweging in België," "De maatschappelyke zending der katholieke jeugd," "De wetenschap des levens," "De vakverenigingen: doel, reden van bestaan."

movement a means of propaganda for coming elections and received the propagandists with open arms only when they thought that their presence would further their political party. To many, to most even, it was a revelation to be informed that there was question here of a complete reform of the people, as well from the material as from the moral point of view. For a fairly long time also, the General Secretariate had been thought of as of a purely local organism, the activity of which would be confined to Ghent and its immediate neighborhood; and this was quite intelligible at first, the Secretariate being over head and ears in its work and Father Rutten using only two or three coöperators for the whole management.*

During the first five years of its existence, the General Secretariate was above all tone-giving; its main work being, so to speak, the scraping together of crumbled forces, first by branch, then by district and province. Statistics were drawn of the existing syndicates of the same branch of industry. Negotiations were started with the separate syndicates to induce them to coöperate with their sister corporations; hence, the formation of rural federations. Extraordinary efforts were made to effect a closer union of the separate forces each according to its own district, hence the foundation of provincial leagues with their own secretariates and, shortly afterwards, their own direction. To describe the hardships and sufferings Father Rutten and his copioneers had to undergo to reach this end would be to enter into details too long for our purpose.

Little by little there came a change, and from purely tone-giving, the Secretariate became advisory. Anxious to foster life and vigor in the various industrial districts, it appointed, where at all possible, its own propagandists, trustworthy men, most of them former workmen or tradesmen, born in the locality itself and, consequently, intimately acquainted with the customs and manners of the place. Such men were evidently not to be had for the mere asking. Those who were to occupy the honorable post of propagandist had first of all to possess a *mens sana in corpore sano* (a sound mind in a sound body), for, as everything had to pass under their control, they had to be anywhere and everywhere. Was there any quarrel about wages and salary, they had to turn up as guides of the workmen deputies who wished to negotiate with the patrons, and that their interference might be effective, they needed, of course, a technical knowledge of each trade or business. Was there any well-founded or necessary strike, they had to address the workmen involved in

*To-day this thought of limitation lacks all foundation; for at this moment there is not a single industrial district in the whole of Belgium which has not yet felt the beneficent influence of the Secretariate.

that strike; and who but a well-experienced man would daily find the new words, the new reasons and, more especially, the new convictions necessary to encourage his hearers, keep them up to date with the situation and consequently also prevent them from resorting to needless violence or from proposing unreasonable or exaggerated remedies? Again, on the propagandists depended, generally at least, the composition and redaction of the trade's newspaper; the ordering of the sessions to be held by the directory committee, the creation of new associations, the delivery of lectures, etc. Add to this that in unforeseen circumstances they had ever to be ready to come to the fore and to reckon with the many adversaries who did not scruple to present even the smallest of their actions under unfavorable light, the surer thus to deliver them to the contempt of public opinion, and one will easily understand that no man could carry such a weighty burden and stand such a great responsibility unless he were a man built of iron and steel. Thanks be to God, however, trustworthy men were found, ready for the task. As good soldiers, whose courage is doubled or trebled at the smell of powder, they set themselves to work joyfully and cheerfully. Discouragement they utterly ignored, nor did they take to heart the ingratitude of some or the pusillanimous cavils of others. "Not the smoothness but the roughness of life, not the ease, but the sting that bids us go; not the all-pleasant things, but the joys that are three parts pain; these are the stimulants of soul-growth, the mind bracers, the steps by which we mount," they said, and they acted accordingly.

What further immensely helped the modification and alteration of the General Secretariate was the nomination and appointment of priests as local directors. Ever mindful of the example of Christ, who, far from giving to His teaching a character purely ethereal and individualistic, had come to perfect the whole man as placed in the setting assigned to him by Providence and had consequently taken him with his body, his social destiny, his numerous wants, his duties of every kind and his necessary relations; conscious that the kingdom of earth is the place through which man is to travel to reach the kingdom above, the material aspects of existence, while of very secondary importance, may nevertheless not be a mere matter of indifference, the Belgian Higher Ecclesiastical Authority had earnestly encouraged its clergy to look after the well-being of even the material affairs of the people entrusted to their spiritual care. The responsibility the Belgian priests were to assume might well have intimidated and deterred even the bravest. For where a quarrel of a propagandist with some one or other of the influential world does not of necessity cause the ruin of the whole corps—

the propagandist being and always remaining but one among many—the ecclesiastical director, being as a priest the representative of the whole body and not merely of this or that parish, needs an influence able not only to win every one's confidence but also capable of securing the sympathy of those whose interests seem to lie directly opposite his. Glory be to God again; thus far there has been no lack of generous priests. Although they knew that their purse would strongly be appealed to, and their health often injured, they did not hesitate but threw themselves whole-heartedly and resolutely into the struggle. "Depend upon it, we shall beat the devil yet, if we only keep on to the end and never despair"; these words of Lord Shaftesbury they made their own.

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As soon as the formation period had been gone through, the General Secretariate entered into a new phase of its existence. Local business could now, in many places at least, be securely confided to others. More important and more comprehensive work awaited completion. The existing rural federations needed a new organization more in accordance with the social requisites of the time. Because they had thought of giving their members a maximum of advantage for a minimum of obligations (almost nowhere were the subscription rates in proportion to the indemnities) many organizations were as if doomed to death even before their birth.

At almost all beginnings of institutions one has to care more about the quality than about the quantity of the neophytes; for the very plausible reason that a respectable member attracts more attention than a large number of uninfluential ones. This is especially true when we refer to trade unions; for a large crowd of people who hardly understand what they aim at will be inflamed, in season and out of season, by the first leader who best gets to know their weak side, and the reaction which necessarily follows will leave but indifference and discouragement. Well-educated or at any rate well-disciplined workmen, on the contrary, never shrink before a failure. They know that all strife for a good cause requires exertion and is ever accompanied with disillusion. Just because they aim at the good for the sake of the good, they work twice as hard with half as much exertion.

The principle that a few strong-willed characters serve one's aim better than many weak and undecided minds, stands to-day as an axiom, and even the simplest Christian syndicated workman fully realizes its undeniable truth. But at the time we are speaking of (remember that we are but past the first formation period of the Secretariate) people were not yet so ready to admit it. Compared with its present condition, for instance, the resisting power of the

Christian syndicates' organization stood below nought. To gradually increase this power funds were needed. Again, to-day nobody will deny the fact that the power of all workmen's organizations largely depends on their pecuniary possessions. Workmen who pay a comparatively large contribution feel themselves more firmly and more directly connected with the organization than do those who are members of penny syndicates. But, once more, this mentality of the majority to-day was not the mentality of the majority eighteen years ago. It was necessary, therefore that some far-seeing men should begin to spread these saner views in the syndicated world of that time.

The General Secretariate undertook the task and started in town and village a crusade for higher contributions. Luckily for the crusaders convincing proofs were not lacking: other countries had given the example and shown that higher subscription rates had not only caused greater security against risks of strikes, but had also sensibly diminished these risks. Well-furnished resisting funds, on the one hand, lead the contentious patrons to deeper thought and reflection, and, on the other hand, increase the feeling of responsibility among the workmen. The patron understands that unlawful obstinacy does not always help; the workman knows it to be unreasonable, foolhardy and reckless to try to have his way always and everywhere in all quarrels of whatever kind. In some localities the increase of the contribution rates was approved from the very beginning; in others it met with some resistance; on the whole, however, the results obtained soon surpassed the greatest expectations.

That this may not seem a mere assertion we give in the following paragraph a concise account of the situation of the different federations as it appeared before the outbreak of the world war; barely ten years, therefore, after the establishment of the General Secretariate.

The syndicate of Christian textile workmen disposed, in 1914, of five propagandists; all former workmen. The paper of this federation, *De Textielbewerker*, was published weekly and exclusively edited by the workmen themselves. Next to articles referring to the actual condition of the trade, this paper contained a large correspondence from and between the local affiliated syndicates. Every member received the paper gratis and at home. The costs were met by the contributions.

The syndicate of metallists: three propagandists, two papers, *De Metaalbewerker* and *l'Ouvrier Métallurgiste*, fortnightly.

The syndicate of builders: one propagandist, one paper, *De Bouwarbeider*, monthly.

The syndicate of tanners and shoemakers: one propagandist, one paper, *De Belgische Schoen en Lederbewerker*, monthly.

The syndicate of mixed trades: one propagandist, one paper, *Elk zyn Recht*, monthly.

The syndicate of bookbinders: one propagandist, one paper, *De Belgische Papier en Boekbewerker*, monthly.

The syndicate of tramwaymen: one propagandist, one paper, *De Tramwayman*, monthly.

The syndicate of diamond-cutters: one propagandist, one paper, *De Diamantbewerker*, fortnightly.

The syndicate of dockers: one propagandist, one paper, *De Havenarbeid*.

The syndicate of glovers: two women propagandists, one paper, *De Handschoenmaakster*, monthly, etc.

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Comparatively soon after its birth, the General Secretariate—we have understood it by the above remarks—was, we might say, in its full activity. It was only fit that an organization which then already had to look after the interests of more than one hundred thousand members (in 1913 Father Rutten gave a total of 102,177) should dispose of leaders capable of spreading their own knowledge among the less favored classes. With this end in view social weeks were instituted. Father Rutten calls them the Universities of the Workman.

The first Flemish Social Week was held at Louvain from September 22 to 26, 1908. Priests, seminarists, students (not less than 217 had crowded together from all parts of the Flemish provinces), workmen, and also men of higher standing, all were there inspired with a great love for their neighbor and animated by the sublimity of one great ideal. The other social weeks, which were held in the same town, gathered year after year an ever-increasing number of attendants; sometimes the number of students alone rose to 600, a fact which certainly proves a wide-awake interest in the study of social problems. At these social weeks instructive lectures were given, evening entertainments organized and excursions planned. There, too, people renewed their enthusiasm, hope and confidence in the future and forgot their daily cares; they returned home convinced that better times would be coming as soon as all men of heart and character would aim at one and the same end. (We are pleased to be able to add that the Walloon social weeks, held first at Fayt-lez-Manage and later on at Liège, have in no way had to yield in importance to the Flemish ones.)

The social weeks gave birth to the social study days, which have been regularly held in all the important districts of Belgium. The

good effected by these institutions is obvious and need not be referred to here.

* * * * *

Great as had been the work achieved by the General Secretariate, it really only came to its perfection when, at the Congress of the Belgian *Ligue du Peuple*, held at Namur in 1912, it furthered the melting into one of the two then existing general syndicates or confederations, one for the Flemish and one for the Walloon part of Belgium, and helped to form for the whole country one general Christian syndicate; the chief articles of the statutes of which we here give as directly indicative of its character and aim:

Article 1. A general syndicate has been formed for the various Christian trades of Belgium.

Article 2. This syndicate is self-subsisting and independent from all political parties.

It has its seat in the General Secretariate of the Christian Syndicates at Ghent, and aims:

(a) At taking in hand the general leading of all Christian trades' organizations.

(b) At helping the already existing federations and at fostering the creation of new ones.

(c) At being in constant communication with the Christian international secretariate of all syndicates.

(d) At creating and managing a reserve fund.

(e) At organizing and regulating syndicate meetings, social weeks and congresses.*

Article 3. This aim is especially to be attained:

(a) By encouraging and preparing meetings of the same trade in the same district.

(b) By establishing statutes and rules.

(c) By editing and publishing a paper.

(d) By meeting the first costs of institution.

(e) By pecuniary help to the General Secretariate that it may keep up a permanent propaganda.

Article 4. The syndicate is affiliated to the international Christian secretariate of all syndicates.

Article 5. One federation only of each trade may be affiliated to the syndicate.

In order to be affiliated the federations must:

(a) Be established on Christian principles.

(b) Be entirely and solely composed of workmen, small employers or small traders, men or women.

(c) Pay an annual contribution.

Article 6. The federations remain self-subsisting in so far as this self-subsistence does not come in conflict with the statutes of the syndicate.

Article 7. Each year, before the 31st of July, each affiliated

* The first congress was held in Malines on Sunday, June 30, and on Monday, July 1, 1912. Eighty thousand Christian syndicated workmen were present at this congress. The second congress was held in Brussels on July 27 and 29, 1913. Even the socialist papers consecrated to it whole columns and leading articles.

federation hands over to the General Secretariate a list with the number of its members, a general survey of its work and a detailed account of its assets and liabilities.

* * * * *

We have witnessed the birth and gradual development of a big organization. Many questions could, of course, be asked still. However much I would care to consider them all, I must of necessity limit myself. I just answer one more: What about the financial administration and the documentary service of the General Secretariate?

The General Secretariate, as I have already insinuated, lives mostly on free gifts: yearly a circular letter with a subscription bulletin is sent to some ten thousand persons who are supposed to be friendly to the work. The smallest subscription amounts to one franc. Two employees of the General Secretariate travel all over the country, even to the remotest parts, to collect these letters and bulletins. How they manage to do this is a question I myself have never been able to answer. At all events, in 1914 there were already more than 20,000 subscribers.

Regarding the documentary service, I may say that the General Secretariate possesses a library with a magnificent collection of books and pamphlets on social questions and on topics of the day and some 175 or 200 papers and reviews. Each one of these bears a number of notes corresponding to a *fiche* (a card), so that anyone who wishes may quite easily lay hands on whatever he requires. Briefs are made of all the different events which proximately or remotely refer to the movement. More than 50,000 cards indicate the works on sociology published during the last years at home and abroad. In a word, everything has been arranged after the most modern methods; whoever may need information will be sure to find it promptly and accurately.

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Our conclusion will be short.

In these pages I have endeavored to give unprejudiciously a sketch of a work which has received the praise of thousands upon thousands of men of all social standing, a sketch which by no means claims completeness, as it is but a greatly synopsised survey. How far the plan followed by the General Secretariate of Christian Syndicates in Belgium may help social workers abroad, I do not know. This much, however, I would like them all to remember: others may rule by brute force or by methodically breaking down the rights of man; Father Rutten, the soul of the General Secretariate of the Christian Syndicates in Belgium, rules by love and by giving everybody all that belongs to him.

J. THEYSKENS, S. J.

Antwerp, Belgium.

SOME OBSCURE VICTIMS OF THE SCOTTISH
REFORMATION

FROM the fewer known sufferers for religion in Scotland during the previous persecution which followed the Reformation, compared with the host of victims put to death in England for the like cause, it has been thought by some who have not given deep study to the subject that Scottish Catholics were indeed cruelly and relentlessly harried for their constancy, but were seldom called upon to pay the extreme penalty of death. It is true that such sufferers were far fewer in Scotland, and that for various reasons. To mention one only: In England the oath of supremacy was the test; to refuse it or to deny the sovereign's spiritual headship of the Church was sufficient to convict any one of high treason, and consequently as deserving of death. In Scotland it was persistence in the Catholic religion alone that was usually charged against those who were brought to trial on that issue, and not treason; the old religion had been abolished by Parliament in 1560, and an entirely different one substituted, and whoever refused to reject the faith of their baptism and accept a modern invention became obnoxious to the law. But to prove the constancy of Catholics to the practice of their faith was much more difficult in Scotland than in England; it required evidence of the accused having said Mass—if a priest—or of having been present at Mass, or at some Catholic function, in the case of a lay person. Moreover, although the law prescribed confiscating of goods for the first offense, banishment for the second and death, should the culprit return to Scotland, the utmost rigor of the law was not persistently carried out, except when some fresh wave of bigotry from time to time swept the country. Yet, short of martyrdom, the sufferings of Scottish Catholics who clung to their faith against all odds, were keener and more enduring than those of their English brethren. Yet Scotland had her martyrs also.

In this paper I intend to speak of obscure cases only; those more prominent victims who suffered chiefly for religion, but for some other mixed reasons—such as Cardinal Beaton, Archbishop Hamilton, and some political offenders—may be set aside. Queen Mary Stuart, whose Catholicism was the chief reason for making away with her; Ven. John Ogilvie, S. J., whose cause is once more to be brought before the Sacred Congregation, can neither of them be styled "obscure"; those illustrious examples will not be treated here.

Following upon the inflammatory preaching of Knox and the

consequent destruction of Catholic symbols in St. John's Church at Perth, the beautiful monastic buildings of Aberdeen were later demolished by a "reforming" mob. Among them was the fine convent of the Trinitarian Friars, which had originally been the King's palace, and was given to the religious by King William the Lion, when the Order first came to that city in 1211. On December 8, 1559, the monastery was given to the flames by the rabble. Friar Francis, one of the community, was stabbed with numberless wounds, hurled down the stairs, and finally cast into the fire. The Prior, Patrick of Dornoch, while imploring the angry crowd to spare the monastery, was also thrown downstairs and then killed by a sword-cut on the head.¹ Some of the victims are said to have lingered on for four days in excruciating tortures. The Superior of the Trinitarian Order in Rome made inquiries some years ago as to further particulars of the outrage, but none were to be obtained; so completely have old traditions been allowed to die out! The Presbyterian "Trinity Church" marks the site of the ancient friary.

Another religious who met his death at the hands of the "Reformers" was Friar John Black, a Dominican, and a foremost defender of the Catholic faith in his time. A public disputation which he held with the notorious John Willock, an apostate friar, and a prominent member of the reforming party, in 1561, roused angry feelings against him and forced him to seek safety for a time in the north of England. After his return to Scotland, he was assaulted so gravely by his enemies in the street at nightfall (January, 1565) that he was nearly killed; he received several blows from a cudgel and was stabbed in the back with a dagger. Scarcely had he recovered from this savage attack than he was once more marked out for destruction. He had been confessor to Mary of Lorraine, the Queen Regent, and is said to have filled the same office with regard to her daughter, Queen Mary Stuart; on the night of March 9, 1565, he was murdered in his bed at Holyrood Palace in the tumult which followed on the murder of David Rizzio, the Queen's secretary. Father Black is styled by Bishop Leslie, a contemporary, a man of very deep learning and a strenuous champion of the Catholic Church. His love for his faith, and his zeal and energy in its defense were undoubtedly the reasons why he was attacked, stoned, clubbed, stabbed, twice driven into exile and at last cruelly murdered.

In 1563, after the Reformation had become an accomplished fact, the State papers record on May 1, the following measures against priests: "There were apprehended in the west country five or six priests at Easter, saying Mass and ministering unto the people; some in secret houses, some in barns, others in woods and hills.

¹ "View of Aberdeen and Banff" (Spalding Club), p. 294.

These are all in prison and were arraigned and condemned.² Whether they were executed or not does not appear. The law inflicted death after the third transgression. That the popular feeling was in favor of exacting the extreme penalty is evident from an incident related by Knox in his "Historie." He tells how a certain priest, Sir James Carvet, was captured on Easter Sunday, 1565, as he was riding hard to escape the pursuit of the bailiffs after saying Mass; he was punished by being set up on high at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, with his vestments upon him, and his chalice in his hand, "where he tarried for the space of one hour; during which time the boys served him with his Easter eggs. . . . Albeit for the same offense he deserved death, yet for all punishment, he was set upon the Market Cross"—on the following day—"for the space of three or four hours, the hangman standing by and keeping him; the boys and others were busy with eggs casting."³ It is amazing that Protestant prejudice could so blind a more modern writer to remark coolly: "Knox tells us with what an absurd degree of leniency the offender was treated."⁴ To such a writer it seems quite lawful for a Government to make a religion and force every one to observe it by rigorous measures! It is to be noted also, that the priest in question is not convicted of a third transgression of the law, for which alone the penalty of death was to be inflicted. Yet Knox in his rage against everything Catholic would have had him summarily done away with!

In 1572 or 1573 a priest named Thomas Robison or Robson was apprehended for saying Mass, and as it was the third offense he was hanged.⁵ He had been formerly Master of Paisley School. It is not certain whether this is the same victim as that recorded by an ancient chronicle: "Upon the fourth day of May (1574) there was ane priest hangit in Glasgow callit . . . for saying of Mes."⁶ One historian (not very reliable when Catholic matters are concerned) states that Robison suffered "fifteen or more months," from April, 1571; if this be true the 1574 nameless priest could not have been identical with him.

In 1575 a priest was killed at Kirkmichael, Banffshire, for refusing to unite an uncle to his niece in incestuous marriage. The infuriated bridegroom, assisted by his companions, seized the priest, placed a faggot upon a large stone, bound the victim thereon, then set fire to the wood. The priest perished in the flames. The atrocious deed is kept in memory by the title of Clach-ant-Shagairt—"The Priest's

² State Papers—Dom. Papers Scot.—Vol. VIII., Nos. 35, 36.

³ Knox, "Historie," Bk. V.

⁴ Chambers, "Domestic Annals," Vol I., p. 32.

⁵ Buchanan, *Reverend Scotch Hist.*, fol. 242.

⁶ "Diurnal of Occurrents," p. 341.

Stone," by which the stone in question is traditionally known in the locality.⁷ If it appears strange that a priest should be at large at Kirkmichael, fifteen years after the Catholic religion had been proscribed, it must be borne in mind that the district in question—a remote part of the country, standing about 1,000 feet above sea level—enjoyed the protection of the Catholic family of Gordon, and the faith never died out there entirely. In other unimportant places the same constancy in professing Catholicism is met with. At Inchinnan, for example, in the county of Renfrew, about nine miles from Glasgow, the priest, Sir Bernard Peblis, continued in office for some years, apparently unmolested. It is not until 1570, ten years after the Reformation, that his name disappears from the records of the parish, to be replaced by those of readers and exhorters, and at that same date all Catholic objects belonging to the parish church were destroyed. An inventory "of the auld rotten Papistrie therein" mentions two Mass books, an image of "the Babe Jesus, a cast image of Our Lady, one great image of Saint Anne . . . and a little image of ivory, that stood on a chandelier."⁸ This seems to show that Catholic worship had been persisted in.

In 1575, Camerarius in his *Menology* (Paris, 1631), commemorates on August 8 David Douglas, thought to be a Scotsman, a man of noble birth, who was seized at York, and beheaded for the profession of the Catholic religion. No further information is available as to this instance.

The execution of Graham, Laird of Fintry, in 1593, although his imprisonment was due to political causes, was brought about by his staunch adherence to Catholicism. The Earl of Angus, who was his fellow-prisoner, escaped by bribing his guards, but Fintry was put to death. A report sent to Rome at that date thus speaks of him: "He was held in the highest esteem through the whole of that realm, on account of the purity of his life and his wonderful prudence and learning. He might have saved his head if he had accepted the proposal which was made to him of embracing Calvin's heresy. But he answered very resolutely that it would be a bad bargain for him if he were to prefer earth to heaven."⁹

Another layman who suffered death in 1601 was James Wood, eldest son of the Laird of Boniton. He was a young man, belonging to a family famous for their adhesion to the ancient faith. Being a youth of great affability and varied accomplishments, he was in high favor at the court of James VI. before that monarch migrated to England to fill the throne of Elizabeth. Mistress Margaret Wood,

⁷ "Old Statistical Account of Scotland," (1794) Vol. XII., p. 142 (note).

⁸ McClelland, "Church and Parish of Inchinnan."

⁹ Barberini MSS., fol. 231 (translated by Father J. Stevenson, S. J.).

his sister, was one of Queen Anne's maids of honor.¹⁰ A contemporary report of the state of religion in Scotland, preserved in the Archives of the Society of Jesus, gives an interesting reference to the young man in question; but before speaking of James Wood a few words must be said regarding another personage mentioned in the report—Queen Anne of Denmark, James VI.'s consort. There is indisputable evidence that about the year 1600 Queen Anne became a convert to the Catholic faith, and that James himself was aware of it. The Queen is not a very important historical character, and the fact has therefore occupied little interest except among Catholic writers. One of the first to bring the fact to public notice was the renowned historian, the late Father Joseph Stevenson, S. J., in 1879; but as far back as 1837 a writer in the *Quarterly Review* stated the Queen's conversion as certain.¹¹ And now to the quotation referring to young Wood.

"In the first year of her reconciliation," it runs, "she [Queen Anne, of whom the writer had been speaking] was very desirous to render due Christian homage to His Holiness by letter, and accordingly enjoined her spiritual father to dictate a suitable letter for her to write to His Holiness, informing him of her reconciliation with the Catholic Church, and tendering her obedience and respect. She also wrote a letter addressed to Your Paternity [the General of the Society of Jesus] requesting you to act as her advocate with His Holiness. Both these letters were written out, signed and sealed with the Queen's own hand. The person selected by Her Majesty to convey these letters, James Wood, of Boniton, took charge of them; but was shortly afterwards, as you have heard, taken prisoner and beheaded. He lost his life, beyond all doubt, in behalf of the Catholic religion, for, had he been a heretic, he would certainly not have exposed himself to such a death. God, for His greater glory, and the preservation of the innocent Queen, did not permit the letters to be intercepted, and Boniton had them secretly conveyed to me just before his trial. After his martyrdom, we asked the Queen what she would wish to be done with them."¹²

James Wood was actually seized, tried and found guilty of *breaking into his own father's locked house and stealing certain title deeds!* His brother-in-law, who was charged with him, was acquitted! It is noteworthy that his father did not appear against him, even as a witness. It is impossible to doubt that his well-known fidelity to the Church and his prominent position as heir to a staunch

¹⁰ Letter preserved in National Library, Paris.

¹¹ Report of the State of Scotland, *Ibid.*, p. 273. Translated by Father Forbes Leith, S. J., in "Narratives of Scottish Catholics Under Mary Stuart and James VI." p. 363.

¹² Forbes Leith, "Narratives," p. 273.

Catholic family, had much influence with the judges who condemned him. Contemporary letters show the opinion of leading Catholic clergy of the period. Father Abercromby, the Jesuit missionary who reconciled Queen Anne, says of the head of the family: "Now our enemies are become more violent, for they declare that the victory would be as good as won if three men were cut off—meaning the Earl of Angus, the Laird of Boniton and myself."¹³ With regard to the young Laird, as James Wood was often styled, another Jesuit thus writes: "We have lost the noble Baron, whose brother, John Wood, at this moment is so ably guiding our counsels. He fell nobly, a martyr to the malice and envy of the priests of Calvin. We, the survivors, are in constant danger of a cruel death preceded by more cruel torture, as if to deprive us of our hope in Christ and our life together."¹⁴ From all this it seems reasonable to conclude that James Wood is worthy of a place among the heroes who gave their lives for the faith in Scotland.

The first Vicar Apostolic sent to Scotland by the Holy See—Bishop Nicolson—in reporting to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in 1700, thus briefly narrates an instance of heroic constancy on the part of certain Catholic inhabitants of one of the Western Isles. He is giving an account in the third person of his visit to those remote islands. "The first station was in the Isle of Eigg, where he found all Catholics, three hundred in number, very constant in the faith, and always loyal to their sovereigns. A few years ago, some of these islanders suffered martyrdom at the hands of an English pirate named Porringer, who held a knife to their throats and forced them either to renounce the Catholic faith or die."¹⁵

In the beginning of the same eighteenth century we find an instance of heroic suffering borne by a Scottish missionary in the person of Father Robert Munro, a secular priest. His whole career was a series of difficulties and hardships. He began to serve the Scottish Mission in 1671 and labored chiefly in the Highlands with great zeal and success. At the Revolution against James II. in 1688, which resulted in the abdication of that Catholic monarch, many priests were seized; but Father Munro managed to elude the searchers until 1696. He was an object of hatred to the Presbyterian ministers because of the many converts he had reconciled, and he was very badly treated and thrown into prison in Edinburgh. After some time he was banished to Flanders, under threat of death should he venture to return. In that country, although under a

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 228.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 269.

¹⁵ *Archiv. Propag.* (Translation by D. O. Hunter-Blair, "*Hist. of Cath. Church of Scotland*," Vol. IV., p. 371.)

Catholic sovereign, he was no better treated than in Scotland; at Ghent he was imprisoned as a rebel to the Prince of Orange, and although he was able to prove easily his priesthood and the reason for his banishment, his plea was disregarded. At length, through the influence of Mr. Lewis Innes, a prominent Scottish Catholic, he was released and made his way to the Scots College in Paris. Thence he sent a petition to Rome to ask for help in money and priestly requisites, for he had lost chalice, vestments and everything of the kind when made prisoner. His great desire was to return to his destitute flock in Scotland, as they had no chance of seeing a priest or receiving the sacraments in his absence. His appeal was answered by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, and his friends in Paris added considerably to the funds sent to him from Rome. Provided with all necessities, he started on his journey in 1697.

But Father Munro's trials were not yet over. He was taken prisoner on his journey, thrown into prison in London, and all his money and altar requisites seized. His friends in Paris had to send remittances to pay for his support in prison during the year he remained shut up. He was again banished to the continent on his release. He tarried at Dunkirk to await a chance of taking ship to Scotland, and at length was able to return secretly to his beloved people, to their great consolation. He continued with them, laboring assiduously for some six years.

In 1704 persecution broke out against Catholics in Scotland with greater fury than ever; false rumors had been spread of a plot to restore the Stuarts to the throne, and were gladly believed by the enemies of the Church. Search was made everywhere for priests, and Father Munro received tidings of the danger that threatened him, and advice to change his residence without delay. But unfortunately he lay ill of a fever and was unable to leave his bed. The soldiers who had been sent to take him surrounded his house in Glengarry where he was lodged on the night of January 14 and secured him as their prisoner. Finding that he could neither walk nor sit upright, they inhumanly threw him across a horse's back as though he had been a sack of corn, and conveyed him to Glengarry Castle, where they were stationed. On arrival there, they cast him upon a low floor and there left him without any covering in that intense cold, or even a little straw to lie upon. He remained thus for two days, tortured by a continual fever, aggravated by other complaints while his brutal captors would not give him so much as a drink of water. On the third day after his capture, God called

him to his reward, which we may surely hope was the enjoyment of bliss eternal.¹⁶

Father Munro's career has been given rather fully because it serves as an illustration of the almost incredible hardships and dangers which beset the life of any priest who was heroic enough to venture to Scotland in those evil days. The sufferings he bore—with the exception of a death devoid of all comfort spiritual or temporal—was the lot of numberless priests at that period. Some of them, indeed, were called upon to share his dereliction in the hour of death. Father A. Gordon, S. J., is recorded by Bishop Smith in his report to Rome in 1747 to have labored with great zeal and energy on the Scottish mission; in the Jacobite rising of 1745 Father Gordon acted as chaplain to the Catholics on the battlefield at Culloden, where the forces of Prince Charles Stuart were so disastrously defeated, and was made prisoner. Taken to Inverness in May, 1746, he died in prison there about three weeks later—"a martyr, without doubt," says a writer in the Catholic Directory of 1853, "to the misery and squalor which were the inseparable attendants of the dungeons used in those times as jails in Scotland." Another Jesuit, Father A. Cameron, died in prison that same year at Gravesend, on October 19, worn out, as Bishop Smith relates, by "the fatigues occasioned by his voyages."¹⁷

It would be a long task to give a list of those who escaped death, yet underwent extreme sufferings for their faith during the centuries of persecution in Scotland. A few of the most prominent must suffice.

The insulting treatment of a priest mentioned by Knox with such relish has already been alluded to. Four priests of Dunblane, sentenced to death in 1569 for the sole offense of saying Mass, had their sentence commuted by the Regent Moray. Instead of being hanged at Stirling, they were there "bound to the Market Cross with their vestments and chalices in derision, where the people cast eggs and other villainy at their faces by the space of an hour, and thereafter their vestments and chalices were burned to ashes."¹⁸ They were then banished from the realm. Another priest, Father Murdoch (or Mackie) was apprehended by the so-called Bishop of Moray for having said Mass many times for the Huntly family at Strathbogie and Bog of Gight (now known as Gordon Castle), for Lady Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle and the Leslie's near Aberdeen. He was condemned to be "taken to the Mercat Cross of Edinburgh, clad

¹⁶ Abbé Macpherson's *Ms. Cat.* (published in *Gordon, Scottish Chronicle*, Appendix 3, p. 585).

¹⁷ *Archiv. Propag.* (Translation by Hunter-Blair, *Hist.*, Vol. IV., p. 400, 401.)

¹⁸ "Historie of King James the Sext," p. 66.

in his Mess clothes (in the same forme that he was taken) on Mercat Day and there to stand chained from 10 to 12."¹⁹ The sentence was carried out on September 27, 1607; the priest stood there amid the jeers of the crowd, his chalice in his hand. "Then all Mess clothes and Popish baggage were burnt to ashes," and the victim led back to prison to await the time when a ship would be in readiness to transport him out of the kingdom; for he was to be banished for life. The "egg casting" does not seem to have been carried out in this instance, but the shameful degradation was no small penalty.

An ecclesiastic who became most obnoxious to the Presbyterian ministers was Abbot Gilbert Brown. Born about 1528, he became a priest rather late in life at Paris; for he came to Scotland in that capacity in 1587. It was then twenty-seven years since the overthrow of the Catholic religion, yet in the southwest of Scotland people still continued for the most part staunch to the faith, under the protection of the Maxwells. Father Brown was made superior of the Cistercian Abbey known as Sweetheart—probable while yet a layman—according to the reprehensible custom of the times—and was denounced as early as 1578 to the General Assembly of the Kirk, as enticing the people to "papistrie." John, Master of Maxwell, is recorded as having disobeyed the command of the Lords of the Congregation to demolish the monastery, "where he was for the most part brought up in his youth," and it is possible that some few monks may have lingered at Sweetheart, as they certainly did in a few other places in the kingdom. After he was made priest Abbot Brown was most energetic in preaching the faith all over the southern counties. His enemies called him "a famous, excommunicat forfaulted, perverting papist," adding that he kept in ignorance (*i. e.*, of Protestant tenets) almost the whole of the southwest of Scotland. So successful was he that in 1601 and 1602 the Catholics of Dumfries openly attended Mass. Every effort to seize him had been eluded, until in 1605, in spite of the resistance of the whole countryside, he was taken and imprisoned. After being kept for a time in Edinburgh Castle he was banished.²⁰ A Protestant historian complains that special favor was shown him by the Chancellor (Seton, a secret Catholic), since he was allowed to take with him all his "idolatrous relics, crosses, Agnus Dei, and the rest," and had actually been allowed to say Mass before his departure from the country.²¹ Father Brown became rector of the Scots College in Paris, where he died in 1612.

¹⁹ Chambers, "Domestic Annals," A. D., 1607. Calderwood, "Hist. of Kirk of Scotland," Vol. VI.

²⁰ Chambers, "Domestic Annals," Vol. I., p. 390.

²¹ Calderwood, Hist. Vol. VI., pp. 295, 368. The hatred of the Agnus Dei in Reformation times arose from the fact that the wax within had been blessed by the Pope.

Many were the priests who were brought to trial for saying Mass, and subsequently banished. Father John Mambreck, S. J., was sentenced to death in 1626, and Charles I. had signed his death warrant, but at the entreaty of Queen Henrietta Maria, he was reprieved and sent into exile as soon as he was able to travel, some months later. Alexander Robertson, S. J., in 1627; Father Cornelius Ward, a Franciscan, in 1634 (after two years in prison); Robert Phillip, a secular priest, denounced by his own father in 1613, condemned to death, but finally banished, and again imprisoned in 1641 after returning to Scotland, to be once more exiled; Fathers Robert Valens, Alexander Ogilvie and John Seton imprisoned in 1644, and Father Andrew Leslie in 1648 (all S. J.); Father William Grant, S. J., in 1654; Father William Ballantyne, Prefect Apostolic, imprisoned for nearly two years, then banished; Father Patrick Primrose, O. P., died in prison, 1670—these are a few on record. To these may be added the names of other priests who suffered in like manner in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; Fathers James Fife, S. J., James Innis, S. J., Bishop Nicolson (Vicar Apostolic), Fathers James Nicol, Walter Innes, Crichton, Bruce (O. S. B.), Fairfull, Seton, Maxwell, Forbes, Hudson, Gordon, Farquharson, Cameron and C. Farquharson (all S. J.), Adamson, Gordon, Davidson, Chrichton, Forde, Wallace, Shaw, Macdonald, Laith, Grant and A. Macdonald (secular priests). Bishop Hugh Macdonald in 1756 was arrested and tried in Edinburgh for being a priest, and although his advocate maintained that the law never mentioned Bishops, but priests only, he was sentenced to banishment. He remained in Scotland, however, and continued secretly to direct his flock. The Government knew this, but ignored it.²²

The faithful laity, also, were called upon to undergo trials and adversities beyond measure. The nobility were particularly singled out, as their example was calculated to impress the meaner classes. Thus the Countess of Abercorn, in January, 1628, was excommunicated by the Presbyterian authorities in Glasgow as an obstinate Papist. Broken down in health, she withdrew to Edinburgh. There she was apprehended and imprisoned for all that winter in the Tolbooth, then removed for six months' confinement to the Canon-gate prison. She was released on condition of having no conference with Jesuits or Mass priests. In three years she died. Her husband, the Earl, was on the continent, having been compelled to fly for safety, but his brother, Lord Claud Hamilton, was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle. The aged Marquis of Huntly, in 1635, for some months was incarcerated in the same Castle, in a room where he had

²² Forbes Leith, "Memoirs of Scottish Catholics," Vol. I., pp. 361-381; Vol. II., pp. 399, seq.

no light, and where his wife was permitted to visit him once only at Christmas. Afterwards he was allowed to dwell in his own house near Holyrood Palace, "with liberty to walk within one of the gardens of the said palace and no further." In June, 1636, he grew so weak that he was taken to his northern home, Strathbogie, "in a wand-bed within his chariot, his lady still with him." He died at an inn at Dundee on the journey. The Countess of Nithsdale was summoned in 1657, with other Catholics, to appear before the Court and was questioned about her belief; her firm attitude impressed her very judges. "You must cut off my hand from my arm, my head from my neck, draw all the blood from my veins before you tear from my breast my belief." She willingly offered all her worldly goods, content to live as the poor, that thus she might the better prepare for a life beyond this world's riches and pleasures. There is no record of her imprisonment, but she had already been excommunicated by the Kirk, a sentence which carried with it many social sufferings and restraints.

No more touching instance of the cruelty of the Presbyterian authorities and the fortitude of a woman in resisting it is to be found than in the circumstances relating to the apprehension of Elizabeth, Lady Herries, in 1629. Taken prisoner at Edinburgh, she "was sent to the prison where women of bad character were shut up, but she sat down on the steps at the entrance and could not be removed. She said that her sentence of imprisonment did not class her with harlots, and that she neither would nor ought to associate herself with women of infamous life by inhabiting the same prison. She would rather die on the steps for the Roman faith, and there were many thousands more women in Edinburgh who would be prepared to share so glorious a death with her than there were prisoners in the gaol at Edinburgh." While she was in prison her only son fell ill and his life was in danger. She begged leave to go and visit him, promising to find sureties for her return. Her petition was refused; the child, only seven years old, was brought to her in prison, where the filth and discomfort of the place hastened his end, and he died in her arms. Falling sick herself, she was banished from the realm, without being allowed a day to recover her health, and scarcely being permitted to take from her own property sufficient to supply her with the ordinary necessities of life.

Among other illustrious sufferers were the Earl and Countess of Perth, who in 1688 were taken to Stirling Castle, where the Earl remained in confinement for over three years. He was released on giving a bond of £5,000 to quit Scotland forever. The Duke of Gordon in 1699 was seized on Low Sunday, when at Mass in his

house, in company with about forty other Catholics; he was imprisoned but released in a fortnight.²³

The Catholic nobility were continually being harassed about the bringing up of their children in the faith. Thus in 1629 the Earl of Angus was called before the Privy Council and ordered to bring with him his son and two daughters, that direction might be given for their education in the "true religion, under the pain of rebellion." Later on in the same year, the Earl was ordered to entrust his son to Principal Adamson, of Edinburgh University; but the youth escaped, and the Earl was compelled to sue for pardon. The children of the Earl of Errol, the Earl of Nithsdale, Lord Gordon, the Marchioness of Huntly, Lord Semple, the Countess of Traquair, and others, were forbidden to be sent abroad or educated otherwise than as Presbyterians. The injunction, however, was persistently disregarded.²⁴

From the treatment dealt out to the members of the nobility, it may easily be understood that Catholics of humbler rank had to suffer a still more rigorous persecution. Innumerable instances occur of prosecutions for hearing Mass, for receiving Catholic sacraments—even for contracting marriage before a priest, which was stigmatized as "scandalous cohabitation" and "unlawful alleged marriage." Lists of excommunicated Papists continually appear in Kirk Session Records, during these terrible centuries. The practice of the Catholic religion must needs be carried on in the most secret manner, and under constant dread of arrest and imprisonment with forfeit of all goods. Even showing hospitality to a priest was liable to banishment. For harboring Father Ogilvie, in 1615, three Catholics were actually condemned to death and drawn to the gallows, where their sentence was commuted to exile.²⁵

The penal laws against Catholics up to the passing of the Relief Bill in 1793 seem almost incredible in their severity. An abstract of them was published in the *Scots Magazine* in 1778, which gives an idea of the rigorous measures taken. No Catholic might lawfully remain in Scotland unless he would subscribe to the Presbyterian doctrines; the purchase or spread of Catholic books was forbidden under pain of banishment. Jesuits and seminary priests were to be pursued, apprehended and punished with death; the entertaining of them was absolutely forbidden. Hearing of Mass, refusing to attend Protestant worship, endeavoring to convert any one to Catholicism, or being present at any meeting where there was

²³ Forbes Leith, *Ibid.*, Vol. I., pp. 64, 65.

²⁴ Forbes Leith, *Ibid.*, Vol. I., 361-381; Vol. II., pp. 393, seq. (In these pages the author has collected from many sources brief notices of the victims of the Scots Penal Laws in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.)

²⁵ Pitcairn, "Criminal Trials in Scotland," Vol. III., p. 376.

an altar, Mass-book, vestments, etc.—all were punished by confiscation of goods and in some cases, banishment for life. Catholics might not possess any landed property; a convert lost all right to his possessions. Catholics might not be schoolmasters, governors, guardians or factors; they were forbidden to teach any art or science whatever under severe penalties.²⁶ A Protestant historian has well summed up the situation. "There is no more humiliating chapter," says Cunningham, "in our country's legislation than those penal statutes against the down-trodden Romanists. . . . They were to be a proscribed and outcast race, denied not only the right of fellow-citizens, but the charity which is generally extended to the most worthless of our fellow-creatures."²⁷

What is most striking about the dreary centuries through which the Catholics of Scotland so bravely struggled for the faith, is the insolent assumption by its enemies that Catholicism is of its own nature hateful and loathsome to all "believers in Christ"! It was not the fruit of even a cursory examination of the Church's teaching and discipline, for those who were ready to listen to the missionaries generally became reconciled with the Catholic Church; rather was it the inherited prejudice sown in ignorant minds by the early Reformers, and driven home by persistent inhuman legislation, continually renewed through more than 200 years. To the simple, uneducated Scotsman, anything proscribed by the law of the land under such rigorous penalties must necessarily be evil and abhorrent! The wonder is that educated men, as many of the ministers were, did not detect the fallacy. But was it not the Jewish priesthood that hounded Our Blessed Lord to a malefactor's death? Learning alone, therefore, is no infallible guide to truth. The prejudice which reigned in Presbyterian circles in Scotland even a century ago is less violent now, although it still lives in many an otherwise Christian heart. It was not long since I personally came across an instance of ignorant bigotry that it would be hard to believe had it been read in a book. A Presbyterian minister's wife was engaging a maid in a town where Catholics were numerous, and the lady thought it a duty to put an unsophisticated girl on her guard against unforeseen dangers.

"This is a peculiar town," she said, "there are a great many Roman Catholics here, and it is an extraordinary religion. *They do not believe in Christ, you know (!)*; but their religion is mixed up with idolatry and all kinds of strange beliefs!"

But in the big towns, where Catholicism is the faith of a large proportion of the inhabitants, prejudice is slowly dying. May it not

²⁶ Hunter-Blair-Belsheim, "Hist. of Cath. Ch. of Scot.," Vol. IV., pp. 229-30.

²⁷ Cunningham, "Church History of Scotland," Vol. II., p. 543.

be that the heroic sufferers for conscience sake in the past have won this by their prayers in heaven? Those prayers, we may be sure, will never cease until Scotland submits once more to the reign of Christ through His Church.

"I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And they cried with a loud voice, saying: How long, O Lord, holy and true?"

MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

Nairn, Scotland.

THE "LAST SUPPER"; OR, THE FIRST MASS CELEBRATED ON EARTH

"Noli me tangere, nondum enim ascendi ad Patrem meum."—John xx., 17.

NOLI me tangere ("do not touch me")! Magdalen, her soul burning with love, had vainly sought her divine Friend among the dead. Two angels, radiant with the splendor of the Resurrection, their garments white as snow, were standing there on guard. Urged by the instinct of her love, she had just turned, when she met Jesus in the form of a gardener. One word had been sufficient to reveal Him, to recall a past full of memories, her penance, her tears, her lovely and pure friendship—"Mary!"—and drawn to Him by a mysterious charm, she knelt at the feet of her risen Master, to kiss them.

We may gaze at Jesus now in the splendor of the morning. In the light of this transfigured humanity He was still Himself; the Jesus she had always known and loved. But *Noli me tangere*, sound the mysterious words. "Do not touch me"; *nondum enim ascendi ad Patrem* ("for I am not yet ascended to My Father"). The hour is not yet come to enjoy the Divine presence of the Master. He comes and goes mysteriously, like a vision for a short, ah! too short while. He has not yet reached the place of immortality, where intimate communion with Him will be the reward and crown of eternal love.

In the same way I hear a voice repeating to me from the tabernacle the mysterious words: *Noli me tangere* ("do not touch me")—do not attempt to lift up the veil of a mystery which holds under the humble appearance of these two ordinary things, bread and wine, the substance of all religious belief and feeling. *Noli me tangere*—mysterious words which ring in the shadowy silence of the temple, and warn us that there are such unfathomable depths in this Sacrament that no human being can hope to sound them.

This very voice, however, does not forbid us to gaze upon what Jesus Himself deigned to show of the mystery; Magdalen was not prevented from regarding the Master; only we bow our heads in adoration, and we consider with simplicity and deep veneration the most stupendous work of Divinity hidden under these simple forms. *Noli me tangere*; let us therefore go near the sancta sanctorum of the New Testament with silence, with the reverence of angels; let us purify our senses; let us enkindle our soul with the flame of love, let us cleanse our eyes before looking into the mysterious depths. We shall attend the first Mass celebrated in the world by

Jesus, the eternal Priest; we shall see Him building by His very action the best monument of His love and creating the soul of the Church, so as to bind together all the mysteries of our religion.

We are on the road from Bethany to Jerusalem, following the steps of Jesus, who for the last time moves from the house of His dear guests towards the eternal city of the prophets. We may notice in His eyes the splendor of His soul absorbed in deep thought, the burning flame of His heart. Nature rests in the peace of evening while the glowing sun sinks beneath the horizon. The Master is already beyond Bethany on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, where, some days before, His eyes had been filled with tears when looking at Jerusalem. The holy city stands there in its mournful grandeur proud of its walls and towers, still erect though struck so often by the storms of invasion; proud of the Palace of Herod; above all, of the buildings of the temple which rises in its white garment of marble with the roof gleaming in the purple of the sunset.

We cannot but divine the thoughts of the Master walking in a mysterious silence before the little band of the Apostles, or uttering from time to time His words full of life and love. Jerusalem, the chosen city, the city sung by the Prophets as the queen of the universe, "*Domina Gentium*" *Jerem*, dreaming ever of its great past, with the history of all the little nation which had resisted and survived the great world towards which all the peoples would flock; Jerusalem, the city cherished by God, which had already felt the ground quiver under the steps of the Man-God, Jerusalem is preparing the most atrocious crime of the world against her King, her Prophet, her Messiah, her God!

The evening becomes dark and silent and mournful as Jesus turns His steps towards the supper room. He goes on with a divine sadness marking His features. The Apostles glance at Him with deep astonishment: there are mysterious signs of mysterious events; they are far even from guessing what the hurrying hours will bring.

Jesus enters the house chosen for the Last Supper. He sits down in the hall richly adorned by the piety of the guests and of two Apostles, while under the veil of night the foe plots the ruin of the Prophet in the firm hope that His teaching will vanish, His followers will be scattered. But Jesus, who knows their plans perfectly, is about to lay the foundations of the new spiritual world, to call into being the new life which will nourish it until the end of time. He is silent, deeply concentrated on the thought of an institution which will multiply His incarnation, impart His divine being to each man, and bind with a bond of infinite perfection, the

finite with the infinite. Jesus is silent, because in silence the greatest works are accomplished. He is now reclining at the table for the Easter banquet; the ceremonies of the Old Testament are passing away before Him devoid of their solemnity; they have served their purpose; they must yield now to other rites which will be the immediate preparation of man for eternal life.

Desiderio desideravi hoc pascha manducare vobiscum antequam patiar (Luke xxii., 15) ("with desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer. For I say to you, that from this time I will not eat it till it be fulfilled in the Kingdom of God"). Then according to the ritual, He takes the cup of wine and hands it to the guests saying: "Take and divide it among you" (Luke xxii., 17). He adds: "I say to you that I will not drink from henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I shall drink it with you in the kingdom of my Father" (Matt. xxvi., 29).

We seem to be face to face with some tremendous mystery. For why does He speak so emphatically? *Desiderio desideravi . . .* such are His words. Never up to this did he give utterance to His feelings in such a manner. It is not the result of a transient emotion: Jesus Christ is perfectly Master of His own sentiments, and surely it is not an anticipation of some friendly banquet by which His soul is charmed. Let us remember we heard Him saying by the mouth of the Prophet, when sent to perform the greatest work after creation: *Sacrificium et oblationem noluisti; aures perfectisti mihi; holocaustum pro peccato non postulasti; tunc dixi: ecce venio. In capite libri scriptum est de me, ut facerem voluntatem tuam. Deus meus volui et legem tuam in medio cordis mei* (Ps. vii., 9; Heb. x., 7). He had been invited by his relatives to festivals, to enjoy their intimacy in other circumstances; He had been surrounded in very dangerous moments by the affection of his faithful friends of Bethany; He had seen the little children of Israel in their innocence gathering round Him, pure as lilies; before the tomb of Lazarus He had quivered from the strongest emotion; He had been hailed as Messiah in an exultant hour of triumph willingly accepted; He had seen life, death, sin, illness, His enemies, everything subdued by His omnipotent power; we hear His cry announcing from the Cross to the world that the work in which eternal centuries had shared, is fulfilled; we shall see Him in the forty days before His Ascension pass along like a vision amid the blessings of peace, or abandon Himself to His divine effusion of love in banquets full of mystery, but on no occasion is He so deeply moved, so powerfully attracted by what He is going to do.

Noli me tangere . . .; here, too, he repeats to us the mysteri-

ous words. Let us approach with fear and veneration the greatest of mysteries which will bring about once more a revolution in the thought of man, ready to accept unhesitatingly the word of Our Lord without attempting to break with proud curiosity the seals of revelation.

The little room on this holy night, which is the most significant among the commemorations of Hebrew history, is opening to the light of a new sun. The Old Testament is about to hand over to us by Jesus Christ the key of a new stage in the revelation of God: that of the kingdom of love. There is no event more fateful and far-reaching in the history of the kingdom of God than this for which we hear the Man-God say: *Desiderio desideravi hoc pascha manducare vobiscum antiquam patiar*. The very angels whom Isaiah had seen sparkling with light round the throne of the Eternal are listening with amazement to such words and are anxious to see what the love of God is going to do for mankind. Let people run after sinful pleasures, let the nations rage in the turmoil of fight while endeavoring to secure temporal conquest or supremacy, let Jerusalem herself treacherously prepare the greatest crime in history: we pass this by, we must hear and see what happens in the little room.

The Apostles are still eating, and Jesus takes bread, gives thanks, breaks it and gives it to them saying: "This is My body, which is given for you. Do this for a commemoration of Me" (Luke xxii., 19). A little later, when the meal is over, and, according to custom, the time is come for the head of the house to pass the last cup round to all the guests, Jesus takes the cup, gives thanks, and gives it to them, saying: "Drink ye all of this. For this is My blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins" (Matt. xxvi., 27, 28); "This do ye, as often as you shall drink, for a commemoration of Me" (I. Cor. xi., 25).

What has happened? Do not be astonished by the simplicity of the scene, for simplicity is the most striking characteristic of the works of God. The words come forth with a directness and a sincerity that is amazing: the effect is beyond all human understanding. Who could imagine such a thing, if it was not a fact? This very Jesus whom we are gazing upon reclining at the table, of whom God Himself sings in the Psalm (cix.): *Tecum principium in die virtutis tue in splendoribus sanctorum, ex utero ante luciferum genui te*; whom St. Paul assures us God "appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the world" (Heb. i., 2); and that He is "the brightness of His glory and the figure of His substance, and upholding all things by the word of His power, . . . sitteth on the right hand of the majesty on high" (Heb. i., 3);

the Word made flesh, now becomes bread, or bread has passed into His substance, has multiplied Him, the eternal thought of God, the most beautiful among the sons of men. Jesus Christ, the Word of God, becomes bread to be eaten, assimilated by us, that we may become other Christs one and the same thing with the Word of God! What a wonder is this! It is such a marvelous thing that no one but God could conceive it: therefore if man had ever known it, it must have become a reality. Our amazement cannot be expressed by words: only silence can suitably indicate our admiration. Let us bow our heads let us adore this astounding achievement of the love of God!

Let us bow our heads in humble adoration of what our intelligence, proud as it is, but short-sighted, cannot grasp, or let us choose between two equally great mysteries: the mystery of love itself, and the mystery of a Man-God, who from love multiplies Himself in the grains of the field, in the grapes of the vine, somewhat realizing the dream of certain philosophers who claim to see in every being one and the same divine substance, but answering at all events to some deep longing of man to feel in a sensible way the presence of the mysterious being which lies at the source of things.

From all this it follows that love, as it solves the most fearful riddles of the universe, is also the secret of all success; as it is an unequalled spring of activity, it is also the charm of life, the sun of great souls: look at the Last Supper. By this wonderful power the Church has conquered the world, and dominates universal history: *In hoc cognoscent omnes, quia discipuli mei estis si dilectionem habueritis ad invicem* (Is. xiii., 34). It is the characteristic mark of Christianity. *Ego in eis et tu in me ut sint consummati in unum, et cognoscat mundus quia tu me misisti et dilexisti eos sicut et me dilexisti* (Is. xvii., 23). Here we have the true test of our great Catholic religion: everything is connected in a harmonious whole. There can be no difficulty at all in believing the mystery of the altar when one believes in the Incarnation of God. The Eucharist is only a further step in the ladder by which God came down from the eternal splendors of heaven to us: it is the individual application of the mystery by which the Second Person of the Trinity united to His personal being our nature. As God became Man by the Incarnation, so we become God by the Eucharist. The prologue of St. John's Gospel, which is the history of the eternal life of the Word of God in the bosom of the Holy Trinity and of His coming down to take human nature, has its natural complement in the sermon of this very Last Supper, which is the most glorious song of love ever uttered in the universe.

So all the mysteries of our religion hold together in a marvelous manner, and their practical consequences are the only ones which could be fit for our nature according to the merciful plan of God of elevating it to a supernatural order. So charity is the mark of Catholic faith, the proper fruit of this Sacrament which flows essentially from love. The sublime vision of the Word of God, with which St. John opens his Gospel, has its natural complement in the sermon which followed this very Last Supper: just as in the life of man, the heart is the natural complement of the intelligence. Let us draw from this lesson a practical consequence. We cannot presume to attain any lasting and consistent result in our work for the sake of Jesus Christ but by love. It was not the light of intelligence which conquered souls, but the fire of love burning as an eternal lamp in the Church. Cold reasoning does not touch human souls, as it is not the intelligence but the heart which guides the actions of the average man. Approach them with gentle tenderness, address them words of true and sincere affection, and you will gain them for the truth.

Desiderio desideravi hoc pascha manducare vobiscum antequam patiar. Let us consider again the meaning of this mysterious utterance of the Master. *Desiderio desideravi antequam patiar.* What a singular connection: the banquet of life before the most appalling agony of death. Sorrow and death are so closely connected with life and resurrection in the Christian religion! This banquet, which is, according to the words of Jesus Himself, the figure of the eternal banquet in the kingdom of His Father, takes all its significance from the impending passion. Because it is not only a food, it is a sacrifice; nay, first of all a sacrifice, and only consequently a food of souls for immortality. Let us consider for a moment the wonderful harmony in these events and mysteries. It was by the attraction of a forbidden food that man fell into disobedience and death; it is by virtue of food and previous obedience that He is raised again and death is overcome. The food of Eden brought death into the world; the Eucharistic food restores life and immortality. But this life and this immortality flow from the wounds of a martyr, spring from the torn veins of a victim. The institution of this Sacrament is essentially connected with the passion and death on the Cross. The separation of the blood from the body is nothing but death; therefore we are quite aware that in the Last Supper Jesus is really, though mystically effecting beforehand His passion, His death and their eternal fruits. It follows that in the simple act of transforming a little bread into the body and of a few drops of wine into the very blood of Our Lord everything is contained; all the universe is made one in this new

creation. The opening days of our race are recalled; the new Adam rebuilds what the old had overthrown, the stream of prophecies runs through this mystery; the former life of Our Saviour has reached its supreme aim—*Desiderio desideravi*; the passion and death are already mystically realized. Not only does it signify and foretell, it produces eternal life. The banquet symbolizes even in human customs what is most cherished and precious—life, friendship, love; the grains transformed into bread, the grapes compressed into wine are the most ordinary things in the world, nay, they draw from earth the simplest elements which are necessary to maintain this little world of our body. Consequently in this mystery we meet the universe, we find all the Church in her soul and heart.

In this institution lies indeed the root of its social organism—the priesthood. Christ, the eternal Priest, foreshadowed in Melchisedeck, predicted by the prophet of the Psalm—*Dixit Dominus . . . : Tu es sacerdos in aeternum* (Ps. cix., 5)—by those words *Hoc facite in meam commemorationem* (Luke xix., 22)—establishes the power which is the most important, which is essential in the Church, that of transmitting the priesthood for ever. Because the organization of the Church is essentially sacerdotal. What should one think of a religion without a priesthood? What of a priesthood without a sacrifice? What of a sacrifice without a victim? The one, as a matter of fact, demands by its very nature the other: such is the declaration of history even from the very dawn of all religious belief and practice. Therefore, we may see now realized the prophecy of Malachi (Mal. i., 11) predicting a new worship and a new sacrifice cleaner and more far-reaching than the old one. Nevertheless, many are insensible in the presence of this wondrous action, which is the most beautiful drama of love ever realized, because it shows the transformation of God brought about by His very love for us. Let us remember, therefore, that the most exquisite feelings of the soul of Christ, of this Christ who was all love and kindness—mysterious revelation and powerful attraction of noble souls—towards every kind of men, are thrilling under the Eucharistic appearances, once the words of consecration are uttered by the priest. Consider the infinite care and jealousy with which God prepared the mysteries of the Last Supper.

He hid the Incarnation under the charms of a humble family of Nazareth, under the weakness of man, because Jesus appeared like all other men before rising in His sublime dignity of Messiah, but both the Old and the New Testaments were quite explicit as to its true and sublime characteristics: on the other hand, for the Eucharistic Sacrament and Sacrifice what careful preparations! Some

hints in the Old Testament: precious hints for us enlightened by the full splendor of revelation; big riddles, perhaps, or even unsuspected mysteries for the Jewish interpreter of Holy Scriptures. The New Testament drew nearer and nearer to the full realization; some miracles prepare the open teaching of Jesus on the subject, but all is wrapped in mystery; the crowd retires scandalized at the promise of Christ that he will give them His body to eat, His own blood to drink, while assuring them that He will ascend to heaven. Who can ever understand such words? The mysterious charm and kindness of the Master holds the Apostles from retiring, but they do not understand the mystery better than the crowd. Nevertheless, such words lingered in their hearts. The Spirit will awake them and reveal their full meaning. Similarly the Church, when endeavoring in the first centuries to make her way clear through paganism, hid, under the *disciplina arcani* the Eucharistic Sacrament, the mysterious drama of the Mass. Even now with how many rites and ceremonies this Holy Church has enveloped it? There are no more *sancta sanctorum* as in the Old Testament, but the Tabernacle, open only to the minister of God, is more than any *sancta sanctorum*; it is heaven on earth; for on the altar every morning all the mysteries of our religion meet together. *Terribilis est locus iste. Vere hic est domus Dei et porta coeli*! So the altar is the goal of every liturgical function, nay, it is the point round which centres the eternal song of the universe.

Consider for a moment. We go into the Church; we admire the pictures; we listen with deep emotion to the finest melodies: there is even an instrument which music consecrated only for the Church, the organ, which shares the majesty of the rites, the splendor of art, the mystery of the temple: but what is the aim of all this? What do all those sounds mean? What do those mystic representations celebrate? What does the temple stand for, with all its mysterious semblance? Take away from the sanctuary the Eucharist and all sacred art will become silent, or it will be a cold manifestation of colder hearts; remove the priest, and you will remove the Eucharist, you will demolish the temple, you will make religion an empty rite, the earth a wide, awful desert. Life would disappear: What then would become of mankind? What of our destinies? Let us open a tomb and throw into it our last hopes with our own life! But all this is impossible, impossible. Yes, impossible. Let us then go to the altar, every morning round this humble spot; let us join the angels when the dawn of eternal life rises there in mild splendor; for everything is pure, gentle and mild round the place where Jesus clad with mystery comes to meet us.

Let us hear the word of one of the most conspicuous doctors of

modern times on the Mass: "To me nothing, is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Masses forever, and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is, not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope, and the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick, for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another; quickly they pass, because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass, for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the name of the Lord as He passed by, 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.' And as Moses on the mountain, so we, too, 'make haste and bow our heads to the earth, and adore.' So we, all around, each in his place, look out for the great advent, 'waiting for the moving of the water,' each in his place with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intentions, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation; not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end but, like a concert of musical instruments, each different but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving, there are innocent maidens and there are penitent sinners; but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn, and the great action is the measure and the scope of it." *

Let us conclude. The Mass is the crown of the works of God, the foundation of our faith, the hope of our life. Let us then draw near again and again to this mystery with bowed heads, with the

*Card. Newman, "Loss and Gain," p. 290.

reverence of angels, with tender feeling; let us bow, kneel, adore! Let us gaze in silence when the drama hurries on so quickly towards the centre of action; when the priest lifts up bread become flesh and soul and divinity; when turned he blesses and places the small portion of white food on the tongue of the little children, radiant with the gentle light of innocence, of youth full of the passion of life, of men bowing already under the burden of years. When the sacrifice is over and the priest passes before us "in golden borders clothed round about with varieties" (Ps. xlv., 14), let us bow to kiss the fringe of his white garments, because he performed in the name of God the holiest action in the world, because he gives the soul to the temple, the life to religion, its profound significance to the liturgy; because he is Christ Himself, the Christ everlasting amid the world's history. Here too, let us listen to the mysterious words of Jesus: *Noli me tangere*. The altar is surely a most sacred thing, but the priest is a more sacred one. As it would be a sacrilege to defile the altar stone, it would be a more impious one to cast a stain on the garments of the priest. *Noli me tangere*—let fall the veil of mystery upon these grand objects of our faith and let us bow our heads and kneel in deep adoration before the God who passed before us in the myterious splendor of His eternal love.

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KANT'S INFLUENCE ON HIS SUCCESSORS

IT WOULD be hard to overestimate Kant's influence on the thought of the nineteenth century. His philosophy is like a watershed whence the stream of speculation flows down to modern idealism, agnosticism, and even materialism. To this source also may be traced the modern predilection for non-dogmatic religion; for his apotheosis of the moral law and his depreciation of concepts of supra-sensible things tended to convert Christianity into a mere system of ethics. Yet, it was the greatness and earnestness of his ethical conception of the world which gave Kant's philosophy such sway over the minds of men—this seems clear from Reinhold's "Briefe ueber die Kantische Philosophie." Still, the onward movement of philosophic thinking derived its impetus chiefly from the principles of the theory of knowledge as laid down in the "Critique of Pure Reason." Says Windelband, "In the thought symphony of those forty years (1780-1820) the Kantian doctrine forms the theme, and idealism its development."*

Kant's fundamental philosophical problem was—how are synthetic *a priori* judgments possible? He argues that we have no right to project our intellectual categories into the world of sense experience, but that we may project our system of ethical categories as well as our system of æsthetic ideals into the world of sense. Subsequently, there were two schools of interpretation of Kant. The one followed the absolutism of the second and of the third "Critiques"; the other, taking its viewpoint from the first "Critique," was critical. To the former belong Fichte, Schelling and Hegel. They attempted to derive a whole system of philosophy from the one principle of general purposiveness. From this axiom, too, they tried to deduce the manifold of experience. On the other hand, there appeared in Herbart and Schleiermacher the Kantian reminder of the limitation of human knowledge.

Among the other factors that helped to form the stream of philosophic thought were the introduction of Spinozism and the poetry of Goethe and Schiller. The latter influence was largely romantic and the part it played is seen in the fact that Fichte, Schelling and Hegel thought that Kant had not done justice to the immediate feelings—enthusiasm, religious aspirations, etc. They thus represent a reactionary movement from the too theoretical treatment of life by the Königsberg professor.

In order to grasp the precise viewpoint of Kant's successors it is

*Hist. of Phil., p. 531.

necessary to note that for Kant the world of things is a construction of thought. Thought in this sense is not the psychic states and processes of the individual human mind. These are a part of phenomena and set over against the unknown and unknowable noumena. But thought, viewed from the side of content, is an organized system of knowledge including all that can be known. And it is this unitary system that was taken up by his successors, the German Idealists, and called by them the Ego. Reality for Kant was the reality of experience, and the use of the categories could be explained as the construction of thought. The problem of philosophy, then, was to point out the logical interrelations of thought. Kant attempted to solve this problem by tracing all experience back to the synthetic unity of apprehension. But he failed to bring about a complete unification of experience. It was then the gaps in Kant's system that formed the starting point of his successors.

When the "Critique of Pure Reason" first appeared, it found little recognition, and later it met with violent opposition. There is, however, no cause for wonder that Kant's work is not understood at once; for it discussed so many problems in such intimate relation and took such a peculiar view that the minds of men were fairly dazed at his daring. Many of the judgments that were passed upon his effort are of little value. But there was a very significant opposition carried out by a group of men who, in different forms appealed to the immediate feelings and to tradition, rather than to reason and experience, as Kant had done. Speaking in general terms, they may be said to have upheld the undivided activity of the spirit as against Kant's analysis which led him at many points to make sharp distinctions between elements which are given only in indissoluble union. They pursued Kant's opposition to the enlightenment so far that in the end they were opposing Kant himself. These men represented ideas and viewpoints which reached far beyond philosophy, and aided in the introduction of new conceptions into poetry, history and even life in general.

In the forefront of this group stands Johann Georg Hamann, a frequent correspondent with Kant. He read the "Critique of Pure Reason," but rejected it, even going so far in his opposition as to write a counter critique, which, however, was never published. His attitude was different from that of Kant inasmuch as he substituted for Kant's reason belief, tradition and feeling. Another member of this circle was Johann Gottfried Herder. He sat at the feet of the Königsberg professor and was much influenced by the views adopted by his teacher in the sixties. Still, his philosophical nature was more deeply stirred by Hamann and like him he laid special stress on the historical and traditional, rather than on the clearly

conscious and voluntary, as did others of his age. He criticized the philosophy of Kant in his exposition of Hamann's "Metakritik." A third member of this group, Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi, exposed the grave difficulties involved in Kant's doctrine of a thing in itself. But in performing this task, he did not go back to Kant's main problem—his method. Jacobi rejected the philosophical system of Kant because immediate faith was not given its due; and exalted that part of life which cannot be translated into generally valid knowledge.

For the same reason that some had opposed the critical philosophy, others by close discussion of Kant's doctrine found new problems—questions which the master himself could not have formulated clearly. In this movement three men are prominent—Reinhold and Maimon for the theoretical restatement and Schiller for the æsthetic and ethical. In 1786, Reinhold published in Wieland's paper, the *Deutscher Merkur*, his "Briefe ueber die Kantische Philosophie." This treatise was a popular exposition and did much to spread knowledge of Kant's doctrines. Reinhold was one of the moving spirits of the philosophical activity at Jena which organized the philosophy of Kant into a teachable system. While at Jena he wrote his "Versuch einer neuen Theorie des menschlichen Vorstellungsvermögens," in which he tries to reduce Kant's philosophy to one single ultimate principle. In his opinion Kant had not gone back to the ultimate presupposition, whereas philosophy can be a true and real science only when it deduces all its doctrines from one principle. It was this aim and attitude that started the critical philosophy on a speculative course. Reinhold calls his fundamental principle the principle of consciousness, and he goes on to show that all the forms and principles of Kant's system can be derived from this axiom. In his philosophy the thing in itself is nearly lost, while the unity and activity of consciousness receives special emphasis. Reinhold's teaching was combated by Schultze in his work, "Ænesidemus." Maimon, another disciple of Kant, investigated with keen penetration the questions which his masters' teaching had occasioned. But he steered a middle course between the dogmatizing of many of the Kantians and the titanic speculations of those who would deduce all philosophy from one single principle. Partly due to his lack of positive training, he adopted an original and even critical attitude in his study of Kant's works. From the annotations he made in his study of the "Critique of Pure Reason," he elaborated the "Versuch ueber die Transcendentalphilosophie" (1790), which occasioned Kant's saying that no other of his pupils understood his philosophy so well or possessed such acumen for its investigation. Maimon, on the one hand,

rejects Reinhold's principle, and on the other, refuses to accept Kant's "experience" as something distinct from subjective presentation. With regard to the principle of causality he takes a stand intermediate between Hume and Kant. And the thing in itself may be said to be altogether discarded by Maimon. Yet, he of all Kant's disciples may be regarded as the one who carried on Kant's work best.

Still, the main stream of philosophic thought flowed through another channel; this was the romantic with its longing for the absolute. A colleague of Maimon at Jena but with a different philosophical perspective, was the poet Schiller. He began the study of Kant with a mind schooled in philosophical thinking, but his artistic nature and training led him to make the same demand for the artistic point of view that Hamann had made for the religious standpoint. As against Kant, he believed philosophy ought "not to put asunder what Nature had joined together." Yet, to the end of his life he remembered with enthusiasm the world of ideas to which Kant had introduced him. In April, 1805, he wrote to Wilhelm von Humboldt, "Speculative philosophy, if it ever attracted me, has disgusted me with its hollow forms; I found no living springs and nothing to nourish me on its barren plain; but the deep fundamental ideas of the idealistic philosophy are an abiding treasure, and, if only on that account, we must count ourselves happy to have lived in this age."

The further development of Kant's philosophy was determined both by its first opponents and by its early adherents. The lack of totality and completeness in his system was felt and criticized. It was thought that a system of philosophy should endeavor to express the fullness of the spiritual life. And as religious faith and artistic conceptions and creations seemed to accomplish this, men turned to them as methods by which to express the complete life. So thoroughly had this ideal got hold of thinking minds that they even rejected the scientific attitude because it did not assure the deduction of all propositions from one fundamental principle. Kant could not form such a synthesis, for he held that knowledge demands something outside itself which is ever eluding attempts to know it—this is the thing in itself. But if this were abandoned, there could be no objection to starting with Kant's supposition that synthesis is the essence of spirit and forming a great philosophical structure. Such an attempt to deduce all reality as well as knowledge from one fundamental principle—self-consciousness—may be called Romanticism. But there were other motives for it besides the philosophical impulse given by Kant's suggestion of the originality and activity of spirit. The audacity for this daring adventure in philosophy was born rather of the spirit of the French Revolution, while the poetry

of Goethe and Schiller also contributed by presenting pictures of the longings and aspirations of life.

Fichte, who is called Kant's greatest disciple, was the first philosopher of Romanticism. He began with self-consciousness and argued that if reason is in truth unitary in all its operations, it ought to be possible to deduce the categories from self-consciousness—the pure activity of the Ego, an activity which reflection discovers to be present in every fact of knowledge. Hence, the unity of self-consciousness in all knowledge, and the recognition of this as primarily an act furnishes the foundation of all Fichte's system. In this act the Ego asserts its own existence or posits itself. But this gives us only pure unity of the self; the Ego also affirms a not-self, *i. e.*, objects which check it. In concrete knowledge, then, there are two elements, the Ego and the non-Ego, mutually limiting each other, yet both going back to the creative activity of the Ego. But why should the Ego posit non-self at all? Why not remain in its infinite indeterminateness? The answer to these questions Fichte found in Kant's insistence on the supremacy of the moral will. In fact, the Kantian doctrine of the inherent moral worth of man so harmonized with Fichte's character that he resolved to spend his life in the attempt to construct a system of philosophy in which its principles would be practical maxims. His letters also attest the great influence of Kant's moral teaching on his philosophical thinking. Man, then, is an active moral being. But morality demands strife and for conflict there is needed non-Ego, limitations, checks, obstacles to be overcome by the self. "Not merely to know, but according to thy knowledge to do is thy vocation."

Fichte's successor, Schelling, seems to have been less directly influenced by Kant, although he read Kant as well as Fichte and Spinoza. Yet, Bosanquet maintains that "the deepest vein of philosophic inspiration ran from Kant to Schiller and from Schiller to Schelling." Schelling was a disciple of Fichte in much the same sense as Fichte was a disciple of Kant. The content of his Transcendental Idealism was taken from Fichte's "*Wissenschaftslehre*." But he went way beyond Fichte. He demands in the name of idealism a more positive recognition of nature than was possible in Fichte's system. His main philosophical problem is—how do we perceive the whole system of causes and effects which forms the world? How does such a system arise for us? Starting with self-consciousness as a principle, he proceeds to show how it produces itself, not in the ethical sense of Fichte, but as the artist produces. For him life is not a serious business, a struggle, but the intellectual creation of artistic enjoyment. In his philosophy there is no Kantian "thing in itself," and the categories are reduced to two primary ones, cause

and reciprocity. In his system of objective idealism the Ego creates artistic experience and for him this is everything. Whereas Kant says the ground of experience is reason and Fichte that it is ethics, Schelling declares that it is æsthetics. While Kant assumes an unknowable rational principle, Schelling, like Fichte, sets out to create the world. But what is the relation of consciousness to the world it creates? Can the scientist fill in this system with scientific knowledge? Schelling does not think of appealing to empiricism, but triumphantly turns physics into poetry and the cosmos into a picture. For him matter is slumbering spirit, and spirit is matter in process of becoming. And he believed that he was able to trace in detail the stages through which nature rises to spirit. Thus had he run the course of absolute idealism, and in his old days his system was overshadowed by the rising prominence of Hegelianism.

At the age of twenty-five, Hegel wrote to his precocious friend Schelling as follows: "From the Kantian system and its fullest completion I anticipate a revolution in Germany, which will start from principles already forthcoming and only needing to be systematized and applied to existing knowledge. No doubt there will always be something of an esoteric philosophy, and the idea of God as the Absolute Ego will belong to it." Then, after referring to Kant's "Critique of Practical Reason" and to Fichte's "Foundation of the Whole Doctrine of Science," he continues: "The inferences therefrom will one day astound a great many distinguished people. They will be giddy at the supreme elevation by which man will be so high exalted; yet why has the world been so slow to raise its estimate of human dignity (or value, a Kantian phrase), and to recognize the capacity of freedom (Kantian) which sets him in the highest rank of spirits" (Hegel's "Briefe"). From this letter it is clear that Hegel recognized the fact that he was creatively inspired by Kant in pursuing Fichte's idea of the Ego as the key to the universe. And Adamson maintains that historically the contents of Hegel's systematic work connects more closely with Kant than with his more immediate predecessors. Hegel removed the opposition which he found between the subject and the object in the Kantian system by making both equally necessary to the total development of self-consciousness. For him the Ego is not a mere form to be filled in with content; rather theoretical knowledge as well as customs, institutions and religious duties are all necessary conditions of self-consciousness.

Hegel's dialectic method which owes a great deal to Fichte and a great deal to Kant, contains within it his whole system. His aim in this method is to interpret knowledge of the physical universe in terms of spiritual values. Begin anywhere in experience; affirm

anything and let the mind work on the affirmation. You will find your affirmation confronted with another, different, but claiming the same place, that is, contradictory. Then, to satisfy your thought, you have to discover or contrive some further complex which will put both affirmations in their right place with the necessary corrections. The driving force is the necessity that the complex which your thought affirms should be self-consistent. All thinking and inference without any exception depend upon this principle. His effort is to read meaning and rationality into experience. And his system really does enable one to collate experience and to bring it together in such a way that its various elements throw light on each other. In this way he even illumined to some extent empirical science despite the fact that he attempted to discard the empirical method. By his synthesis he gave one solution to the problem which Kant bequeathed to his followers: What is the relation between subject and object? Hegel answered by merging both subject and object in the unity of the absolute, not a static infinity, but an absolute of activity, opposition and tension.

While the Hegelian sun was at its zenith, there appeared a disturbing element in the philosophic firmament. This element was Schleiermacher's speculation; for it kept alive the spirit of critical philosophy. He was a disciple of Kant, but he did not accept Kant's system as he found it. He directed his criticism against the external and purely arbitrary manner in which Kant united ethics and religion. He thought Kant made religion too rational, whereas there is something in it beyond reason. This something is the feeling of dependence, which for him is the basis of all religion.

Of more importance is the reactionary thought of Schopenhauer. Like Schleiermacher, he is a critical philosopher; for him the problem of knowledge precedes the question of existence. He goes beyond Fichte, Schelling and Hegel by placing greater stress on experience and on immediate intuition. He tried likewise to assimilate Kant's ideas and then proceeded beyond them. He regards himself as the true heir of Kant, and he had the presumption to deny that anything of importance in philosophy had been done in the interval between Kant's time and his own day. Still, there is little doubt that he owes much more to Fichte and Schelling than he is willing to admit. His study of the sacred books of the Hindus also played a part in the shaping of his views. But his real teachers were Plato and Kant. He was greatly interested in Kant's epistemology and after considering the problems there involved, came to the conclusion that Kant's successors had erred in their interpretation of these questions. Moreover, he found in Plato's anthesis between the world of ideas and the world of sense and in Kant's

anthesis between the law-abiding world of phenomena and the "thing in itself" lying beyond all laws and concepts, expressions of the dualism between thought and will. In regard to the limits of rational knowledge, Schopenhauer arrived at the same conclusion as Kant. But although rational knowledge can not synthesize all existence, still—and here he differs from Kant—the desire and striving expressed in our pleasure and pain, in our hopes and fears, in all feelings and in all willing reveals the very kernel of existence. In the light of rational knowledge the world is only phenomena, but regarded by analogy with our own impulses and will we arrive at the conclusion that the world is in essence will. His, then, is a system of voluntarism. To sum up it may be said that he derived from Kant and the Kantians the transcendental element in his philosophy—the criticism with which he started and the synthetic arrangement by which he grouped all the elements of thought under the absolute will.

The thought of Schleiermacher and of Schopenhauer has made it clear that their three illustrious predecessors had developed one side only of Kant's philosophy. But there was another movement carried on by a group of men banded together for the purpose of a common study of Kant. Some of these kept quite close to the central teaching of Kant but discarded many of his unessential doctrines. Some of these scholars were engaged in educational and political work, as Humboldt and Schoen. Others were physicians and jurists, as Erhard and Feuerbach. Their relations to Kant are well expressed in Erhard's letter of May 19, 1794: "The philosophy which proceeds from a single fundamental principle, and pretends to deduce everything from it, is and will always remain a piece of artificial sophistry; that philosophy only which ascends to the highest principle and exhibits everything else in perfect harmony with it is the true one. . . . Kant's philosophy has not yet prevailed with his disciples, for they seek to make reason constitutive. . . . I have already written to Reinhold on the subject and demonstrated to him that we cannot have a theory but only an analysis of the faculty of imagination."

Of special importance is Frie's psychological reaction against Hegelianism. He accepted Kant's results but substituted for the method of transcendental criticism empirico-psychological inquiry which he made the basis of all philosophy. About the same time Herbart selected from Kant's philosophy the realistic elements contained in it and united these with Leibnitzian monadism to form what he describes as a metaphysical system of realism. Even Schelling took a leading part in this movement. He was called to Berlin for the express purpose of combating the philosophy of Hegel. He with

C. H. Weisse and the younger Fichte branded Hegel's system as pantheism. Krause, too, joined the opposition, expounding a mystical system of his own which he called Panentheismus. So, too, his pupil, Ahrens. The followers of Hegel themselves split up into the Right—Goeschel, Rosenkranz and J. E. Erdmann; and into the Left—Strauss, Feuerbach, Ruge, Marx and Lassalle.

In 1865, Otto Leibmann published his "Kant und die Epigonen," the sections of which, dealing in succession with Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Herbart, Fries and Schopenhauer, ended severally with Liebmann's watchword, "We must go back to Kant." He thought that all these authors had compromised with the thing in itself, and that the only way to clear matters up was to go back to Kant and make a fresh start. But, the Neo-Kantian movement was not metaphysical; it was epistemological. And in it there reappeared those Kantian features which post-Kantian thought had more especially repudiated; the unrealized and unrealizable ideal in the mind, the ever unattainable "ought," the infinite process of approximation to moral perfection. This view was maintained with extraordinary skill and tenacity by Liebmann, Vaihinger, Lange, and the Marburg school. In Germany to-day the vast majority of philosophers are Kantians—a few are Hegelians.

In France nineteenth century Positivism attempted in a manner quite different from Romanticism to conduct philosophical speculation along the lines indicated by Kant. The predecessors of Comte were little influenced by the Königsberg professor, excepting Ampere and Biran. Comte himself, however, recognizes Kant among others as a source of philosophical inspiration. Still, he had a dislike for the critical philosophy, and his own point of view little coincides with that of Kant.

Critical philosophy also found an entrance into England. Before the beginning of the nineteenth century, English translations of some of Kant's works were in the British Isles. After an initial struggle, the influence of Kant extended and is manifest in the writings of Coleridge and Carlyle, of Hamilton and Mansel, of Green and Caird, of Laurie, Martineau and others, and stands on a level with Hume as a source of philosophical impetus.

Hamilton in his works, "The Philosophy of the Unconditioned" and "Philosophy of Perception," endeavored to unite Reid's teaching with that of Kant; he thus spread the seeds of critical philosophy on English soil. In his critical analysis of the conditions and limitations of knowledge, he follows and at times corrects Kant's line of thought. Mansel, a pupil of Hamilton, is a follower of Kant especially in logic. The scientist Whewell also did much to make Kant's theory of knowledge fruitful in England. In several works he tried

to give historical proof of the correctness of Kant's fundamental conceptions. Herbert Spencer drew his metaphysical principles—the relativity of knowledge and agnosticism—from Hamilton and Mansel and thus ultimately from Kant. Green tried to effect a harmony of Kant and Hegel by proceeding from the epistemology of the former to the metaphysics of the latter. E. Caird went even farther in a similar attempt. Laurie, although a Hegelian, accepts from Kant the hypothesis of synthesis and *a priori* categories. G. H. Lewes attempted to effect a compromise between Hume and Kant.

In the light of this discussion one might say that Bosanquet was almost correct when he called the philosophic thought of Germany in the nineteenth century the forward interpretation of Kant. And if we do not take the word too strictly, we might call the whole of modern philosophy the forward interpretation of Kant.

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THE MODERN CATHOLIC NOVEL

THE novel, as a species of English literature, was the base offering of a debased morality, the child of a Protestant pen. What wonder, then, that Catholics, and many Protestants, too, for that matter, long shunned its company, for the novel had neither ancestry nor character to recommend it. Gradually this stigma disappeared, and in the hands of such writers as Burney, Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, the novel established a respectable reputation. Now and again, even some Catholic essayed an attempt in this direction, but Catholic fiction was a very unstable variety and so the novel remained essentially Protestant.

Then the twentieth century dawned, and with it a new era for the novel. Holy Mother Church would draft this outlaw child of the Protestant revolt into her service. Her blessing would give it power for good, and in obedience to her direction it would develop a beautiful flower and a wholesome fruit. Thousands were being hurried to eternal death in the stream of irreligious filth that poured over the land. Why might she not filter off the soil from this contaminating flood and make of it living waters?

God heard the desire of His Spouse, and a Robert Hugh Benson, a Canon Sheehan, a John Ayscough, a Dr. Barry, a Montgomery Carmichael appeared, by no mere accident, but raised up by Divine Providence for a new and mighty work. These men were to be the instigators of the new Catholic novel.

Now it seems rather significant in the light of present-day tendencies and recent events that the present Catholic novel should have received its initial impulse from an Irish priest, the gentle Canon A. Sheehan, of Doneraile. "Geoffrey Austin," published in 1895, was the first modern Catholic novel to appear. But although the honor of being the first in point of time belongs to Canon Sheehan, in quantity he was soon outstripped by that whirlwind of energy, Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson. Speed of production is not the ultimate test of a writer's worth, however, and so for quality Father Benson must yield the palm to Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, better known by his pen-name of John Ayscough. Dr. Barry, the least productive and the least Catholic of this quartette of priests, brings up the rear, and Montgomery Carmichael is in a class all by himself.

In style Canon Sheehan and Father Ayscough have in common certain traits that we find singularly lacking in their two brother priests. The Canon naturally exhibits a fine Celtic humor. It

flashes out best in the dialect of his books and is often dangerously close to tears. In this regard, John Ayscough is a Celt, too, though his wit is too sharp at times, and it is probably this quality which has enabled him to catch the true Catholic spirit and atmosphere to a degree that Father Benson could never attain. The latter can scarcely be said to be humorous. He has a vein of rather droll English irony that is pungent and bracing but utterly lacks that odd tenderness of pathos and fun that sparkles up like a rare champagne all through the pages of Ayscough and Sheehan, and in Ayscough's even more than in Sheehan's. Father Barry has neither humor nor irony to relieve the intense atmosphere of his books. The gloom of tragedy never lifts. It is as though Father Barry has lost all sight of the exhilaration of life in the stress of living; or perhaps he has but too successfully set aside his Celtic qualities when he donned the methods and ways of his English models. That a sense of humor is there somewhere underneath this veneer is plain to any one who has read his "Wizard's Knot," and one is almost tempted to call it a sin for a man who could write those delightful curses of Cathal O'Dwyer to so hide his light under a bushel as Father Barry has done in his other stories.

It is this repression on Father Barry's part, no doubt, that gives an unnatural tone to his work. No man who is a Catholic and a priest can effectually push all that is, or at least ought to be, dearest to his heart completely out of reach of his pen, and still be himself. Where your heart is there is your pen also of intrinsic necessity. That is why Canon Sheehan is the most natural of this group of priest-authors: he is Irish and a priest and his books are Irish and priestly, too. His characters are not mere creatures of his imagination, but the souls of living men and women so hopelessly Irish and Catholic that you simply cannot disentangle one from the other. Father Barry, on the contrary, is seldom Catholic and still less frequently Irish. The result in his work is entirely to his disadvantage as the passages which are Catholic so well reveal.

Father Ayscough is guilty of the same fault as Father Barry, but in a less marked degree. Perhaps it was his more distinctly spiritual end that prevented his falling more completely into this error, and when he did choose characters, none of whom were Catholics, his fine sense of humor saved the day. This is particularly well illustrated by "Monksbridge," which might well contend for the honor of the second most perfect novel ever written if Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" is the most perfect.

Now Father Benson's inferiority to Canon Sheehan in this matter of naturalness seems to proceed from an entirely different source. The zealous convert never poses as anything but a priest and a

Catholic, and he well deserves both titles ; but Father Benson became a Catholic at a much more mature age than Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, who was received into the Church at eighteen. Besides, Father Benson's friendships and environments were largely non-Catholic even after his conversion, and this, combined with his distinctly English character and mental tone, rendered him incapable of fully assimilating those finer little instincts and beauties of Catholic life which John Ayscough's Celtic temperament more easily caught. It is only a little thing, entirely subordinate to true faith and all that, and yet its color, or better its lack of sympathetic understanding, has left that slight, intangible, unnatural touch on all of Father Benson's work.

One perceives this difference in these four writers more clearly in their depiction of home life than anywhere else. John Ayscough seldom attempts a "home," and when he does, it is never a normal Catholic home with a devoted father, a self-sacrificing mother and a jolly household of romping children. The same is true of both Father Barry and of Father Benson. They give us only the conventional English aristocratic home with one or two young hopefuls, or for a change one of those households of decadent Italian nobles invaded by an English *tertium quid*. But the home of Canon Sheehan! Children by the dozen, and poverty and hard work to spare, it is true, but full of the love and self-denial and the purity and the peace of firm faith in Divine Providence that make our Catholic homes what they are. There is no convention about the Canon's homes; it may be sometimes little of the so-called refinements of civilized society, but there is Christianity and life in abundance, and if one must choose between convention and life, why, let us have life by all means.

In point of description it is much more difficult to put a relative evaluation upon this group of writers, since all are masterful in the art of description. Their love of nature is extraordinary as is always the case with refined spiritual natures, and their broad sympathy for poor human nature is priestly. Their very lifework, of course, naturally fitted them in a very eminent degree for the description of character. Father Benson and Canon Sheehan have made the most extensive and the best use of character-analysis and soul-psychology, qualities which are conspicuous mostly by their absence in Father Barry's work. The latter is usually content with temperament portrayal merely, in imitation of his non-Catholic rivals, who are, however, more excusable than he because a non-Catholic has no guide in this matter except those increasingly "few fragments of truth which survive in the minds and hearts of so many conscientious Protestants." Father Barry's best book, "The Two Stand-

ards," is the one in which the author has gone most deeply into the psychology of the human soul and the same may be affirmed of Father Benson's "Initiation," of John Ayscough's "Hurdcott," and of Father Sheehan's "Luke Delmege." Evidently the ability to depict real character is a long step towards genius in the novelist, and if subtlety of character-analysis were to be the final test of literary worth, then Father Benson would take first rank among the four great priest-novelists.

But there is another point of contrast between these four writers which probably accounts, in part, at least, for many, if not all of the differences we have so far noted. Their literary aims are radically dissimilar. Father Sheehan's motive is usually a national one, Fathers Ayscough and Barry frequently choose a social or political end, but Father Benson always openly avows a purely religious aim, sometimes historical, more frequently mystical. The true faith had brought Father Benson into the green fields of true mysticism and his ardent nature burned to open the gates to others. The pen should be the sword of this fervent apostle and since the world would read novels instead of attending sermons, the novel should take his message to them, and so his novels became sugar-coated sermons. This is not true of his brother writers, not because they were less spiritual, but because they had chosen the novel for their weapon in a different cause. Canon Sheehan, the gentle *soggarth aroon* whose heart was with his people, used it to warn his countrymen of the dangers with which their adoption of materialistic English ideas threatened them, and so the mystical theme came into his stories rather incidentally than of set purpose. He could not exclude it entirely from his pictures of a Catholic people, nor did he desire to do so, but the stress of his loving fear led him to neglect it in face of the more pressing disaster.

In their mystical theories, however, Canon Sheehan and Father Benson have much in common. Both were mystics of suffering and the best work of each is a novel that is a prose version of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven." Father Sheehan let the matter drop there as far as using the mystical theme for a story motif is concerned, but Robert Hugh Benson used it again and again until one is half inclined to think him morbid on the subject of pain. His decided English practicalness together with his faith prevented this, however, and his great versatility in introducing variations into the mystical motif justify us in classing him, with the possible exception of Father Garrold, S. J., as the greatest mystic of suffering in the whole field of fiction.

Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew is a mystic, too, but not so purely a mystic of suffering, although he understands that language well, as

"Hurdcott" proves. In just what the difference in the mystical concepts of Ayscough and Father Benson consists is one of those things one more easily senses than comprehends. It rather defies analysis as it seems to be very largely a question of difference in temperament. There is a sort of nervous tenseness in Father Benson's attitude towards pain, a tremendous sensitiveness and fear of God's power to make us suffer which his strong will beats down with swift and vigorous blows. Father Ayscough shows a gentle, more trustful spirit, no less full of repugnance to pain, but with more patience and confidence in God's love; in a word, he has a more tender, buoyant faith, and in this to a great extent lies the secret of Father Ayscough's superiority over the other writers of this group. He is just as dramatic as Benson, reveals just as great power of description and character-analysis as either Benson or Sheehan, but he never allows the impetuosity of his emotion to run away with his cheerfulness and refinement of style. These two qualities—humor and a strong nature that can feel deeply and yet retain a calm exterior—enable him to avoid the pessimism of Father Sheehan on the one hand and the jerky manner of Father Benson on the other. He lacks the tumultuous speed of Benson, but his emotion is no less powerful in its more perfect expression; in fact, so perfect is Ayscough's use of the literary devices that one is almost wearied at times by the polish of his paragraphs. This is especially noticeable in the dialogue of his books where the humor is so uniformly brilliant it has a rather forced tone.

As a natural consequence of his more even and buoyant spirit, Father Ayscough's mysticism has a less severe cast than that of his brother priests. He does not overlook pain, but he sees the loving mercy of God very clearly, too, and with a tender stroke he sketches in the lines of the gentle coaxings of our Heavenly Father as well as the darker shadows of His hand. Human beings, men and women, are the instruments of his mysticism and human love his way to God. Thus Father Benson seems like a prose edition of Francis Thompson, Father Ayscough of Coventry Patmore.

Closely related to this group of novelists and yet of a type distinctly his own, is another English convert writer, Montgomery Carmichael. Like the priest quartette, he is a mystic, but of an entirely new species. The three adjectives, clever, charming, original, are particularly well adapted to describe this author who conceived and perpetrated possibly the most successful trick ever played upon the reading public by his publication of "The Life of John William Walsh, F. S. A." That was sixteen years ago, and one still finds the book, which is one of the most delightful bits of fiction, catalogued as biography in many libraries. This book and

one other, "The Solitaries of the Sambuca," constitute his sole claim to the title of novelist, but his is a case of good things done up in small quantities. His novel output is much smaller than that of the four priests before discussed, and in inverse ratio to the literary value of his work.

Perhaps the most striking feature of Mr. Carmichael's stories, at first glance, is their unique originality. His cunning prefaces; his clear, simple, straightforward manner; the golden mist of his Gaelic romantic spirit; and his deep spiritual insight, form a combination rarely met with, but once known, not apt to be forgotten. He seems to have much in common with our own Joyce Kilmer, that same healthy boyishness with its bright geniality and ascetic seriousness and tender piety, for beneath all his quips and pranks, Montgomery Carmichael has a message for the world, one that he himself no doubt learned in quiet rambles over Italy's hills, centuries-steeped with the enchanting Catholic spirit that rises like a mist from that land. His message is a protest against commercialism, a plea for quiet meditation and peaceful communion with God as a better source of man's happiness than the bustle and hurry and noise of the world. Incidentally he takes occasion to point out, also, that the man who gives himself to the contemplative life is not a useless member of society, but a preventer of much evil among men as well as a source of much joy to the Heart of God. All this is presented with a sureness of touch and a tender enthusiasm that is delightful and one lays aside his books with a strangely mingled appreciation of, and desire for, a higher life.

One has but to compare Montgomery Carmichael's two books with Ayscough's "San Celestine" and their superiority is immediately perceptible. In virility and simplicity of plot they stand well with Benson's one-man stories, but have a flavor, a tone—well, a something that is just Montgomery Carmichael and no other. Moreover, they are not lengthy and read rapidly, two qualities that ought to recommend them to a wider popularity, for certainly Mr. Carmichael is a Catholic writer that we cannot afford to see drop into the catalogue of literary forgottens any more than our Big Four.

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THE ANNUNCIATION

A COMMENTARY ON LUKE I., 26-38

“**H**UMAN poetry,” says Brassac, “has not a creation more beautiful than this scene. Therein everything is simple, pure, dignified and delicate. There is not a word to be added, nor one to be taken away. . . . In that announcement everything is great: God who sends; Gabriel who is sent; Mary to whom he is sent; the Incarnation and the salvation of mankind which form the object and end.”

And in the sixth month, the angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth (Luke i., 26). The time of the Annunciation is specified as being about five months after Elizabeth’s conception. The place is an obscure hamlet called Nazareth—from a root meaning to blossom, bloom, put forth green shoots. Nazareth is situated in a little depression in the hills of Galilee, called from its large mixture of foreigners, “Galilee or Circle of the Gentiles.” Nazareth was a village so small and obscure that neither the Old Testament nor Josephus nor the Talmud make any mention of it, and at the time spoken of here its reputation was so low that a proverb ran—“Can anything of good come of Nazareth?” (John i., 46).

To a virgin (27). The very first mention of Our Lady in New Testament history is in the term thenceforward to be associated with her name throughout the ages, as her constant title: the Virgin Mary.

Espoused to a man whose name was Joseph (27). The word used in the text for “espoused” may be taken to indicate that no marriage ceremony had as yet taken place, but the best authorities and the strongest arguments are in favor of marriage *ratum sed non consummatum*. If the second supposition is correct, we may assume also that she was living in the house of Joseph. If we choose the first supposition, Mary was probably living at the house of her parents, whose names, according to tradition, were Joachim and Anna. Being possibly an only child, she had, in accordance with the Mosaic injunction of levirate marriage, been affianced to a near male relative, Joseph, in order to preserve the family name and property. Judging from the customary nubile ages among the Jews, Mary may have been at this time a girl of from twelve to fourteen years, Joseph a young man of at least eighteen, though tradition makes him older. After engagement a girl continued to live some time with her parents, preparing for the marriage feast, which took place when the bridegroom came, and, amid a rejoicing escort of youths and maidens,

brought the bride to his own house and lifted her across the threshold.

Whose name was Joseph (27). Joseph signifies "increase," and Bl. Albert the Great, commenting upon this name, says: "Most fittingly is this name applied to him who in the divine plan was increased greatly, both as regards himself, as regards others, and in regard to God, by augment of virtues, by celebrity of renown, by the respect and love of men, by intimate association with the Mother of God, and by being the foster-father of Christ."¹

Of the House of David (27). According to the text this phrase may refer directly not to Joseph but to Mary, reading consequently: ". . . to a virgin of the House of David, espoused to a man named Joseph." Throughout the centuries of previous Hebrew history prophetic voices had ever more and more definitely proclaimed the line of carnal descent of the Saviour of the Jews and of mankind. Abraham kneeling before the altar on which he had been prepared to sacrifice Isaac his only son, heard God's words: "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed!" (Gen. xxii., 18). Juda, in Egypt, standing beside the death couch of his father Jacob, heard the latter's testament prophecy: "The sceptre shall not be taken away from Juda, nor ruler from his thigh, until he come that is to be sent, and he shall be The Expected of nations" (Gen. xlix., 10). Later the Prophet Isaias, consoling the nation in captivity, promises that "there shall come forth a shoot out of the root of Jesse, and a flower shall rise up out of his stock" (Is. xi., 1). Finally Ethan the Ezrahite, in Psalm lxxxviii., 4, 5, 27, 28, 30, 36, recalled the solemn oath of God:

"I have made a covenant with my chosen one;
I have sworn to David my servant:
'Thy house I will establish forever
And I will build up thy throne
Unto generation and generation. . . .
He shall cry out to Me:
'Thou art my Father, my God,
And the support of my salvation.'
And I will make him My first-born,
High above the kings of the earth.
And I will make his house to endure forevermore,
And his throne as the days of heaven. . . .
Once I have sworn by My holiness:
I will not lie unto David:
His house shall endure forever.'"

And then, as had also been foretold, the drear days of Israel's decadence had come; David's descendants had forsaken God's law and had not walked in His judgments and had not kept His command-

¹ In Lépiciér, *De S. to Joseph*, p. 48.

ments. And God's threats had been fulfilled. He had indeed "visited their iniquities with a rod and punished their sins with stripes." The House of David had fallen so low that among its last scions were a poor girl dwelling far from the royal city, and a lowly artisan of Nazareth. Yet His "mercy the Lord had not taken away, nor suffered His truth to fail" (Ps. lxxxviii., 31-34). And now, mindful of His promise, God would once more through its most virtuous members, raise up and exalt the House of David and set up "its throne as the sun before Him, and as the moon, to endure forever" (Ps. lxxxviii., 38).

And the virgin's name was Mary (27). Etymologically the derivation of this name is undecided, and the variety of plausible interpretations that have arisen about it, seems in itself to insinuate that so diverse and universal are Our Lady's excellencies that no single and simple name could successfully comprehend their characterization. According to one derivation, favored by St. John Damascene, Mary signifies "Mistress, Lady," being allied to St. Paul's Aramaic expression, "Maranatha—the Lord cometh." Hence the common appellation of Mary as "Our Lady." A variation of this would make Mary be the same as "Mistress or Lady of the Sea," the latter symbolizing, as Lépiciér notes, the present life of man, ever tossing in vicissitudes of change and fraught with perils of reefs and wreckstrewn rocks. St. Jerome seems to prefer to derive "Mary" from a root signifying "bitterness," compounded with "sea"; therefore "a sea of bitterness." In connection herewith may be quoted the words of Noemi to her countrywomen of Bethlehem: "Call me not Noemi [that is, beautiful], but call me Mara [that is, bitter], for the Almighty hath quite filled me with bitterness" (Ruth i., 20). "Star of the Sea" is another favorite interpretation consecrated by the Church in the hymn, "Ave, Maris Stella." Bl. Albert the Great remarks in this connection: "Rightly is Mary compared to a star, for as the latter sends forth its rays without harm to itself, so Mary gave birth to her Son without the loss of her virginity. . . . She is indeed a brilliant and wondrous star shining with merits, lighting the way by her example, raised far above this broad and turbulent sea." Lastly recent interpreters give authority to the meaning of "the rebellious or obstinate one," grounding themselves on an incident in the life of the similarly named sister of Moses, as related in the Book of Numbers (chap. xii.).

Beautifully has Lépiciér summed up the three chief significations attached to Our Lady's name: "In the first place, Mary, by becoming Mother of the Incarnate Word, became also sovereign and mistress of the universe. Furthermore, since she was destined by God to co-operate with Jesus Christ in the ransom of the human race, she

had to suffer the greatest torments which a pure creature ever endured. Lastly, by virtue of her Immaculate Conception, she was the first person to shake off the unhallowed yoke of the evil one, and thus in her own person to offer to God the firstfruits of Redemption. The name of Mary, therefore, is at one time synonymous with her unrivaled greatness, of her fathomless sorrows and of her splendid victories." ²

And the angel being come in (28). The apocryphal Gospel of James represents the Annunciation as taking place at a well outside Nazareth, whither Mary had gone to draw water. But the verb used in this text, *eiseldon*, implies that Our Lady was at this time in some chamber of her house, as she is correctly pictured in the miraculous image preserved in the Servite Church of the Nunziata at Florence.

Said unto her: "Hail, full of grace!" (28). "Hail" here paraphrases for St. Luke's readers the ordinary ancient Hebrew greeting formula: "Peace to thee!" But the next appellative, "full of grace," is an expression unique in its application to Mary. Only in one other passage of the New Testament is the verb *charitôo*, from which this participle comes, to be found (Eph. i., 6), and as used there it has not the intense and completed force it has here. In other passages where the English translation reads "full of grace," as: "Stephen, full of grace and fortitude, did great wonders . . ." (Acts vi., 8; John i., 14), the text uses a more common construction.

What, then, is the meaning of this singular title applied to Mary, at which, according to the following verse, she "was troubled"? Was it applied to her because of the Incarnation? This had yet to take place. Was it because of her divine maternity? This was still problematic, while the verb implies a state already attained. Undiminished fullness is denoted; grace is predicated as co-extensive with Mary's whole being, and not even a time limit is set (the participle being in the definite perfect form); it is stated of Mary that during her whole existence she was throughout the entire extent of her being, filled with grace. Hence she must have been so even at the first moment of that existence; therefore, according to this text, Mary must have been conceived without original sin. The angel greets her with the title by which even at that moment, before the Incarnation, she was unique among mankind: the Immaculate Conception. Thus also the Bull "Ineffabilis," defining this dogma, cites the above text as its strongest Scripture basis: "The fathers and writers of the Church, reflecting that the Blessed Virgin was called 'full of grace' by Gabriel at God's own bidding . . . taught that by this unique and solemn greeting, heard nowhere else, it was shown that Mary

² "Fairest Flower," p. 15.

was the seat of all divine graces, adorned with all the gifts of the Holy Ghost, yea, that she was an almost infinite treasure and an inexhaustible abyss of these gifts, so that having never been subject to the curse, and ever a sharer with her Son of perpetual blessing, she rightly deserved to hear from Elizabeth, who was moved by the Holy Ghost, the words: 'Blessed art thou among women, and blessed the fruit of thy womb.' " Thus it is that from the hour of the angelic greeting all sinful children of Adam cry out to the spotless Mother of the Redeemer, in the words of the poet:

"Woman above all women glorified!
Our tainted nature's solitary boast:
Purer than foam on central ocean tost,
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak
With fancied roses—than th' unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast,
Thy image falls to earth." (Wordsworth)

The mystery of the Incarnation, then, had for its fitting prelude the revelation of the mystery of the Immaculate Conception.

The Lord is with thee (28). These words are frequently used in Old Testament greeting formulas, but there always rather as a friendly wish, "the Lord be with thee!" But in this passage the words have been constantly interpreted as a statement, continuing in Hebrew parallel the foregoing thought. God, who is soon to be bodily in Mary, is already present and has been from her very beginning present in her being by His grace, in an unsurpassed degree of intensity.

Blessed art thou among women (28). Since the best authorities concur in considering these words here as interpolation of Elizabeth's praise, comment upon them is omitted here.

Who having heard was troubled at his saying and thought with herself what manner of salutation this might be (29). Unlike Zachary in the Temple, Mary was not disturbed at the sight of the angel. But her unclouded intellect illumined by the all-revealing light of the Holy Spirit, grasped instantaneously the tremendous import of the vast revelation just made to her, namely, that her nature had been dignified with the most exalted privilege ever accorded to a child of Adam, that she had been conceived without the least stain of sin. The Immaculate Conception, being a fact of the purely supernatural and gratuitous order, could not have been known for certain even to Mary, except by divine revelation. And this revelation had just been made in the words, "full of grace." The lowly maiden of Galilee, the lily of the valley of Nazareth, realizing, in proportion to the greatness of her sanctity, the abasement of her personal nothingness before God, was loathe to accept this supreme encomium. Her humility dared not raise its eyes to contemplate the

vista of glory that had been opened before her. And then, as she turned this word over in her mind, a deep awe and apprehension seized upon her soul, of what other far-reaching divine decrees, as yet unknown to her, this greeting might be the prognostication. Well did Mary realize that in the plans of Providence "unto whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required" (Luke xii., 48); well might she shudder in reverent dread of the full contents of the message to which the revelation of this astounding mystery was the opening prelude.

And the angel said to her: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God" (30). To reassure and calm the troubled virgin, the angel calls her, not by her previous glorious title, but by the familiar name of Mary.

The present verse is paralleled in the announcement to Zachary: "Fear not, Zachary, for thy prayer is heard" (Luke i., 13). From this and from the fact that the expression, "to find grace with," is constantly used in the Old Testament in connection with requesting or granting favors (Gen. xviii., 3; xix., 19; xxxiii., 15; Exod. xxxiii., 12, etc.), it would seem to mean: "Be not disturbed, Mary, for God has granted thy petition." Now, what may have been the object of Mary's continual pleading before the throne of the Almighty, which merited having an angel announce its accomplishment? What else could it have been than the sublimated and intensified prayer of all the holy ones of the Old Testament, expressed so poetically by Isaias: "Drop Him down as dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One; let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour" (xlv., 8)? In this sense St. Bernard comments: "Mary is the one who obtained the reparation of the whole world, who besought the salvation of all. For it is clear that she was concerned with the salvation of all mankind when it was said to her: 'Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God'—the favor, indeed, which thou wast ever asking for."*

Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb and shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus (31). Phrase by phrase, changing only the person to one of direct address, the angel follows the wording of the great birth prophecy of Isaias (vii., 14): "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and she shall call His name God-with-us." There can be no uncertainty left in the mind of the maiden of Nazareth, as to the import of the angel's visitation. At his allusion there now rose before her Scripture-steeped mind the memorable and fatal day when King Achaz, like herself of the House of David, was superintending the preparations of defense of Jerusalem as against Damascus, near the end of "the aqueduct of the

* Serm. 4 de Assump.

Upper Pool, beside the road to the Fuller's Field." For, on that day and in that place Israel, through its rulers, formally set its feet upon the fearful road that led to the judgment hall of Pilate and ended at Golgotha. For Achaz insolently refused the help God proffered, and turned rather to Egypt, to men. Thereupon God rejected the House of David in a dreadful curse, which at the same time reiterated more definitely than ever the promise of a Redeemer who, for the last time, would put to a test of faith the God-forsaken Hebrew race.

Mary now understood that she was to be the woman of whom it had been foretold in Genesis (iii., 15) that she would crush the serpent's head, the wondrous new creation God had shown Jeremias (xxxi., 22), the "woman who would compass a man," that she who, according to Micheas (v., 3), had been in labor since the promise in Paradise, would now at length give birth.

He shall be great, and shall be called Son of the Most High (32). In the solemn pulsating rhythm of ancient Hebrew poetry the angel proceeds to outline the nature and functions of the Virgin's Child. "He shall be great," that is, He shall be the absolute Great One, God, according to the Psalmist's "Great is the Lord . . . and of His greatness there shall be no end (cxliv., 3). "And shall be called the Son of the Most High," that is, translating the Hebraism: "He shall be the Son of God," again echoing the Psalm (ii., 7): "The Lord hath said: 'Thou art My Son; this day have I begotten Thee,' " in which last clause the eternal procession of the Son from the Father is clearly indicated.

And the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David His father (32). Having proclaimed the divinity of the nature of Mary's future Son, the angel now goes on to indicate His earthly functions as Messiah, Saviour. This description is embodied in the symbolism of the promised reconstitution of the Davidic dynasty in an enlarged spiritual sense. "'Behold the days come,' saith the Lord, 'that I will perform the good word that I have spoken to the House of Israel and to the House of David. In those days and in that time I will make the Bud of Justice to spring forth unto David'" (Jer. xxxiii., 14-16). "And I will set up one Shepherd over them; . . . even my servant David. He shall feed them and he shall be their shepherd. And I the Lord will be their God, and My servant David the Prince in the midst of them" (Ezech. xxxiv., 23-24). And soon indeed shall the righteous of Israel be able to exclaim in the exultant sentences of Isaias: "A Child is born to us, and a Son is given to us, and the government shall be upon His shoulder. And His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Father of the World to Come, Prince of Peace. Of the greatness of His government and of His peace there shall be no end. He shall sit upon the throne of

David and be placed over his kingdom to establish it and to strengthen it with justice and with judgment from henceforth even forever."

And He shall reign in the House of Jacob forever (32). As the preceding clause emphasized the royal dignity of the Saviour to come, so the present one indicates the universality of the Messianic reign, implied by the twelve sons of Jacob, forebears of the Twelve Tribes. For the dynasty of David during the greater part of its existence governed but two of the Twelve Tribes, since ten of these, constituting the northern kingdom of Ephraim, or Samaria, and symbolizing the Gentiles, had seceded from their co-nationals after the reign of Solomon. But under the Messias' regnancy all the children of the ancient promises given Jacob, last of the Patriarchs, shall once more be united, as the Prophets foretold. "I will make of them one nation . . . and one King shall be king over them. And they shall no more be two peoples, neither shall they be divided any more into kingdoms. . . . They shall be my people and I will be their God. And my servant David shall be King over them, and they shall have one shepherd" (Ezech. xxxvii., 22, 24). It may be noted, moreover, that in Jacob the priestly and royal functions were not yet distinct. Thus the union of these two dignities in the Messias is also implied by His ruling over the House of Jacob forever.

And of His Kingdom there shall be no end (33). First is Mary of mortals to hear the glorious title of the great spiritual Messianic organization, called constantly in the Gospels "the Kingdom of God" or "the Kingdom of Heaven." And this kingdom over which her Son should reign and of which she herself should be the Queen, should endure, not for some centuries, as did David's earthly government, but unto all days of eternity. Well were its glories summed up in the surpassing rhapsody of Isaias: "Lift up thy eyes, O Jerusalem, round about, and see: All these are gathered together, are come to thee. Thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side.

"Then shalt thou see and flow together, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged,

When the multitude like the sea shall be turned unto thee
And the armies of Gentiles shall come over to thee. . . .

Therefore thy gates shall be open continually;

They shall not be shut day nor night. . . .

I will make thee an everlasting glory,

A joy unto generation and generation.

Thy sun shall no more go down, nor thy moon decrease,

For the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light,

And the days of thy mourning shall be ended." (Is. lx., pas.)

And Mary said to the angel: "How shall this be done, because I know not man?" (34). Zachary, in the Temple, burst out in the

bluntness of his unbelief: "Whereby shall I know this?" demanding a present sensible sign as a guarantee of truthfulness from the divine messenger. Mary's meek objection implies no doubt of the angel's veracity, for, in reference to this very announcement, it is later said to her by Elizabeth: "Blessed art thou that hast believed!" (Luke i., 45), in contrast to Zachary, who refused credence. Mary's question, then, simply lays before the angel the apparent irreconcilability of conception with her perpetual virginity, which latter is expressed in the Hebrew euphemism, "because I know not man."

But was not Mary already aware from the prophecies that the Mother of the Messiah should be a virgin? Of several, Lépiciér's solution of this difficulty seems preferable. According to this, on account of the obscurity of the Old Testament prophecies in their details, despite their definiteness in essentials, it was not clear to Mary's mind whether or not she should remain a virgin in and after her conception. As St. Ambrose notes: "Rightly did she inquire how this might be brought about. For she had read that a virgin should bring forth, but she had not read how she would bring forth. She had read: 'Behold a virgin shall conceive'; how she would conceive was first announced by the angel in the Gospel." ⁴

This hypothesis, while in no wise derogatory to Mary's knowledge, raises to the sublimest heights her love of virginity—a characteristic which St. Luke everywhere stresses. Taken in that sense, Mary's question shows her willing to forego the unparalleled dignity of divine maternity, if the latter should prove incompatible with perpetual virginity, and it were not God's wish to insist on the sacrifice of the last. In this attitude of mind her principle would be that which St. Paul quotes as from Christ's lips: "It is a more blessed thing to give rather than to receive" (Acts xxx., 35). Divine maternity, indeed, having affinity with the hypostatic union, was absolutely a good of a higher order than virginity, a moral virtue. Yet it was also a good which Mary would be receiving gratis from God. On the other hand, by her virginity, implying sacrifice and, in this case, sacrifice of the highest honor of which a human creature is capable, Mary would be offering to God her entire being. And, "it is a more blessed thing to give, rather than to receive," because the former implies greater love.

Because I know not man (34b). The difficulty arising in Mary's mind in face of the honor of becoming Mother of the Saviour, could not have arisen from natural impossibility, it is clear; nor from any positive legal enactment, for she was already engaged to be married. Therefore it could have its origin only in a vow of virginity. Only an unconditional vow could, under the circumstances, be considered a

⁴ *Expos. in Luc.*, I., iii.

valid objection. For a vow partakes somewhat of the nature of a bilateral contract, and the person who has vowed is not free to perform acts of even greater virtue if such acts should infringe upon the matter of his vow, unless God declares otherwise. For justice goes before generosity. But the acceptance of the divine maternity had not been a command, but only an offer. Its terms may be translated into our idiom: "Lo, thou art to conceive in thy womb and to bring forth a Son, and thou art to call His name Jesus" (Luke i., 31). Consequently, Mary makes clear her position to God's messenger, wishing to know in return whether God, in case He desired the natural accomplishment of His plan, would release her from the obligation she had previously solemnly contracted with Him, and which was incompatible with the natural carrying out of the present suggestion—or whether God in His omniscience and omnipotence had in mind the realization of the same in some manner compatible with her vow. Hence Mary's question: "How shall this be brought about?"

And the angel answering said to her: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee" (35). God's gifts are without repentance. He who had inspired Mary to make her vow of virginity will now preserve that same virginity by a most stupendous miracle, in order to keep inviolate the vow in naturally incompatible circumstances. Not even the slightest breath of carnal change shall make to tremble the rich white lily of Mary's purity. Only the cool shadow of God's awesome presence shall for an instant rest upon it, to make it fecund with the seed that shall germinate and grow up into the mighty tree of the world's life.

And this fecundation of the virgin, like all other exterior works of God, is the operation of the Three Persons of the Trinity; nevertheless, it is ascribed more particularly to the Third: the Holy Ghost, the Life-Giver. As it was this heavenly Dove that, brooding over the formless waters of primeval chaos, imparted order and life in the first great work of God, Creation, so this same vivifying Spirit shall descend upon the flesh of Mary, unstained by man, as was the earth in its beginning. As sinless Eve was formed from Adam without man's intervention, so the Second Adam shall be formed by God directly from the untainted body of her who was to be in greater truth, "Mother of all the Living." And as the glory-flames bringing the Divine Presence came down at the dedication of the Temple of Solomon (II. Par. vii., 3) without hurt or harm to its structure, so the fire of the Holy Spirit shall fall upon the frail flesh of the virgin and consecrate it into a living Temple of the Almighty.

And the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee (35). While primarily but a parallelic repetition of the preceding idea, that

Mary's conception should be brought about by the Holy Ghost, the hidden metaphors and allusions of this clause accentuate yet more the ineffable manner of that conception. For the expression, "overshadow," brought to Mary's mind a vision of the Shekinah-cloud hovering over the Tabernacle, by which God's permanent presence was sensibly manifested to the Israelites in the desert (Exod. xix., 9; xxxiii., 9). Perhaps Mary also recalled how Incarnate Wisdom says of Itself in Ecclesiasticus (xxiv., 6-7): "As a cloud I covered all the land: I dwelt in the highest places, and my throne is in a pillar of a cloud."

In Mary's sinless conception there was to be no fatal reason-deranging heat of concupiscence and no earth-fire of carnal passion, but the Holy Ghost, whose synonym is "Power of God," was to pass over her as a cool cloud which, floating over a field, protects it from scorching summer heat and fructifies its soil with refreshing rain. As in future days the shadow of St. Peter worked miracles wherever it fell, so now the shadow of God's passing shall operate the Incarnation.

And therefore also the Holy One which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God (35). The words standing in the text for "The Holy One," may also be translated adverbially, giving them a meaning more consonant with the previous context, which tended to emphasize the absolute purity of Mary's conception. Thus the text would read: "And that which shall be begotten holily, shall be called 'Son of God.'" The last phrase is of course again a Hebraism for "shall be the Son of God." Once more the angel answers Mary's question as to how this conception might be brought about despite her vow of virginity. For the Child to be born of her is to have no earthly father, but He is to be, even in human language, Son of God alone.

And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren (36). Zachary had asked for a sign to authorize his belief—and received the punishment sign of dumbness. Mary had not requested supernatural evidence to give present confirmation of the wondrous things she was asked to believe. She had but asked how their accomplishment would be reconciled with her vow of virginity. Now, to reward her faith, the angel offers her a sign which in itself was a joyful prognostication that his promises to her were true. For if God made miraculously fruitful the sterile womb of Elizabeth, surely He would likewise make a virgin conceive without harm to her virginity.

Because no word shall be impossible with God (37). Hebrew usage does not finely distinguish between a thing and the oral sign

thereof, the word. Thus later the shepherds say to each other after the angel's message: "Let us go over to Bethlehem and *see this word* which has come to pass" (Luke ii., 15). The sense, then, of the present passage is: "Nothing is impossible with God." This is the summary of all the angel had said in answer to Mary's difficulty proposed. What God wishes to have done He will also find a means of doing, employing, if necessary, a miracle.

And Mary said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to Thy word" (38). The angel has spoken, and now God and the universe wait in suspense while Mary prepares to answer. In the words of St. Bernard: "O holy Virgin! all men of all times have their eyes fixed on thee. The price of our Redemption is offered; we shall soon be saved if thou wilt but give consent. With one word thou canst help us. And for that plead Adam and his descendants exiled with him from Paradise. All are prostrate at thy feet, because the consolation of those in misery, the freedom of the captive, the salvation of the whole world, depends upon thee." Terrible is the thought that the coming of the Saviour, the restitution of mankind, the Incarnation of God, should be conditioned upon the assent of a girl of Nazareth. Her "yes" was to mark the close of the saddest half of the world's history, the fulfilling of all prophecies, the crisis of all ages. But, as by the perverse free will of the first Eve humanity had been ruined, so only by the blest free consent of the second Eve was it to be restored.

The question arises: Was Mary's choice in the matter easy to make? Was it a case of mere acceptance of an ineffable favor, or were there personal and other reasons strongly urging to the contrary? On reflection it would seem that Mary's choice was most difficult. For, in the first place, what was about to be accomplished in her was entirely supernatural. Mary had, it is true, the angel's solemn assurance that her conception should leave inviolate her virginity. But how would men know this, and how would they judge her? Above all, how would he whom she had formally promised to marry, Joseph, who knew of her vow of virginity, look upon her? Would he not be obliged by all reasonable evidence to consider and repudiate her as the vilest of her sex, when he should find her, his affianced bride, for whose sake he too, had bound himself to perpetual chastity, to be with child? Even if Mary's humility had permitted her to reveal the sublime mysteries divinely worked in her, who would believe such a tale? What is dearest to every woman, her good name and honor, was about to be compromised. It was even possible that through mistaken zeal she should be seized as an adulteress to be stoned to death, according to the legislation of the Mosaic code (Lev. xx., 10; Deut. xxii., 22), as happened in the case of

Susanna, rescued by Daniel, and as was about to happen to the poor woman whom Christ saved from the hypocritical zeal of the Pharisees.

But, with this problem unsolved, yet other difficulties rose before Mary's mind, prospects of suffering and pain unparalleled. For she whose soul entered fully into the great phases of ancient prophecy, must thoroughly have realized that to become Mother of the Messiah implied becoming Mother of the Man of Sorrows. She knew that the Saviour would come to His own and His own would receive Him not, for Jeremias had said of Him: "O Expected of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why wilt thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man turning aside to lodge?" (Jer. xiv., 8-9). Dimly, but all the more dreadful for their vagueness had the life-sufferings of the Saviour, the Servant of Yahweh, been sketched by Isaías: "There is no beauty in Him nor comeliness; and we have seen Him and there was no sightliness that we should be desirous of Him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. And His appearance was as it were hidden and despised, whereupon we esteemed Him not. . . . We accounted Him stricken and smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our iniquities; He was bruised for our sins. . . . He was led as a lamb to the slaughter" (Is. liii., *passim*). In the person of the Psalmist, the Messiah had said of Himself (Ps. xxi., 7): "I am a worm and no man: the reproach of man and the outcast of the people. All they that saw Me have laughed Me to scorn." Appalling, then, in its forebodings of sorrow, suffering, disgrace, gloom, did this vision of the Saviour's life-work rise like a threatening storm-cloud before Mary's spiritual vision. She realized that she, too, would have to participate in that life of suffering, that many and many a time "weeping she would weep in the night, and her tears would be wet upon her cheeks" (Lam. i., 2), and that, as Mother of the Man of Sorrows, she would also herself be the Mother of Sorrows.

But when her choice had been made, what was Mary's answer? Utter obedience, utter resignation: "Behold the handmaid, the slave, of the Lord who rules all: be it done to me according to Thy word." In the sentence by which she became Mother of the Saviour, Mary sounded the keynote of her life: unconditional and complete resignation to God; perfect conformity to the divine Will. As the Son was later to say of Himself that He came into the world not to do His own will, but the will of His Father, so the Mother calls herself the handmaid, the slave, of whom God may dispose as He lists; as the Son at the time of His deepest abasement made an offering of Himself to His Father, saying: "Not My will but Thine be done," so Mary now, having in view all the possible and certain painful conse-

quences of her act, hands over her whole being to her Creator, to be dealt with according to His good pleasure. As Eve's pride, unbelief and disobedience had been the beginning of sin and the cause of the curse, so now Mary's humility, faith and obedience became the source of blessing and salvation.

And the angel departed from her (38). His mission accomplished, Gabriel disappeared, as if out of reverence for the mystery which his announcement had just brought about. Mary had now become exalted vast distances above him in dignity. At the instant in which the Holy Spirit by His omnipotent power formed from the virginal blood of Mary the body of Christ, and a most magnificent soul, newly created, was joined thereto, Mary became really related to the Trinity, for in that same instant the Second Person of that ever blessed Trinity assumed as His own the body and soul thus produced and created, and Mary became Mother of God in an even truer sense than any other woman ever became mother of an earthly child. For Mary alone had given of her substance to the formation of that sacred body. The creature now encompassed the Creator.

Before this sublime paradox the angels' mighty intellects, which from the beginning of creation have been sounding the abysses of God's perfections and mysteries, fall back in dumfounded awe. Their tireless, sweeping wings fold faint before they compass the expanse of this mystery. The Seraphim, that chant the triple "Holy!" veil their faces before God; the Cherubim, that bear the chariot of His power, dare not look upon His majesty. "Blessed," says St. Ephrem, "are they who from them learn to honor, to praise and to be silent in awe-filled astonishment before the mysteries of Divinity."

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SUPERSTITION

THE hardened materialist professes to believe in nothing but what he can see and feel. He says that the Catholic is superstitious because he believes in many things that he can neither see nor feel. The Catholic believes in God, in the soul, in a future life, in heaven and in hell, and as none of these things can at present be seen or felt, the Catholic is clearly superstitious. The ordinary Protestant too agrees that the Catholic is guilty of superstition. For the Catholic believes in the Mass, in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament and in Purgatory, and to the ordinary Protestant all these beliefs are superstitious.

However, it is of no great interest to us to know that Catholics are superstitious in the opinion of materialists and Protestants. The religious views of materialists and Protestants do not command universal respect. What is of more importance is to know whether there is any ground in reality and in truth for saying that Catholics are superstitious.

All moral virtue consists of a mean between two extremes, a golden mean between two vicious extremes. Liberality, for example, is the virtue which should be our guide in the use of money. It teaches us when reasonably to spend money and when to exercise thrift. We can fall away from the virtue of liberality by inclining either to the extreme of defect or to the extreme of excess. If we fall into the extreme of defect we become avaricious, greedy, stingy. If we fall into the opposite extreme of excess, we become prodigal and spendthrift. There are people who cannot keep money, if they have any they must spend it somehow. It seems to burn a hole in their pockets.

Again, the virtue of meekness teaches us how to control our temper. The man who possesses this virtue is never angry but when he should be angry, and he is never more angry than the occasion requires. But it is easy to fall into vicious extremes, either from defect or excess. The man falls into the extreme of defect in meekness who gives way to anger for little or no reason, or if there be a reason, he cannot govern his temper and he allows it to become excessive. It is a rarer vice, but still it sometimes happens that a man suffers from excess of meekness. He is too placid, too yielding, and does not get angry even when there is good cause for it. "Be angry and sin not."

The virtue of religion teaches us to worship the true God, and

what sort of worship we ought to render Him. It is the highest and the most important of all the moral virtues, for it teaches us our first and most important duty, which is to fulfil our obligations to our Creator and Lord, to whom we owe our being and all things. Like all other moral virtues, religion has two vicious extremes. On the side of defect the man sins who does not acknowledge God or worship Him. He has no time for religion, or he is not interested in it, it does not appeal to him.

But it is also possible to sin against religion by excess, and excess in religion is the vice of superstition. The very form of the word is an indication of this excess. It may be committed either by giving divine worship to a creature, or by giving the true God a worship which He does not want and which is displeasing to Him.

Not only idolaters, who worship idols, but spiritualists and necromancers are guilty of the sin of superstition. For spiritualists and necromancers seek by unlawful means to unlock secrets which God for wise reasons does not wish them to know. "When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God shall give thee, beware lest thou have a mind to imitate the abominations of those nations. Neither let there be found among you any one that shall expiate his son or daughter, making them to pass through the fire; or that consulteth soothsayers, or observeth dreams, and omens. Neither let there be any wizard, nor charmer, nor any one that consulteth pythonic spirits or fortune tellers; or that seeketh the truth from the dead." *

The practices of spiritualists are then forbidden by God, and they are a virtual invitation to evil spirits to intervene in the lives of men. Spiritualists have dealings with evil spirits who are the enemies of God. They are guilty of treason against Him and of trafficking with His enemies. Moreover, although the messages received through spiritualism may sometimes be true, yet they are often false, and frequently it is impossible to distinguish whether they are true or false.

In other words, the beliefs and practices of spiritualists are a kind of false religion, they are rightly called superstitious beliefs and practices.

On the other hand, religious beliefs and practices which are in accordance with truth and reality cannot be superstitious. But where shall we find truth, where shall we come in touch with reality in religion? It is here that we are confronted with Jesus Christ. The main question addressed to each one of us is, "What think you of Christ?" No one is so arresting as He. We may quickly pass over all other religious teachers until we come to Him.

* Deut. xviii., 9-11.

When we have come to Him we may well pause, meditate and try to understand. It is well worth while.

He came, He said, to give testimony to the truth. He came to teach the world in sore need of the lesson what was the truth in religion. His example and His teaching show us the Way, the Truth and the Life in religion. One that follows Him walketh not in darkness. One who believes what Jesus Christ taught and strives to put those lessons in practice cannot fall into superstition. To fall into superstition is to commit sin and in so far to turn one's back on Jesus Christ.

But Jesus Christ lived and taught two thousand years ago. How are we of the twentieth century to know what was the teaching of Jesus Christ? Are we to wait until the critics have finished their labors?

One of the wonderful characteristics about Jesus Christ was that He saw the need of providing a safe guide for future generations and devoted the chief part of his labors and care to providing such a guide. From the earliest days of His public ministry He began to preach the good news that the Kingdom of God was to be established immediately. He laid down the principles on which the Kingdom of God was to be founded. He gradually explained what the Kingdom of God was to be like. He identified the Kingdom of God with His Church, and He claimed to be the Builder of His Church Himself. His Church was a society, a fellowship, a corporate body, a city set on a hill. It was not a mere crowd of followers who professed to believe in Him. It was an organized body of men, joined together by common beliefs, ordering their lives by well-recognized rules, worshiping one God in the same way, living for the same end, subject to the same authority. While He lived on earth, Jesus Christ Himself was King over and ruled in person the Kingdom of God. But He knew that He was to remain with His Church on earth visibly present only for a little while. He made provision for its government and perpetuity to the end of time by appointing a Vicar to rule His Church in His place. He gave His Vicar full authority to fulfil the charge laid upon him. "He that heareth you heareth Me, he that despiseth you despiseth Me, and he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me. If he will not hear the Church let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." Jesus Christ knew perfectly well what an almost intolerable burden He laid on a man's shoulders when He made him His Vicar. He fully knew what was in man, his ignorance, his weakness, and his liability to go wrong. But He provided against all dangers. "Behold," He said, "I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world. The gates of

hell, the powers of evil, shall never prevail against My Church, founded as it is on a rock."

If anything is clear in the Gospel narratives about the intentions and designs of Jesus Christ, His intention and design to found a Church, of which I have just given a brief sketch, is clear. Moreover, that intention and design have been realized. The Catholic Church of history is in all essential points the realization of the intention and design of Jesus Christ as we find them in the Gospels. If we consider the wonderful nature of the design, and the circumstances in which it was realized, together with its miraculous endurance and striking vitality, we shall be forced to come to a conclusion to which we are driven by many other considerations. In Jesus Christ we have one who is more than man, and in His Church there is something more than human.

If we are warranted in following Jesus Christ and accepting Him as a safe guide in what concerns religion, we are also warranted in accepting the teaching and guidance of the Catholic Church in matters pertaining to religion. To follow and accept the Church is to follow and accept Jesus Christ. It is impossible to fall into superstition by following the teaching of Jesus Christ. It is equally impossible to fall into superstition by following the teaching and adopting the religious practices of the Catholic Church. A Catholic, then, who believes what the Catholic Church teaches, and practices his religion as she wishes him to practice it, cannot thereby be guilty of superstition; he is saved from falling into that vice.

However, poor human nature is prone to go wrong. Some Catholics give way to drink or dishonesty, but they do this not because they are Catholics, but in spite of their being Catholics. Their religion condemns these vices and the Church does all she can to preserve her members from falling into them. Others occasionally fall into the sin of superstition, not because they are Catholics, but in spite of their being Catholics. Here again the Church does all that she can to preserve her children from falling into superstition. But it is not easy always to keep to the golden mean. Sometimes even faith becomes subject to abnormal growths and superstition is the result. In consequence a Catholic is not content to believe all that the Church teaches and what there is sufficient evidence for. His faith becomes credulity and makes him too ready to accept as true what there is not sufficient evidence for. But he does this not because he is a Catholic, but in spite of his being a Catholic. Outside the sphere of religion as taught by the Catholic Church, the Catholic as such is just like other men. Occasionally again a Catholic may be guilty of some superstition in the use of

objects blessed by the Church such as holy water or medals. The Church desires such things to be used with confidence in the prayers of the Church with which they were blessed. Sometimes an ill-instructed Catholic may use them in a too mechanical and material way without entering into the spirit of the Church. In so far as this is done a greater or less sin of superstition will be committed.

But such faults committed by some ill-instructed Catholics are ordinarily slight and trivial. They do nobody any very great harm, though they are wrong and should be avoided.

Far more serious and dangerous are the sins of superstition committed by necromancers and spiritualists. Superstition is not a vice peculiar to some of those who profess religious beliefs. Superstition often flourishes where religion has never existed or has decayed.

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HILAIRE BELLOC AND CARDINAL NEWMAN

WHY is it that Hilaire Belloc fills the present age in Catholic literature just as Newman filled the epoch of Victoria? What is it that makes Belloc's writings as hated and feared and admired by the agnostic and Protestant world as were the writings of Cardinal Newman? It is not the mere accident that Belloc attended Newman's school when Newman was still actively directing it. It is the fact that Belloc, like Newman, combines penetration and versatility, that he can go to the depths of his chosen subject, which is history, and yet can write in all styles and about many subjects. Belloc is a novelist, short-story writer, historian, economist, political philosopher, poet, essayist and biographer. Newman's versatility is equally evinced by his novels, essays, historical sketches, theological and philosophical monographs and by his poetry. Perhaps Belloc may be considered even more versatile than Newman because he writes history from the viewpoint of an economist and tactician as well as from the viewpoint of a literary artist.

It is remarkable that Belloc's work has not only a range equal or superior to Newman's, but that their choice of subjects nearly coincides. Both will live in history as historians, Newman as one of the greatest authorities on the history of the fourth century after Christ and Belloc as one of the foremost authorities on the French Revolution. As historians they are attracted by certain periods and subjects: the breakdown of central power in imperial Rome, the fight against the Saracen and the Turk, the so-called Reformation, the survival of Ireland as a Catholic country, the Romanizing and Catholicizing of Europe and the history of the Jews. Now it is a commonplace of literary criticism that Newman's treatment of these subjects is so subtle that it puts him among the great historians. I believe that in these very subjects Belloc is even more sagacious than Newman. It can hardly be denied, then, that if Belloc is more subtle than Newman, and that if Newman's subtlety gained him a high place in literature, Belloc is at least as great a writer as Newman. But before explaining how Belloc is a greater historian than Newman, I must show that Newman and Belloc are at one in deriving our civilization from Greece and Rome and the Catholic Church.

Both assert and prove that our civilization comes from Catholicism, not from Christianity. Both realize that unless the term "Christianity" is used as a synonym for "Catholicism" it corre-

sponds to no objective reality. Therefore Belloc once wrote an essay to prove how unhistorical is the word "Christianity." And in one of his later books, "Europe and the Faith," he says: "The conception which the Catholic Church had of itself in the early third century, can, perhaps, best be approached, by pointing out that if we use the word 'Christianity' we are unhistorical. 'Christianity' is a term in the mouth and upon the pen of the post-Reformation writer; it connotes an opinion or a theory; a point of view; an idea. The Christians of the time of which I speak had no such conception." Newman says in his "Idea of a University": "Nor do I mean by theology that vague thing called 'Christianity' or 'our common Christianity' or 'Christianity the law of the land' if there is any man alive who can tell what it is." To some Catholics and many Protestants the central thesis of Belloc's "Europe and the Faith," that the Catholic Church preserved and then transformed ancient Rome into modern Europe, seems paradoxical if not heretical. Yet to Newman, Belloc's thesis seemed no paradox, but rather a truism. Thus Newman says in the "Idea of a University": "At one time its (Europe's) territory was flooded by strange and barbarous races, but the existing civilization was vigorous enough to vivify what threatened to stifle it, and to assimilate to the old social forms what came to expel them; and thus the civilization of modern times remains what it was of old, not Chinese or Hindoo, or Mexican or Saracenic, or of any new description hitherto unknown, but the lineal descendant, *mutatis mutandis*, of the civilization which began in Palestine and Greece."

But Belloc is deeper than Newman in his account of the continuity of modern civilization with that of Rome. Belloc, in his "Path to Rome" and "Europe and the Faith," notices not only our spiritual kinship with the Roman Empire, but our material heritage as well. In his essays and histories he is as interested in displaying what we derive from Roman roads, bridges, wines and civil arrangements as from Roman classics and the Catholic Church. A reader of "The Path to Rome" and the "Apologia Pro Vita Sua" cannot fail to notice that Belloc's book is full of references to such material things as bread and cheese, wine and beer, inns and cathedrals, rivers, bridges, roads and forests, while Newman's autobiography is a spiritual Odyssey. "The Path to Rome" is the testament of a citizen of the world who finds himself at home in any place from Algeria to California. Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua" is the chart of a cloistered spirit which was troubled when away from the towers and trees of Oxford. Belloc is so keenly alive to our material continuity with ancient Rome that he has written economic classics such as "The Servile State." Newman

could no more have written that book than he could have written an appreciation of the domestic habits of the amoeba.

A still better test of Belloc's power of probing to the depths of a subject is his account of the so-called Reformation as contrasted with Newman's account. Newman was so intent on describing the intellectual lineaments of Protestantism that he missed the social and economic results of such a creed. We feel this weakness not only in Newman's actual neglect of the economic issues of Protestantism, but even in opportunities for cogent argumentation which he lost through his ignorance of the material side of the so-called Reformation. Thus, in his lectures on "Anglican Difficulties," Newman could have made out a better and truer case for the economic and social position of Catholic countries if he had known enough to deny flatly that the English and German industrialism was progress, if he had known that capitalism is a social disease rather than a sign of social health. Perhaps, however, Newman would never have described the intellectual side of Protestantism so intensively as he does in "The Present Position of Catholics in England" had he extended his inquiry over the economic field as well. But Belloc, without minimizing the intellectual and spiritual results of the so-called Reformation, without minimizing the fact that the new nobility of the Tudors pillaged the monasteries, captured the law courts, the universities and the rising literature of Elizabeth's day, insists besides on the fact that they set up the social plague called capitalism. He shows how those who prated about giving the Bible to the poor, stole the bread of the poor and enclosed the common lands. He shows that the root of England's ill-ease is to be traced to the plutocracy of hard-faced robbers, who supplanted the king after they had helped him plunder the peasants. Belloc narrates how the English Reformation broke the English peasantry, created the English squirearchy and ruined the mediæval democratic institutions. Thus Belloc's sketch of the Reformation in "Europe and the Faith" and "The Servile State" is truer because more comprehensive than Newman's account in "The Present Position of Catholics."

Belloc also gives a truer sketch of the renaissance of Ireland than Newman gives. This Belloc does because he investigates material as well as spiritual origins, while Newman confined himself to the spiritual side. Both Newman and Belloc evinced marvelous penetration in predicting the resurrection of Erin at a time when their contemporaries were prone to sneer at the mere suggestion that Ireland might be destined to a new birth of liberty. Both show great penetration in realizing that Ireland would rise because it had the faith, and nations that have the faith do not die. But Belloc shows

greater penetration, since he showed how Ireland would rise from her ashes, while Newman contented himself with saying that Ireland would rise without specifying the manner of her rising. Newman made a gesture at giving a reason as can be seen from the following words from the "Idea of a University": "It is impossible, gentlemen, to doubt that a future is in store for Ireland. . . . First, there is the circumstance, so highly suggestive . . . that the Irish have been so miserably ill treated and misused hitherto: for, in the times now opening upon us, nationalities are waking into life, and the remotest people can make themselves heard into all the quarters of the earth." But the mere fact of a nation being ill treated for centuries is no proof that it will not continue to be ill treated until the end of the present world. Although the public opinion that Newman speaks of was aroused in the ends of the earth, it did not save Kevin Barry or Mayor MacSwiney or other martyrs of Ireland's last few bloody years. There is, after all, another place than this present world for justice to be satisfied. But Belloc predicted the "how" as well as the "why" of Ireland's resurrection when in his conclusion to the "Servile State," in enumerating the factors that were destined either to wreck or modify slavery in the modern world, he said: "Ireland has decided for a free peasantry, and our generation has seen the solid foundation of that institution laid." We have beheld the triumph of the Irish movement for practical autonomy. And that movement won because it controlled the land and not the industrial centres. Belloc, therefore, was more acute than Newman in the Irish question because he not only saw that Ireland would have a second spring, but because he foresaw the reason why Ireland was destined to arise from her dependence. And hence I do not think that anyone can safely deny Belloc as high a place in the English and Catholic literature of the twentieth century as Newman held in the days of Victoria.

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THE CHURCH AND PEACE MOVEMENTS IN THE PAST¹

THE rôle that the Church has played in initiating and fostering peace movements began in the early morning of that first Christmas Day when the angels sang "Gloria in Excelsis, peace on earth to men of good will." Our separated brethren usually present that angelic song under the form, "Peace and good will to men," but I believe that it is very generally recognized now that the Catholic version exactly represents the authentic form of the angelic hymn. It is this that needs to be recognized above all if the place of the Church with regard to peace among mankind is to be properly appreciated. Peace there will be under churchly guidance to men of good will, that is, to those who really want it, but not to others. Christ came to assume human nature, but not to change it. He came to make it possible for human nature to enjoy a very happy existence here and a happy eternity hereafter, but he did not come to make humanity any different from what it was before. Men and women who care to follow his example and instruction can secure temporal as well as eternal happiness, but not without a struggle with themselves, and it was the Lord Himself who said that He came to bring not peace but a sword.

When the Great War broke out and plunged Europe at least into the bitter conflict that it soon became evident was going to last much longer than anybody had thought at first, and was going to involve many other nations besides those which first took up the conflict, it seemed to a great many people that this represented the failure of Christianity. Indeed there were not a few who hastened to proclaim this failure of Christianity. Some of them said: "We have tried Christianity for nineteen hundred years, and it has failed us. Now let us try something else." To this Gilbert Chesterton in characteristic fashion replied: "The fact of the matter is, we have not tried Christianity for nineteen hundred years, though it has been with us; now let us turn in and try Christianity for a while."

We have been having a world-wide celebration of Dante, the greatest of Christian poets, during the past year, which represented the celebration of the sixth centenary of his death. He is undoubtedly the greatest of Christian poets, though he has been the subject of praise from men of all forms of religious affiliation. It has been said, and with supreme truth, that his great poem, the "Divine Comedy," is just Christianity in poetry, not Christianity in verse,

¹ The material for this article was gathered in preparation for the president's address at the meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association, held at St. Louis, December 27, 28, 29 and 30, 1921.

but in poetry. There is a chorus of praise from all the poets and critics since his time, whenever they have known Dante, that his "Divine Comedy" is the greatest poem ever written. It probably constitutes, humanly speaking, the finest tribute that has ever been paid to Christianity, that when a genius-poet devoted himself to poetizing the Christian religion he created the greatest poem that has ever come from the mind and heart of man. That poem, as Benedetto Croce, the well-known Italian philosopher and critic, recently reminded Americans in the *Yale Review*, is the only one of the supreme poems of the world written "without a joy note over war in it." That sentence of appreciative criticism is of itself probably the best introduction that we could have for an article with regard to the rôle that the Christian Church or Christianity has played in peace movements, past and present.

The Church, no more than her Divine Master, looks to change human nature. In spite of the very commonly prevalent impression that man changes for the better, as time goes on, there is absolutely no evidence for that. His interests vary, not always for the better, but he remains as ever. The Church takes men as they are and tries to make something of them. She does not hope to make angels of them in this world and would be a sad failure indeed if she did, though she knows that she can make saints of a great many of them if they want to become such. Accordingly the deepest encouragement has been given by the Church to movements of various kinds which aimed to modify the dispositions of the men of particular periods and get them away from that tendency to quarrel among themselves which has characterized mankind all through its existence. The Church has only a mother's moral power, however, and cannot prevail upon men by force and does not hope to alter their natures at all and yet has accomplished wonderful results in the saving of life and suffering, because of the peace movements that she has fostered. A few notes with regard to some of these will surely be of interest this "year of disarmament," as it has been called.

A PAPAL DECREE AND PEACE IN THE AMERICAS

We happen to have, here in the United States, in the library of the New York Historical Society, a memorial of a very interesting and significant measure which originated with the much maligned Pope Alexander VI. that is a striking testimony to the place of the Popes in what made for peace among mankind. It is the record in enduring copper of a Papal decree which had much to do with saving bloodshed and fostering peace in the Western Hemisphere, though more in South than in North America. This is the famous Globe of Ulpius, so called after its maker, which is one of the very early examples of globe-making for geographical purposes. The globe is

dedicated to Cardinal Cervinus, who afterwards became Pope under the name Marcellus II. He has the distinction of living but twenty-two days as Pope, one of the briefest pontificates in the whole history of the Papacy. Marcellus has, quite apart from the distinction of his Papacy, a very definite place in history, for he was one of the most distinguished churchmen of his time. He was present at the Diet of Spires as a representative of the Pope, and on April 30, 1545, was made one of the presidents of the Council of Trent. When he was unanimously elected Pontiff, ten years later, it was because of his zeal for the reformation of abuses, and Ranke declared that "the reformation of the clergy of which others talked, he exhibited in his own person."

Marcellus had been looked upon as one of the very distinguished scholars of his time, particularly interested in science, and it was said that a knowledge of science was always a passport to his acquaintance and friendship. It is very probable that it was under his patronage that the globe, which is now one of the treasures of the New York Historical Society, and which is one of the most precious monuments of modern geography, was made, and that is the reason why it was dedicated to him. His name is connected with many other scientific advances in his time. Some years before he became Pope he advocated the reform of the calendar in accordance with the plan devised by his father, who had given much time to the subject of mathematics and brought it particularly to his son's attention early in life. Had Marcellus lived for any time as Pope undoubtedly the calendar would have been corrected some thirty years earlier than it was. As Cardinal Cervinus his influence had been very worthily used to counteract certain scientific fallacies of the period. An impression had gained ground that the world was to come to an end in the course of a few years by a universal deluge. Cardinal Cervinus wrote a treatise to contradict this notion and neutralize the effect of the superstition upon the minds of many people who were beginning to think it scarcely necessary to go on with the ordinary business of life, since the world was so soon coming to an end!²

² He is the Pope Marcellus after whom was named the "Missa Papae Marcelli," the well-known Mass of Pope Marcellus, written by Palestrina. And thereby hangs a tale. One of the first reforms that the Pope had resolved to make was in ecclesiastical music, which had become so full of disturbing artificialities that it served to distract, rather than to foster devotion. It is said that he had concluded to make one of the first acts of his Papacy the suppression to a great extent of music in connection with church services. The story goes that Palestrina heard of the Pope's intention and was naturally very much disturbed. He pleaded with him, and finally asked him to hear a Mass which he had just finished. Marcellus consented, and was so overcome by the beauty of many of the passages that he was found in tears at its conclusion. A few days later he died, and Palestrina's Mass was sung first in public as his requiem. Unfortunately like so many other good stories, there seems to be no contemporary authority for the tale, and it is now generally set down as quite as apocryphal as Tell's apple and Washington's hatchet.

The main reason why the globe deserves to be referred to here is that it is a monument of Papal intervention to secure peace between the Spaniards and the Portuguese in connection with the new possessions which they had secured as the result of the discoveries made by Vasco da Gama and Bartholomew Diaz in Africa and India and of Columbus in America. India and America, especially the eastern shores of America, would seem to be far enough apart so that there could not be any possibility by a clash of interests, but it was generally supposed until Amerigo Vespucci's voyages demonstrated the fallacy of the idea, that Columbus by sailing westward had reached India, hence his name of Indians for the inhabitants, though presumably in a very different part from that which had already been touched by the Portuguese. To prevent a war between the two great exploring nations, Pope Alexander VI. drew the famous line from Pole to Pole at 90° west longitude, giving the Portuguese the right to all the territory east of the line and the Spaniards to the west of it. This Alexandrian division of territory is marked very clearly on the Globe of Ulpius and indeed it seems not unlikely that it was in order to record very exactly just what the line he drew in terms of the earth's surface that the globe was made probably at the suggestion, but surely with the approval, of Cardinal Cervinus.

It might be thought that the line meant very little for practical purposes, but any one who thinks that forgets that it was this Papal decision which made Brazil a Portuguese and not a Spanish country and has made ever since the Portuguese language the tongue of almost the larger half of South America. For a large part of the projecting portion of South America toward the east, practically all of the face of the lion's head, which the South American continent resembles, is situated east of Pope Alexander's line, and therefore accrued to the Portuguese dominions through his decision. Many people in the United States are likely to think of South America as Spanish America, but President Roosevelt and his son Kermit, after their visit to South America, were enthusiastic in praise of what the Portuguese had accomplished in the territories under their domination and above all in the literature which had been created at home in Portugal and in Brazil and which they were inclined to think almost more valuable than that of the Spaniards.

There is no doubt at all that this famous line did prevent what might otherwise have been an enormous amount of bloodshed between the colonists and over the colonial possessions of the two great exploring nations. Here in North America we have some very sad incidents in that regard in our history in the early days which serve to show what might have happened between Portuguese and Spaniards but for their respect for the Pope's decision. That Pope,

Alexander VI., is so much abused generally by historians that he deserves to have emphasized every possible benefit that he conferred on humanity. In recent years there has been a distinct reaction in his favor among historians who have gone back to original documents, and my dear friend, Father De Roo, of Portland, Ore., the author of the well-known history of America before Columbus, tells me that he now has a five-volume life of Pope Alexander ready for the press which will vindicate him entirely. Certainly those of us who are interested in peace between the nations cannot help but pay tribute to this man of Spanish origin who weighed so well the rival interests of Spain and Portugal and accomplished so much in the prevention of human suffering through war by his decision.

How much this will be better understood by recalling even a little of the awful conditions that developed in the relations between the Spaniards and the English in certain parts of North America when there was no Papal arbiter to formulate a definite boundary in their possessions and thus secure peace for them. The Spaniards and the English quarreled in the southeastern part of what is now the United States in the neighborhood of Florida and the almost defenseless colonists were killed. In reprisal another expedition hanged all the colonists at another place. When the French and English fought in Europe, their colonists in this country shared in the contest and both sides enlisted the natives in their ranks or secured their participation regardless of the atrocities they might give way to and the sufferings of women and children that might result. Our French and Indian wars and then the enlistment by the British of Indian allies during the Revolution show to what lengths enmity was carried. Brought up in the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania, I know in detail the savageries of Brant and his followers in Pennsylvania and New York and know that these were precipitated and encouraged by the British, who would now emphasize the brotherhood of the English-speaking peoples—for their own advantage. If Spanish and Portuguese colonial relations in history are not disfigured by such barbarities, though of course there were abuses, it is more largely due to this definite division of the spheres of influence of the two nations by Pope Alexander VI. than to any other single factor.

So far from the drawing of this famous line and its effect in preventing bloodshed and international political dissension being unique or even a representative of a rarely attempted policy on the part of the Popes, it was on the contrary a typical example of what they had done at many times. The records of a single century, the thirteenth, would show this very well.

PAPAL ARBITRATION AND ADJUDICATION IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

During the International Conference held in New York in 1908 in the interest of world peace, which was attended by delegates from most of the civilized countries, I was brought intimately in contact with Mr. William T. Stead, of London, the editor of the *English Review of Reviews*, who had been very much interested in my book on the thirteenth century. At the moment there was a very general feeling, especially in the minds of educated people, and nowhere more noticeable than in the groups of what may be called university men throughout the world, that it was quite impossible that we should ever again have a great war that would involve the civilized nations. Had anybody suggested that Europe might divide up for war very much as it had done in the eighteenth or seventeenth centuries and carry on the conflict until one or the other sides was completely exhausted, he would have been laughed out of court. There was a great deal of complacent optimism with regard to what progress and evolution had done for our generation in making great wars ever again impossible. I need scarcely say that Mr. Stead was entirely too knowing a man and had his finger too closely on the pulse of our time to share any such fallacious impression. He was interested in peace mainly because he realized very well that it would be only a question of a few years until war was inevitable unless something very definite were accomplished to prevent it. Even he, however, had not the slightest idea that within scarcely five years Europe would be plunged into the worst war we have ever had and that it would last for nearly five years, and, indeed, in a certain way for more than five years, and until one side was completely exhausted.

Mr. Stead was interested in having the world of our time understand that in the older time men had more sense and reasonableness in this matter of war than we had and that our position represented a real degeneration in humanity. He suggested then that in any revision of the volume on "The Thirteenth as the Greatest of Centuries" a chapter should be devoted to the consideration of what was accomplished for peace and international arbitration during that precious hundred years which meant so much for modern civilization. There is no doubt that there developed at this time as a result of a number of Papal decrees molding the mind of the time, a greater tendency than has existed before or since to refer quarrels between nations that would ordinarily end in war to decision by some selected umpire. Usually the Pope as the head of the Christian Church to which all the nations of the civilized world belonged was selected as the arbitrator. The international arbitration strengthened by the

decrees of Pope Innocent III., Pope Honorius III., Pope Gregory IX. and Pope Alexander III., developed in a way that is well worth while studying, and that has deservedly been the subject of careful investigation since the present peace movement began. When the Appendix of "Chapters that might have been" was added to the book on the thirteenth century, then this was one of the subjects for which the notes that might have constituted a new chapter were added. Certainly the outlook for the securing of peace by international arbitration was better at this time in history than it has been at any time since. What a striking example, for instance, is the choice of King Louis of France as the umpire in the dispute between the Barons and the King of England, which might have led to war. Louis' position with regard to the Empire and the Papacy was to a great extent that of a pacificator, and his influence for peace was felt everywhere throughout Europe. The spirit of the century was all for arbitration and the adjudication of intranational as well as international difficulties by peaceful means.

One needs only to take up any collection of the Bulls of the Popes of that time to find without difficulty many which made for peace and peaceful arbitration and limited the place of the sword in European life. There are, for instance, Bulls of Pope Innocent III. confirming the treaty between Philip of France and Baldwin, Count of Flanders, thus giving an added sanction to the treaty. Flanders has always been the cockpit of Europe and was then. We ourselves in this generation have witnessed something of the awful conditions through which the Belgians have had to go over and over again, surely every century and practically every generation. That is one of the elements that have made them such a sturdy people. We thought it absolutely impossible until it actually happened. They had no such fond illusions in the thirteenth century; they knew men better. Pope Innocent took the Counts of Flanders under the special protection of the Holy See with the idea of preventing the repetition of such unfortunate incidents. In the same way Dacia was taken under the Pope's protection as well as Portugal and the latter State was confirmed in the possession of whatever territory the Portuguese had taken from the Saracens. The idea was above all to build up barriers around the smaller States in order to keep stronger surrounding nations from violating their territory. More than seven centuries later, we of our time know better than ever before how much this was needed and is still needed.

In the same way Aragon, by another Papal Bull, was taken under the protection of the Holy See, its rightful king crowned by the Pope and then the right of crowning conferred upon the Archbishop of Tarragona so as to assure some judge of claims as to rightful suc-

cession. In Bohemia, situated in those days as an important kingdom in the centre of Europe with a seacoast on the Baltic and for a time at least on the Adriatic, so that Shakespeare's attribution of a sea-coast to Bohemia, so far from being absurd, was simply the recital of a well-known historical fact, the king was formally recognized by the Pope so as to prevent internal dissensions and the encroachment of powerful neighbors long before Machiavelli had learned the lesson of divide and rule—fomenting discord among the people of a country and then grabbing their territory or bringing them under subjection. The same process of Papal regulation was adopted with regard to Bulgaria, where there was even more trouble than in Bohemia, for there has always been a Near East and it has always had its special problems, though we are so inclined to think of these as reserved for our time. The question has been how to secure a firm government among a people of such diverse and mixed races and a rightful succession in government without tyranny and to the satisfaction of the people. Papal intervention took the very practical way of crowning a king and then conferring the faculty of crowning further kings upon the Archbishop at the capital, thus creating a tribunal to adjudge as impartially as might be of the right of succession.

Virchow, in his collected essays on public medicine and the history of epidemics, which I am sorry to say is not translated into English, says of the hospitals of the Middle Ages in connection with Pope Innocent III., whose Papal Bulls for the preservation of European peace I have just been citing: "The beginning of the history of these German hospitals is connected with the name of that Pope who made the boldest and farthest-reaching attempt to gather the sum of human interests into the organization of the Catholic Church. The hospitals of the Holy Ghost were one of the many means by which Innocent III. thought to hold humanity to the Holy See. And surely it was one of the most effective. Was it not calculated to create the most profound impression to see how the mighty Pope, who humbled emperors and deposed kings, who was the unrelenting adversary of the Albigenses, turned his eyes sympathetically upon the poor and sick, sought the helpless and the neglected upon the streets, and saved the illegitimate children from death in the waters? There is something at once conciliating and fascinating in the fact that at the very time when the fourth crusade was inaugurated through his influence, the thought of founding a great organization of an essentially humane character which was eventually to extend throughout all Christendom, was also taking form in his soul; and that in the same year [1204] in which the new Latin Empire was founded in Constantinople, the newly erected hospital of the Holy

Spirit, by the old bridge on the other side of the Tiber, was blessed and dedicated as the future centre of this organization."

Virchow knew his history of the hospitals very well, but was less acquainted with the historical details as to the peace of Europe. Had he known more about that he might have said that "that Pope who made the boldest and farthest-reaching attempt to gather the sum of human interests into the organization of the Catholic Church" had not only cared for the poor and the helpless, but in every way for the happiness of mankind, and realizing that peace meant more for that than anything else, had employed all his magnificent power of organizing to secure it for the peoples of Europe. Humbling emperors and deposing kings was but part of that policy which the greatest Pope of the century and one of the greatest of the Middle Ages employed for human happiness. It is worth noting that there are some who think that the century which followed his pontificate, the thirteenth century, is among the greatest, if not the greatest, hundred years of all human achievement and as those achievements were of the intellect and required peace for their accomplishment, probably that very fact should be taken as the greatest demonstration of Pope Innocent's success.

His successors in the Papacy continued his policy very effectively. An early Bull of Pope Honorius III. takes Portugal under the protection of the Holy See once more and confirms the privileges of the kingdom of Scotland. These countries, like Dacia and Bulgaria, were terminal portions of Europe whom powerful neighbors were constantly trying to absorb and the Papal protection at the time when Bulls "ran" through Europe—for practically all of the inhabitants were Catholics—must have meant a very great deal in preventing encroachments on these smaller States. Pope Honorius besides dictated the conditions of peace between Genoa and Pisa and prevented a threatened outbreak of hostilities between Pisa and Sardinia by warning certain Pisan conspirators to cease from machinations in the island. The same Pope also took the Prussians, just then recent converts, under his protection and asked them to encourage, as far as possible, the making of further converts, promising them all protection against ambitious neighbors. He warns certain invaders of Dacia against the Papal and spiritual penalties they shall incur if they continue their incursions and similarly warns an invader of Scandinavia and on appeal blesses the real heir. Others of his Bulls confirm the privileges and liberties granted the Jews and demand the abolition of certain statutes of Bologna passed by the citizens infringing the liberties of students. University students were always especially under the protection of the Popes, who jealously guarded their rights. Both of these Papal documents served to prevent a deal

of civic dissension and disturbance and put an end to unfortunate conditions that had existed for some time. They represent the successful effort to avert social disorders of smaller significance than war.

Pope Honorius' successor, Gregory IX., warned the Emperor Frederick II. in a famous Bull that his subjects would be freed from their obligation of homage if that sovereign continued his policy of oppression of the Church and subversion of the rights of private individuals. In this he was pursuing the courageous policy of his great namesake of the eleventh century, Gregory VII., and preventing the growth of tyranny that would have inevitably have led to serious political disturbances. This Pope also took Marseilles, then a free city, under his protection, and once more took the Sandinavians under the ægis of the Papal influence. He had the happiness of proclaiming the reconciliation of the Papacy with the Emperor Frederick II., though he laid down the conditions of this reconciliation very exactly.

It is interesting to find side by side with these Bulls, which are frankly political in character, a number of others which show the interest of the Pope in the spiritual life of the Church. Gregory IX. issued the Bulls of canonization for both Francis of Assisi and Anthony of Padua. He proceeded by Papal decree to make the famous hospital of the Holy Spirit in Saxia, that is the hospital founded by Innocent III., not far from what we know as the Vatican, an institution of Christendom to be supported by all Christians and be a model hospital for all the world. This is the hospital spoken of by Virchow in his tribute to Pope Innocent. It was also Gregory IX. who issued the well-known decree that all religious orders should have a time of postulancy during which those applying for admission to them might study the order and make up their minds with regard to it without incurring any obligations towards the order and without there being any question of apostasy, as it is called, if they should decide at any time during the first few weeks or months, as the case might be, not to enter the order.

What was accomplished in the thirteenth century so magnificently was, as is after all true of every other great movement at this time, only a culmination of great influences that had been at work for some two or three centuries. Those well-known institutions, the truce of God and the peace of God, had been for many generations bringing home to men's minds the possibility of appeasement and reconciliation through compromise and arbitration rather than by destructive efforts aimed at securing selfish aims, no matter what the cost might be, in human life and human suffering. For the readers of this article, I need scarcely recall the significance of these institutions,

though a few words with regard to them may be necessary in order that their meaning, as it stands out at the present time, may be properly appreciated.

It has been the custom to minimize somewhat these mediæval institutions by declaring that wars in the older times were really civic dissensions, almost between man and man and that therefore something had to be done to prevent the awful conditions that were developing and making civilized life impossible. It must not be forgotten, however, that in the modern times ease of transportation and communication has brought men so much together that they represent, even in distant countries now, very much what the citizens of slightly separated parts of countries meant in the older time.

It has been suggested a little bit scornfully in recent years that all of this Church Peace Movement did not seem to produce any great effect in the thirteenth century itself, for there was a war of some importance every five years during the century. When lecturing on war at the beginning of the recent great war,³ I ventured to say that in the twentieth century instead of a war every five years on the average we had done ever so much better than that. Progress is a very curiously interesting thing, seeing that we hear so much about it. Three thousand years ago, when Homer wandered among the little cities of Asia Minor chanting his songs with regard to the Siege of Troy and the people gathered in the houses to listen to him for an evening in the great hall after supper, they were to be pitied because they did not live to see our glorious time, when instead of having nothing better than Homer to listen to they might have gone to the movies, as our folks do after three thousand years of progress. In the twentieth century we have had a war on an average of every year and a half for the first twenty years, and I suppose that three-fifths at least of all the time of the twentieth century there has been some war in progress. The Boer War was on at the beginning of the century and then came the Japanese-Russian War, followed by the Italian-Turkish War and the first Balkan and then the second Balkan War, both of them veritable climaxes of cruelty and suffering, yet only to be followed by the Great War, the greatest war of human history. Ever since then a whole series of wars, and we are not sure whether we shall not have more before Europe settles down to peace for good once more. No wonder that a recent writer called his book "Civilization: Its Cause and Cure."

The wars of the thirteenth century dwindle into insignificance both in number and importance beside these. We have had in our glorious twentieth century so far at least three times as many wars as they had seven centuries ago. If any force can make wars in humanity

³ The address was published in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, October, 1915.

one-third less frequent than they have been before, that will mean much indeed for humanity. Those who think that we are going to reform the world just by an appeal to reason and common sense, as they say, do not know man as he is. Most men do not reason, though their hearts can lead them into doing things that have marvelously good results and can keep them from doing evil even when their nature is sorely tempting them to it. There was a little man who died, it will be seven centuries ago in 1226, whom, had he lived in our time, a great many people should be likely to think of as a tramp, who probably did more to bring about an era of peace than perhaps any man that ever lived. Almost needless to say to the readers of THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW that was St. Francis of Assisi, the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of whose Third Order we have been celebrating during the year just gone by.

Immense numbers of people in his day joined the Third Order whose members, though living in the world and most of them married, followed the rule laid down for them by St. Francis. As Michael Williams said in the October *Catholic World*, in his article on "The Third Order of St. Francis To-day": "The rich and the poor, nobles and common people, learned and unlearned, joined the new order and thus the social classes were drawn nearer each other and the ideal of Christian democracy was advanced." As an English writer on "The Guild States" said recently: "The guilds of the time gave men more real democracy without using the word than men enjoy now when the word is so much bruited about." Had he but calculated the influence of the mendicant friars, white and brown, then he would indeed have realized how much of democracy came into the world at that time. St. Francis imposed the obligation upon his tertiaries never to take an oath except in certain specified cases and never to bear arms except in defense of the Church. These precepts faithfully followed by literally millions of people probably meant as much as any other single factor in bringing the feudal system to an end. The obligation not to bear arms was a newer truce of God that stopped military reprisals between small groups of men rather effectually. We hear without surprise the remark of a contemporary that it seemed in many places as though the days of primitive Christianity had returned. It is by thus bringing about a disarmament of the mind and heart that the Church accomplishes her great work for peace and has done it and will do it.

It is easy to understand from even this very incomplete consideration how much the Popes have accomplished in securing the political peace of Europe and preventing bloodshed. The greater they were as Popes and the more they accomplished for the great charitable purposes which Christianity represents, the more they achieved also

for peace. The Church and churchmen have never allowed themselves to be caught by that complacent self-delusion that human nature can be reformed so completely as to make this world a little heaven here on earth. That is the favorite notion at the basis of what is called social improvement at the present time. Men are not going to be changed, human nature will remain the same, men will continue to quarrel and humanity will have to suffer in the midst of the quarrels, but at least wars can be prevented to some extent and they can be made ever so much less full of suffering than they have been, even though they will continue to try men's souls on to the end. Man is not a very perfectible animal and there is no doubt at all about his being an animal, and while he is a rational animal, we have always been sure about his animal nature long before the evolutionists called our attention to it, and the doubt has been about his rationality. Through his heart and his affections, however, much can be accomplished for good and it is through these that the Church has worked in the past and will continue to work.

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Book Reviews

"Marquita." A novel. By John Ayscough. 8vo., pp. 269. New York: Benziger Brothers.

In his latest story the author enters into an entirely new field. Hitherto he has confined himself almost altogether to Italy and England. Now he transfers his scene of action to America, and makes the plains of Arizona his stage. It may be presumed that he gathered the material for this story during his recent visit to this country, and planned the tale at that time.

It is a comparatively brief novel and can hardly be said to have a plot. It is rather a simple narrative of the quiet home life of a small family living on a ranch pretty well cut off from the rest of the world. The author does not attempt any description of ranch life in the distinctive sense. Much local coloring might have been introduced into the tale by one who lived among cowboys and rode with them, but the author's visit was too brief to bring him this knowledge.

The plot centres about Marquita, the young motherless daughter of a wealthy old Spanish ranch owner, who, after the completion of her education in a Denver convent school, returns to the semi-solitude of her father's ranch, to become practically the family drudge, but in reality to develop a character which in the midst of the most unpromising surroundings fits her for a vocation to the highest religious state.

One of the most charming incidents in the whole book is told in the description of Marquita assisting at Mass spiritually out on the plain, reading the prayers from her book and ringing the bell at the usual times, standing and kneeling as the rubrics require, and all the time keeping before her eyes the chaplain at the altar as she had seen him in her convent days. It is remarkable, indeed, that with so extraneous aids a young girl should be able to advance so far in sanctity. Her father did not bother his head about matters of faith, nor did anyone else on the ranch. She was many miles from church, which she could not attend, and the other woman in the story, who was her first cousin and afterward became her stepmother, was not a Catholic until a short time before her marriage, when she became a convert.

The hero, if there be one, has not much chance to shine. He is a Catholic young man of some means, who takes up residence

on the ranch to learn the business and falls in love with Marquita. He proposes, but finds that she is already promised spiritually.

Taken by itself, *Marquita* is a pleasant, mild, edifying little tale; but taken in comparison with the author's previous stories, and especially his earlier ones, it loses. As with so many authors who go into strange, unknown fields, John Ayscough is not familiar with his country or his people. One who has lived in the West and is acquainted with ranch life and ranch people would hardly recognize the descriptions in this book. The atmosphere is almost altogether wanting: the language, dress, manners and customs of the region are not graphically reproduced.

One who is familiar with the author's previous work, and has always admired it, might be pardoned for saying that there is something wanting even of that charming language and style which heretofore has by no means been the least of his attributes. Let us hope that this defect, if it can really be called that, is due to the unfamiliar field in which the author is working, and that all his old-time charm will come back with his return to his native heath.

"*The Light on the Lagoon.*" A novel. By Isabel C. Clarke. 8vo., cloth, net, \$2.00. Postage, 15 cents. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Discriminating book lovers will find unusual literary grace, descriptive power of exquisite charm and a plot of striking interest in Miss Clarke's latest story.

Laying the major part of the novel's action amidst the scenic splendors of romantic Venice, the reader is pleasantly carried along, while there is unfolded with rare insight and much feeling the soul-stirring struggles of Sydney, Lady Flood's daughter, who in her endeavors to live up to her own ideal of life, has forsaken her home rather than submit to an existence of refined conventionality.

To tell how she falls in love with Clive, the gay, debonair nephew of Moreton Cochrane; how the tiny lamp she sees on her first night in Venice keeping solitary vigil before a lonely little shrine out on the wide waters of the lagoon, awakens in her heart a spark of the same simple all-comprehending faith which actuated the sturdy Venetian merchants who placed it there; how she follows its guiding beam through difficulties and amid conflicting emotions; how she is at length enabled to make the right decision affecting her whole life, is the task which the gifted author has set for herself and which she performs in her usual skillful style.

It seems almost superfluous to say again that Miss Clarke is an expert artist in painting scenes and a true philosopher in analyzing character and motives, and yet these qualities are so rare that they

may well command attention and commendation each time they appear.

One of the highest compliments that can be paid to Miss Clarke is to say that one does not tire of her stories, but finds in each new one a new charm.

"Holy Souls Book." A complete prayer-book. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. 16mo., oblong, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Imitation leather, limp, round corners, red edges, \$1.50. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This is a complete prayer-book containing a collection of carefully selected prayers for all ordinary devotional needs. For instance, it contains morning and evening prayers, four different sets of Mass prayers, devotions for Confession and a variety of prayers for Holy Communion, as also Stations of the Cross, the Litanies, the Rosary mysteries, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, numerous indulgenced prayers, etc. But it also meets a long-felt want by providing a series of reflections, special prayers and devotions in behalf of the poor souls in Purgatory.

Thus, while the object of this prayer-book, as the reverend author says in his preface, is to incite us "to a special devotion—a more fervent, a more persistent, a more practical, a more faithful devotion—to the holy souls in Purgatory," it also meets all requirements of a general prayer-book.

It opens for us the inestimable prayer treasury of the Church and shows us how we may strengthen the spiritual links that tie us to our dear relatives and friends who have been separated from us by death. The author shows the same knowledge and skill which are evident in all his previous works. He seems to have sounded the depths of Catholic devotion, and he not only knows how to cull the flowers of devotion, but also how to arrange them. His patrons will not be disappointed in the present instance.

"Catholic Home Annual for 1923." Fortieth year. Stories and articles by the foremost Catholic writers. Calendars of feasts and fasts, astronomical calculations, etc. Profusely illustrated. Retail, 25 cents each; postpaid, 29 cents each. New York: Benziger Brothers.

No one who has become familiar with the excellence of previous issues of "The Catholic Home Annual" will fail to secure the fortieth issue for 1923 just out.

It is replete with interesting and instructive articles on important phases of Catholic life and doctrine by such prominent authors as Rev. F. X. Doyle, S. J.; Maurice Francis Egan, Ph. D.; James J.

Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J., and Father Lasance, and its large number of beautiful illustrations, each with a brief description, will surely appeal to every heart and mind and especially to the young. For those who love good stories the contributions by Marion Ames Taggart, the Rev. Neil Boyton, S. J., Mary T. Waggman, etc., will furnish delightful entertainment for leisure moments.

At the very low price it ought to be in the hands of every Catholic, and alone for its helpful information about the Church's feasts and fasts, etc., is entitled to a place on every family book table. The children will draw from it both pleasure and instruction.

"Cobra Island." A Catholic scout's adventures. By Neil Boyton, S. J. 12mo., cloth, with frontispiece, net, \$1.15; postpaid, \$1.25. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Young people will be delighted with "Cobra Island," a book in which a Catholic scout's marvelous and thrilling adventures, taking him over the greater part of the globe, are told in a most lively and jolly way by the Rev. Neil Boyton, S. J. Starting from Brooklyn with his dad for distant India, this young Yankee Ulysses tells his Odyssey, and in the vivid telling, sharks and lascars, sea-fights and hooded cobras, good turns and cruising crocodiles, jewels, monkeys, heavenly swims and a delirious family reunion on a blue isle, pass before the enthralled reader like a colorful circus parade.

Probably none of us realize the great value of the boy stories that have been coming from the pens of a small group of Jesuits in recent years. Some persons might be tempted to think that such work is too trivial for serious minds. But they are real character formers. Boys will read something, either good or bad, and they will imitate. Here is the good which they may safely follow.

"The Story of American Democracy, Political and Industrial." By William Mason West, sometime Professor of History in the University of Minnesota; author of "The American People," etc. 8vo., pp. 758. Profusely illustrated. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.

"I try to present in one volume a readable story of American history, with particular reference to the constant struggle for democracy in society, politics and industrial. So compact a treatment ought not to be encumbered with bristling footnotes or bibliographies, and therefore these have been omitted."

The author's task was a very difficult one. Anyone who attempts to tell a long story in short space or few words will appre-

ciate this difficulty. Probably there is no field in which it is more difficult than in the field of history. The historian must be above all else truthful; that is the very essence of his office. But to find the truth in history requires much labor and patience as well as ability and training; and to tell it, when it is found, calls for much courage and rare judgment.

The prolific historian can save his reputation by quoting conflicting authorities at length, and then let the reader decide for himself. The brief historian must sift and analyze until he finally reaches the fairest conclusion, and then place it before his readers in fear and trembling. A good, reliable, brief history is rare. This is especially true when an attempt is made to compress into one volume of ordinary size such a fruitful subject as "The Story of American Democracy, Political and Industrial." This task the author set for himself in the present instance, and it will be generally conceded he has succeeded admirably. His previous training, his experience, his studies—all fitted him well for the work, and the result is most gratifying.

We have here a brief but comprehensive history that is attractive in form and that is not rendered unintelligible by its brevity. There is evidence of a nice sense of values in the grouping and arranging of events, and a sincere desire to find the truth. The author tells us that he hesitated before deciding to include the late war in his story in order to bring it down to date. There was reason for this hesitation, and it is evident in the text.

A very important feature of the book are the illustrations. They are numerous and well done, and they really illustrate the text.

A copious index crowns the work.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

"Contributors to the *QUARTERLY* will be allowed all proper freedom in the expression of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the *REVIEW* not holding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors."

(Extract from Salutory, July, 1890.)

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PRACTICAL GODLESSNESS

I

ONE has but to make a brief survey of the manifold individual and collective activities of the present generation—activities industrial and commercial, social, political and legislative, national and international, literary and artistic, educational and scientific—to realize how widespread and abysmal is the estrangement of mankind from God.

1. In practice if not in theory, in deed if not in word, the world today denies or questions the basic truth of God's supreme, universal and absolute dominion. As a necessary consequence, man has lost true self-knowledge; he has ignored his own nature; he has become totally oblivious of the fundamental fact that he is a creature of whose very essence it is to be utterly and absolutely dependent, in being and operation, on the Creator, and to acknowledge this dependence by knowledge, love and service. Instead, man has become egocentric—a law unto himself in conduct and belief.

The immediate occasion for the present paper was furnished by an article in "The Yale Review" for October, entitled "The Menace of the Sermon." Its author, Francis E. Clark, founder of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, seeks to account for the scant church attendance of today; he contends that "the root of the evil is . . . the worship of the sermon instead of the worship of God." Other parts of the Protestant service are only "preliminary to the sermon," which is the chief attraction; when this fails, the attendance dwindles. "Our non-conformist ancestors did us a disservice . . . by making their meeting houses as bare of holy symbolism as they could." "Theology has lost its grip . . . The sense of duty has become more tenuous."

The following pages propose to show that the reasons pointed out by the author for the evils he deploras, are themselves but the results of a more profound and far-reaching cause; that these same evils are but a phase of a widespread estrangement from God; that the root cause of the latter is the rejection of those means which, considering man's whole psychic content—the nature of his mental faculties—are not only the most congenial, but wholly indispensable for establishing and maintaining his relations with God.

This accounts for the attenuation or total absence—so glaringly evident—of the sense of duty and strict responsibility to an all-knowing and all-just Judge, of the fear of God, of the essential difference between right and wrong, of the sense of guilt and sinfulness, of belief in future reward and punishment. The Decalogue has been replaced by this “ethical” code of laconic brevity: “Don’t get caught—look to the outside of the cup—keep up respectability.”

. . . Hence the dishonest business man and financier; the inhuman capitalist; the shirking laborer; the super-machiavelian statesman and diplomat; the be-silked and be-satined rottenness of “high society”; the successive polygamy of divorce; the murder of innocents; the mephitic practices of birth-control.

2. Certain manifestations of this alienation from God amount to what one may term “Theophobia”—not, of course, that fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom, but that which becomes a high-way to moral and spiritual ruin. A unique shyness, an irritation and impatience, often intensified to a positive dislike and aversion—if not downright hatred,—such are some of the symptoms in evidence whenever the things of God are mentioned. Rights of every conceivable sort are discussed today, in season and out of season, with more or less sense and much non-sense, but dare to refer, ever so remotely, in certain circles—social, academic, political, diplomatic—to the rights of the Creator and the corresponding duties of the creature, and you run the risk of being suspected of eccentricity or imbecility. When, as sometimes happens, the name of God is invoked on some momentous public occasion, there is noticeable a certain patronizing condescension and smug self-complacency; the incident causes comment, as being something out of the ordinary—which it is.

As to contemporary speculative thought, God has become to it what, for all practical purposes, amounts to a mere impersonal abstraction; each succeeding “great and original thinker,” knocking down the idol of his predecessor, creates unto himself his own god, according to his own image and liking—especially the latter. For is thought not “free”? And a very Babel of “philosophical” systems is the result. Barring one or two exceptions, the “*Philosophia perennis*”—the Scholastic Philosophy—is either superficially known or superciliously ignored by the modern “*illuminati*.”

God, then, has been removed far, far away from the affairs of men, and His supremacy quietly ignored if not positively denied. It is a modern paganism we are witnessing, perhaps worse than its prototype, inasmuch as material “progress” has multiplied and diversified the ways and means for procuring pleasure and luxury; it is

decidedly more hypocritical, for it masks its degeneracy with the veneer of respectability and even presumes to call itself Christian! And who will dare say that the modern idolatry of wealth, honors, pleasure, on whose altars men are prepared to sacrifice everything, is not as real (if less crass) as that of the ancients? And the "Christian" nations? Are they not ready to make any sacrifice for national aggrandizement and commercial greed—euphemistically called "reasons of State"? Behold the harrowing spectacle of the Near East, where these nations calling themselves Christian, quietly witness the butchery of thousands of their fellow-Christians by the infidel Turk without a word of official protest.

Whence this deplorable alienation from God? Whence this deadening of private and public conscience? What is its root cause?

The modern, or we should say, the "modernistic" man, the hapless heir to the profound and far-reaching aberrations of his ancestors, is reaping the bitter though inevitable fruits of the seeds of error they have sown: his more remote forebears became *Church-less* by setting at naught the one true Church; their progeny, taking the next logical step, rejected the fundamental doctrine of Christianity—the Divinity of Christ—and found themselves *Christ-less*; continuing the fatal process, the succeeding generations became *God-less* by denying to God the supreme place and vital influence in the affairs of men; finally, the ultimate result was reached in the deification of the State and the glorification of the Ego. These the four main stages of the downward path—these the steps along the "*facilis descensus Avernii*."

We affirm then, that the source, the initial step, the root-cause of this frightful alienation from God, is to be found in the repudiation (in the 16th century) of those visible means which Incarnate Wisdom, knowing the profoundest needs of man's nature—"knowing what is in man"—had entrusted to His own visible Church as the helps most suitable, in fact, indispensable in man's present condition, for establishing his contact and maintaining his union with God, and as the best safeguards against the ever present dangers of estrangement from God. The "reformers" rejected these means and the unavoidable results followed.

We shall briefly substantiate this by considering these means from their *psychological side*: by showing that, aside from, and in addition to, their doctrinal content and supernatural character, they have a marvellous aptness and efficacy for raising man to the invisible by means of the visible, to the spiritual by means of the material, to the divine by means of the human—thus operating in a manner most consonant with man's faculties and with the entire economy

of the Incarnation—with its way of giving God to man and leading man to God.

Some preliminary remarks on the nature of man's psychic faculties are necessary.

II

1. Man, being a composite of matter and spirit, has, in his present state, for the proper and proportionate object of his intellectual knowledge, the essence of things material—the abstract universalized quiddities or essential notes of the material objects perceived by the senses, and represented by the imagination. All the "material" of his knowledge is supplied by the senses; from the visible, the audible, the tangible, etc., he rises, through the imagination-images, to the supersensible, intellectual concept. In the further use and development of this knowledge he ever leans on the material images—there is no such thing as strictly imageless thought. Moreover, he knows the substances of things (the noumena) only through their appearances, sensible properties and operations (phenomena).

From the above, one consequence follows, important in the present matter; man is more forcibly and vividly impressed by what he perceives directly and immediately, that is, by the whole concrete, palpable, living object than by abstract ideas and processes of reasoning; the former have a markedly stronger appeal to the average man than the latter; he feels more "at home" among individual material objects and grasps them with greater ease. He knows, for instance, and appreciates a beautiful object when he sees it, but finds great difficulty in defining beauty as such. For the same reason the living example of a man of noble character impresses him more deeply than abstract precepts and principles. Whatever, then, is capable of quickening the whole man—his senses, imagination, emotions, affections, conations—has immeasurably more power of motivating and impelling to action and achievement than what addresses itself to the intellect alone. We understand now why it is an *instinctive longing of man's nature to see the embodiment, the incarnation of his ideals in the visible and the material.*

Finally it should be noted that the moral, spiritual and divine is accessible to human knowledge only through analogy, comparison, negative, transcendence; though imperfect, this is true knowledge, but it calls for a higher mental equipment, for more training, time and effort.

2. How arduous man finds the task of rising to the regions of the supersensible and the spiritual! How alluring the attraction, how overwhelming the pull to the things of sense! To what extent

this drag to earth was brought about by "man's first disobedience" we are not here concerned to determine. We take man as we find him in history and experience. Witness the deep degradation of pagan ignorance, sensuality and idolatry; witness the carnality of the Jewish people and their repeated relapses into idolatrous worship. And today? Reference has already been made to the less gross perhaps, but equally real idolatry of our day. As to higher knowledge and longing for the things of the spirit, we have the despairing cry of God-estranged humanity: "Ignoramus et ignorabimus," we do not know and we cannot know anything about the supersensible; Empiricism and Agnosticism hold the fort. "O dark, dark, dark—amid the blaze of noon" is the pitiful wail of those who have strayed far from "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." And while some of them allow themselves to sink into the dark abyss of stark cynicism and the resignation of despair, the majority throw themselves into the whirl of gross pleasures and bacchanalian revels—"carpe diem," "eat, drink, and be merry—for tomorrow we die"—and paganism is with us again.

It is true the nobler minds of antiquity realized and keenly felt the awful degeneracy of the human race, but the subtlest speculations of the Hellenic mind did yield but lifeless abstractions and cold precepts and axioms,—both equally powerless to influence the lives of the mass of mankind and raise it from the depths of its degradation. They felt that this could be effected only by a visible, incarnate manifestation of divine Truth, Goodness and Beauty—and for this they yearned. The sublime ideal may have been glimpsed, but it was found impossible of realization—it was beyond man's power. And yet that ideal and the longing for it was proof positive that man was made from a divine pattern, and for a nobler and higher destiny which, of himself he could not fulfill. Would a God come to his assistance? Yes, for so it was written in the eternal decrees of infinite love, wisdom, and omnipotence.

3. When God decreed man's redemption He willed "a copious and superabundant redemption." In His infinite compassion for the needs and frailties of poor human nature, bruised and wounded by original sin,—by a divinely sublime condescension to man's manifold weaknesses, He would not only redeem him, but He would accomplish his regeneration in that most marvelous manner which would at the same time provide the means most appropriate and efficacious for leading and raising man through the visible to the knowledge, love and imitation of the Invisible Divinity "dwelling in light inaccessible." God becomes visible in human form: "through the mystery of the Word Incarnate a new light of God's brightness flashes

on the eyes of our mind": Divine Truth, Goodness, Beauty, Perfection become incarnate: Christ is God brought within Man's reach under a human expression, the Divine made human, to teach us how the human may be made divine: the Incarnation is the divine majesty shining through the veil of humanity: a perfect and yet an accessible model for man. By virtue of His beatific vision Christ sees the archetype of the perfect man in the Divine Mind, and He bodies it forth in His life and conduct for man's imitation. The yearning of the ages is realized and satisfied. Plato's ideal man had one radical defect—he was unreal. In Christ we have the Real Ideal, the desired of the nations, the most perfect pattern for all time and all men and all conditions of life, the source and expression of a new life.

Through His real and perfect human nature, hypostatically united to His Divine Person, Christ has a most captivating and compelling attractiveness for the whole man; His is no longer the mere *notional* address of abstract precept and principle to intellect alone; it is the *real*, intimate, magnetic appeal of Person to person, of Man to man—to the totality of his being—to his senses, imagination, affections, reason, will; a living, palpitating, sympathetic contact, throbbing with life, gripping man's entire personality because it is so divinely human and so humanly divine, ravishing the human heart with the fervent desire of loving and imitating this Elder Brother whose Heart yearns with a great yearning for the salvation of all. It is the intimately personal love for the Person of Christ that holds the secret and the source of all sanctity and perfection; this the seed which germinated the "unnumbered multitude" of Christian heroes—those "other Christs"—the Martyrs, Virgins, Confessors who are the glory of Christ's Spouse, the Church.

To know what God is like, man need no longer lose himself in laborious and barren speculations: Bethlehem, Nazareth, Calvary are magical names with power to thrill the deepest human depths, with language to tell the humblest of mankind more about God than the wisest sage ever knew or ever dreamed. In Christ the divine attributes have become living realities, and what the ancients could never fathom is now plain, namely, that "God is Love." All men without distinction can become ennobled and sanctified in the one God-Man, as brothers of Christ, as children of their heavenly Father, as co-heirs of life eternal.

How is this to be accomplished? How is each one to gather unto himself the precious and abundant fruits of the Incarnation and Redemption?

III.

1. There is "an exquisite logic, enchainment, and vital continuity in the Divine Economy." We find the same principle consistently at work in the bringing about of man's union with God; the spiritual is mated with and works in and through the material. As in the One Person of Jesus Christ the divine and the human were inseparably united, so, hereafter, "all His action, all His achievement, will be 'incarnational.'" God will work for man through man; spiritual results will not normally be brought about independently of matter. The Word Incarnate will continue to be "the Way, the Truth, and the Life" in and through His masterpiece, the visible *Church*, with her visible means of sanctification and salvation. Christ will associate men to Himself—Bishops and Priests—whom He calls to co-operate with Him, to whom He gives a divine work to do; and they can do it because in them and through them it is Himself who acts.

As a consequence, according to the present plan of Divine Providence, the supernatural union of man with God is normally to be effected, not in isolation, but, in harmony with man's composite and social nature, through solidarity, by incorporation into a supernatural society; each individual must become, in fact or by desire, a living member of a visible living organism, the Church, the mystical body of Christ. Hence a visible head of that body, divinely constituted to represent the Invisible Head, Christ; hence a visible, infallible teaching authority to preserve pure and intact the deposit of Faith; hence the visible Sacraments signifying and conferring invisible grace, ministering to man's spiritual needs at his birth, adolescence, maturity, death: in all this we see God operating in a manner most consonant with human nature: by the mating and the co-operation of the material and the spiritual, the human and the divine: through the visible to the Invisible.

In connection with this subject, Father Martindale, S. J., makes some apposite remarks: "The Sacraments, then, are not only a work of God, but reveal the method of His working, and teach us, by imitating it, to sacramentalize the world. We are taught to seek for the true meaning and value of all that is, not on its surface, but within. We must not fantastically 'allegorize' Nature, but we must expect to find God present and working in it. Hence joy, hence love, hence freedom in a world become God's robe; in all things we may reach Him; nothing must be scorned, for it clothes Him; nor shall we ever dare to disdain it, as being *but* His robe; for the robe is *His*. Thus the whole world finds meaning; and as no static vision merely of a Faith, but as co-operative and dynamic" ("God and the Supernatural," p. 304).

2. We wish to call special attention to a few of these wonderful means of God's wisdom and love. Pre-eminent as the way to union with God is the *Most Holy Eucharist* in its threefold state and function of the Real Presence, of Holy Communion, and of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Here we have the living extension and vivid continuation of the Incarnation; here we have the sublime secret, the mighty power, the divine magic, the marvellous attraction, the very heart and center of our holy religion.

And first in the *Real Presence* we have Emmanuel, God with us, as really and as truly as He is in heaven at the right hand of His Father. "Lord, where dwellest Thou?" In every Tabernacle of every Catholic church, how lowly soever, throughout the whole wide world. It is true that God is everywhere. Still, the concept of omnipresence is a difficult one; the imagination is almost entirely helpless; it is mainly a matter for the intellect. But here man's sensitive faculties find some support. Here God is present in a very special manner, as the God-Man, appealing to all the faculties of our soul. Here, in this locality, in this church we can visit Him as we visit a bosom friend in his home, there to hold intimate converse. And while we kneel in soulful prayer under the sanctuary lamp, we almost feel the divine glow of the soothing inspiring, uplifting, fortifying Presence; for we know that there in that tabernacle, under those appearances, is present our very Lord and God, our Divine Friend, who understands us with the understanding of a divine love, whose Heart yearns to refresh and console, to advise and strengthen, all who approach Him with faith and confidence. It is true that not only His Divinity, as during His earthly sojourn, but His humanity likewise, is hidden beneath the veil of the appearances; but the eye of Faith pierces that veil, and beholds there the Divine Babe of Bethlehem, the Divine Youth and Man of Nazareth, the Divine Sufferer and Victim of Calvary the glorified Saviour in heaven.

Again, how divinely human and how humanly divine! Human thought is impotent to grasp, human language helpless to express, the depths of divine condescension, goodness and wisdom, as displayed in this Mystery of Love. With hearts overflowing with love and gratitude we can only pray with the Angelic Doctor: "Humbly I adore Thee, hidden Deity—Who beneath these symbols art concealed from me—Wholly in submission, Thee my spirit hails—For in contemplating Thee it wholly fails." How near our God is all our supplications, and how easy of approach,—But He comes nearer still.

In Holy Communion He enters our very hearts, not by grace only, but in the Person as the Incarnate God, with His Divinity, His soul, His body. Holy Communion is the Banquet wherein Christ gives Himself to us as the Bread of Life, or rather, as the Living Bread, to transform us into Himself, to maintain the Divine Life in us; it is the fullest participation possible in the Divine Sonship of Jesus, accessible to all without distinction, for all are called to become "participants of the divine nature." What more excellent, what more efficacious means could Divine Love have invented to establish and maintain our union with Him? "He who eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood *abideth in Me and I in him.*" Here, in this Living Bread, is the source and nourishment of the rich supernatural life in the Catholic Church, here the divine pledge of a glorious resurrection and of life everlasting.

3. The third marvellous means of holding us near to God, and the source of the two preceding, is *the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass*. The creature is true to its nature when it confesses its total dependence on its Creator, when it acknowledges the Divine sovereignty; that is one of the elements of the virtue of religion, itself a form of the virtue of justice. This confession and acknowledgment constitutes adoration of the Supreme Being by our self-abasement. It is no exaggeration nor mere rhetoric to say that in the presence of God this self-abasement should go as far as annihilation; but even this supreme homage could not sufficiently testify to the truth of our condition of mere creature, and God's infinite transcendence. (No doubt these words have a strangely unfamiliar, unintelligible sound for modern ears, and this for the simple reason stated at the very beginning: the "modernistic" man has utterly forgotten what it means to be a creature.) But as man has not the right to destroy his life, he substitutes creatures in his stead, principally those which serve most directly for the sustenance of his life, such as bread, wine, fruit, animals. By their immolation man acknowledges the infinite majesty and sovereignty of the Supreme Being—that God is the supreme Master of all things—and *that is sacrifice*, to which the consciousness of sin added an expiatory character. Every true sacrifice supposes a priesthood, both belong to the very essence of religion; they are as old as religion itself. (By what right, then, can one speak of a Protestant "religion"—without altar, priesthood, sacrifice?) In the Mosaic Law, God Himself fixed the forms of sacrifice: the holocausts of adoration, the peace-offerings of thanksgiving or petition, the expiatory sacrifices for sin. All these were only types and symbols of the supreme Sacrifice of the New Law.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is the only one worthy of God; for here Christ Himself is both Victim and Priest—and Christ is God's own Son. In the words of the Council of Trent (Sess. 22, Can. 1.), the Mass is a true sacrifice which recalls and renews Christ's immolation on Calvary.

What a constant and powerful and eloquent reminder we have here of God, and of His supreme gift to man—the Sacrifice of Calvary for his redemption! It is indeed the “mystery of Faith” (*“mysterium Fidei”*), the mystery come forth from the very heart of a God, it is His last thought for us—the testament of His Sacred Heart. It is the sum and center of our Catholic worship. Through it we fulfill, in the most excellent manner, our fundamental duties to God. For it is through his intimate participation in this Sacrifice, by identifying himself with Christ as High-Priest and Victim, that the rational creature renders to the Creator the homage of perfect adoration, the only thanksgiving worthy of God, the sacrifice of full propitiation and powerful impenetration. Moreover, in the pertinent words of Dr. N. Gehr (“The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass,” p. 211), “the Eucharistic Sacrifice is an inexhaustible source of holy thoughts and pious emotions—always refreshing, comforting and quickening both heart and mind. At the altar all the rays of heavenly truth and grace meet as in a focus: who is there that can approach this glowing hearth without being inflamed with ardent devotion and fervent love of God? . . . This is the holy hearth where faith, hope and love are enkindled and enflamed, where the spirit of prayer is enlivened and devotion is aroused, and ascends to heaven itself. The Eucharistic Sacrifice is so constituted as to be a school in which the most manifold virtues are being awakened and nourished, strengthened and purified. From the altar proceeds the impulse to all striving after the higher virtues, after a life of perfection.”

Ah, yes! “It is the Mass that matters” for us Catholics; and herein lies the explanation of the sinister efforts of the enemies of our holy Faith to render the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice impossible. For, says St. Bonaventure, “take away this Sacrament, and what will there be left in the world but error and infidelity?”

(What prophetic words, written about 250 years before the reformation!) “But by this Sacrament,” continues the Saint, “the Church stands, faith is confirmed, the Christian religion and Divine worship flourish.” (“On the Preparation for Mass,” I. i., 3). And Suarez calls the Holy Sacrifice an expression and vivid image of Christ's Passion, and consequently of the Incarnation and the other mysteries of Christ. (Disp. 76, 2.) These Mysteries of our Redemption are

kept vividly before our minds by the cycle of Feasts of the Liturgical year. Add to all this the sublime symbolism and the impressive solemnity of the ceremonial with which the Liturgy of the Church surrounds this central act of our holy religion,—in which the faithful are obliged to participate at least on every Sunday and Holyday,—and you will readily understand why there is no alienation from God where the Mass is held in due honor and vital appreciation. On the other hand, it will cause small wonder that infidelity and irreligion followed so closely on the heels of the “reformation,” and its rejection of the Holy Sacrifice.

4. The Church has still other excellent means of keeping man in touch with his God.

Confession is an essential part of the Sacrament of Penance instituted for the remission of grievous sins committed after Baptism. Christ might have chosen to perform this work directly, given the sincere repentance of the sinner. The fact is, however, that, in harmony with his general Plan, He chose to do it through the ministration of men, His priests; to them He communicated His power of forgiving sins. The repugnance which some experience in this matter finds its rich compensation in the many spiritual, moral and even physical advantages of Confession,—advantages which go to show how wise and helpful is this institution. It serves to keep alive the consciousness of man's dependence on God; to humble and cure his pride; to remind him of his weakness and sinfulness, of his duty and responsibility to God; by frequent self-examination, self-judgment and self-accusation, man comes to know himself and his besetting dangers.

In the Confessional the priest is not only a judge; he is likewise a physician to heal the past, and a counselor to give prudent direction for the future,—all in the gentle sympathetic spirit of his Divine Master, the Good Shepherd. Modern Psychiatry is throwing much light on the evils and dangers of “repression”; many grave neuroses result from the lack of opportunity to “unbosom oneself,” to pour into the ear of a trusted friend the imprisoned secrets that are crushing the soul. Even some Protestant ministers are coming to recognize all this, and have inaugurated “confession” hours in their churches. Experience shows that those who are minded “to go directly to God with their sins,” usually go to the Ego, thus exposing themselves to the subtle dangers and manifold pitfalls of self-delusion. And if it is generally true that “no one is a competent judge in his own cause,” it is especially so in what concerns the moral and spiritual life, where prudent and intelligent guidance is indispensable.

The "soul naturally Christian" finds *Devotion to the Mother of God and to His Saints* easy and natural; it feels its approach to God markedly facilitated thereby. The finest instincts of the human heart revolt at the very thought of ignoring the Mother of Him Who is our all in all. If Christ is God, then Mary is truly His Mother. While remaining a creature, she is the most exalted and most privileged of all creatures, and her power of intercession and example must be great indeed. Who that believes all this, will not find it most congenial to honor and implore the Son through His Mother? And the Saints—are they not God's intimate friends? Are they not those who have become most closely "conformed to the image of His Son"—beings like ourselves, men and women who have so faithfully modeled their lives on that of the Divine Exemplar? "God is wonderful in His Saints," and, by the celebration of their Feasts, by the veneration of their relics and images, the soul is uplifted and inspired to draw nearer to Christ by imitating the virtues of these living ideals of Christian perfection in every walk and condition of life. "They could do it, why not we?"

Finally, the Church provides the inspirations of her eloquent liturgical Symbolism, of music, of painting, sculpture, architecture; the charms of form, movement, color, sound,—all harmoniously conspiring to quicken the imagination, thrill the heart, raise the mind to thoughts celestial, stir the affections and the will to noble aspiration, high resolve, godly endeavor and achievement. "Sursum corda—Lift up your hearts!" May they dwell in heaven, your true home, even during this, your earthly pilgrimage. Thus Mother Church lovingly and constantly surrounds her children with the atmosphere of the spiritual and the supernatural; fully realizing that men are not pure spirits, she has recourse to all that has a telling, irresistible appeal to what is best and noblest in the totality of their composite nature; she is ever seeking to counteract the powerful and unceasing pull and drag to things earthly, crass, carnal; ever reminding her children of their exalted destiny,—and all this by methods which have a compelling attraction for all, high and low, cultured and unlettered. "Strongly and sweetly," under the guidance of the Spirit of Truth, Beauty and Grace, she applies the divinely given means, while surrounding them with appropriate dignity and reverence.

What has been said thus far shows, at least to some degree, the congenial aptitude for the needs of human nature, and the marvelous efficacy, of the means so condescendingly vouchsafed by Incarnate Wisdom, for establishing, promoting and maintaining in individuals and society, vital contact and union with God, and thus

precluding that alienation from Him, to which our fallen and utterly selfish nature is so constantly exposed.

And it is an established historical fact that it was the worthy and constant use of all these helps which, in the ages of Faith,—and pre-eminently in the thirteenth century, when Christianity was in full flower,—made Christ and God a living, vibrant, pulsing, supreme influence in every field of human endeavor, with the consequent achievements—religious, literary, artistic, social, economic.

IV.

1. Now, at the dawn of the sixteenth century, there arose certain individuals who took it upon themselves to “reform” the incomparable works of divine wisdom and love. By their repudiation of the one true Church, they rejected at one fell swoop, all or the most important of these singularly appropriate and adequate aids for facilitating the soul’s approach to God, and for maintaining the vital consciousness of Him and of His supreme rights and interests in private and public life. In their futile and fatuous attempt to destroy God’s Church, the “reformers” utterly failed to take into account and to realize the fact that they were simultaneously doing violence to human nature,—outraging and ignoring its most vital needs. Their Psychology was not a whit better than their Theology.

Not long after the calamitous revolt had rent the seamless robe of Christ by the dismemberment of Christian unity, the inevitable process of further aberrations set in. In practice, as in doctrine, the primary vitiating cause proceeded to produce its effects with inexorable logic. More or less rapidly, according to the variations of individuals and societies, during certain periods imperceptibly, at least to the mass of mankind,—but none the less surely,—the poison of alienation from Christ and God was working its way through the severed branches and organisms to which the sap of supernatural life no longer had access, and which had been ruthlessly robbed of the precious means for ascent to God and for the preservation of communion with Him.

2. The denial of the one external infallible authority in faith and morals, and the substitution of private judgment in all matters, deprived fallible man of the only sufficiently firm anchorage for the native instability of human thought; it did away with the one adequate safeguard against the corrosive tendencies of analytical reason,—two limitations of the mind so much in evidence in every period of the history of thought. The “reformers” opened wide the door to subjectivism, rationalism, agnosticism. There followed the medley of mutually contradictory sects and systems, with the storm and

stress of controversies. But it is with the practical results of false doctrines that we are concerned.

With the rejection of Sacrifice and Priesthood were banished the supreme means for the fulfillment of man's fundamental duties to God, for the exercise of the essential acts of religion; the rebellious sects ceased to have any religion and worship worthy of the name. It is a strong affirmation, but true nevertheless, that in this respect the evangelical churches fell below the level of the natural and the Mosaic religion, both of which always had their sacrifice and priesthood,—institutions belonging to the very essence of religion. Their religious service not only became impotent to communicate to men the precious fruits of the Redemption, but it was unable to upraise man's whole soul to God because it failed to quicken his whole being and personality. In both respects it became a cold and bare and barren thing. Preaching became its mainstay—the pulpit replaced the altar. Gone was the soul-stirring symbolism of the Liturgy, Feasts, public Devotions. There followed the gloomy bondage of a melancholy Puritanism. The attraction and the appeal, the support and the consolation, the divine warmth and the benign influence of the Real Presence was gone. Gone was that which had made of the churches veritable houses of God, real Tabernacles of the Most High. The churches became mere "meeting houses" where men met their God in no more real and true sense that they could do in the privacy of their homes. Gone was the most excellent means—here on earth of man's real and personal union with God, Holy Communion; gone was this Bread of Angels, this supersubstantial food for nourishing man's spiritual life, for neutralizing the poisons of sin and corruption. Gone was the Confessional, that refuge and haven whither frail man, sorely tempted and perplexed, could ever repair with entire trust and confidence, assured of a warm and sincere and sympathetic welcome, of consolation and encouragement. Man had constituted himself the sole and supreme arbiter of all his acts and omissions. The Mother of God was no longer the Mother of men, interceding for them at the throne of mercy. There can be no doubt that the refusal of the honors due to the Divine Maternity of the Blessed Virgin was one of the foremost practical causes leading up to the denial of the Divinity of Christ. The "Communion of Saints" was no more; struggling humanity was no longer to be drawn by the example of the noblest of the race, nor cheered by the consoling certainty of their intercession. All the spiritual pathways of approach to God—pathways so attractive, so congenial, so helpful to man's whole psychic content—were totally barred: man was told to seek God as best he

could—for was not every one his own priest and teacher and moralist? *The non-Catholic world was Church-less and un-religious.*

3. The all-important question, "What think ye of Christ?" was no longer answered after the prompt and unfaltering manner of St. Peter: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." Men were beginning to doubt and to question the Lord; they were "dividing Christ"; He began to be ignored, as a paramount and divine influence in the family and the affairs and occupations of men; in education, legislation, statesmanship; in science, art, literature. Individualism, Liberalism, Secularization were growing apace. The sublime, vivifying and ennobling truths and realities vouchsafed by divine revelation were paling in proportion as positive, practical Christianity was losing its grip on men's lives; in thought and life the supernatural waned while Naturalism waxed ever stronger and bolder. Religious practice was a matter of respectability and mainly social in its nature. The separated churches were bowing to State Absolutism and growing nationalistic and naturalistic. The false prophets and enemies of Christ quite consistently leveled their main attacks on Christ's Spouse, the Catholic Church. In this they were loyally and vigorously abetted by infidel governments and godless statesmen; all the means which diabolical ingenuity could invent were marshalled to hamper the spiritual activities of the Church, to discredit her Hierarchy and Orders, especially her most valiant and gifted champions, the noble sons of St. Ignatius.—*The Church-less world was becoming Christ-less.*

4. Despite the powerful support of the secular princes, and notwithstanding all the preachments and disquisitions, the non-Catholic world was evincing a constantly decreasing receptivity for things supersensible and spiritual; it was increasingly materialistic, utilitarian, selfish. God's rights and interests ceased to matter. He was not a living Reality, a personal Influence in the life and consciousness of individuals and nations. The basic relations of creature to Creator, the fundamental truth of man's utter dependence on God, of his elementary duties of the knowledge, love and service of God, the sense of his personal responsibility to a Supreme Judge, of sinfulness, guilt and the fear of God—all these were fast fading from man's consciousness. Private and public conscience was being dulled and deadened; impiety and immorality were rampant in high and low places. With the State deified and the Ego glorified, modern paganism was an accomplished fact: *The Christ-less world had become Godless.*

This summary outline can be readily filled out and verified by facts and details to be found in any impartial history of the culture

and civilization of the post-"reformation" period (e. g., Balmes "European Civilization").

Towering human pride had placed man on a high pedestal; it had arrogated to him rights, privileges and powers which were not his; a direct and individual ascent to God without Church, Sacrifice, Sacraments and other indispensable aids. But human nature is very realistic and self-assertive and jealous of her rights—and vindictive when these are outraged. Those who counted on super-men had pulled man down to a level below the human.

5. The evaluation of cause and effect in the matter under consideration is corroborated by a parallel process evidenced in the salient phase of thought after the "reformation." It is a sad and sorry tale of the vagaries of reason refusing the guidance of divine revelation. The first sinister brood of a Church-less mind were the Deists. These free-thinkers reduced to a system the ever-growing practical denial of Christ by the preceding generations. But they went further: they proceeded to push God Himself into the background by the negation of His Providence. They found a congenial soil in the Empiricism of Locke. Hume's Scepticism was followed by English Utilitarianism and Agnosticism, with the Cagliostrophic impostures of the now discredited Spencer. Then was staged "The Comedy of Evolution,"—materialistic evolution; we mean—with the subsequent Haeckelian frauds and forgeries; it still treads the boards, with a new vaudeville act inserted now and then, and an occasional change of costumes and scenery. In France we witness the sentimental and neurotic imbecilities of a Rousseau; the mephistophelian grin and sneer and hatred of everything Christian of a Voltaire, the rank materialism and blank atheism of the Encyclopedists—all heading straight for the orgies of the French Revolution. Of course, the whole force of their satanic hatred for Christ was directed against the one institution which alone accepted Him whole and undivided, and unflinchingly championed His rights and interests—the Catholic Church. Then came the conceited shallowness of Comte and the Positivists who thought to deify humanity by writing it with a capital H.

In Germany the "Illuminati" were popularized by men with tendencies similar to those of the French Encyclopedists. Lessing's publication of the "fragments" of Reimarus may be said to have inaugurated the "higher criticism"—the rationalizing of the Gospel, of its miracles and of the Person of Christ. Everywhere there was disintegration, uncertainty, bewilderment. Then came Kant with his two Critiques—sophistically dividing off reason into two compartments. To Pure Reason was allotted the function of arranging the

chaos of the sensible phenomena of the material universe according to the mind's innate forms and categories; to Practical Reason belonged all matters moral, spiritual, religious, of which Pure Reason could know nothing. But instead of curing existing evils, Kant's theory of the theoretical reason gave rise to most of the subsequent Idealisms, Agnosticisms, Pantheisms; it set in motion the mental acrobatics of the German metaphysicians Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, etc., who discredited metaphysics to the extent of producing a reaction in favor of crass materialism; then sick to death of materialism, the world turned for relief to pseudo-mysticism—the pendulum of thought swinging from one extreme to the other. Kant's theory of the practical reason produced the tendency to non-dogmatic Christianity, relegating faith and religious truth to the regions of subjective feeling and vague sentiment. The “categorical imperative” makes man autonomous; under the influences of this autonomy, man will not accept moral law even from God: the finite rational creature becomes greater than God. Most of the modernistic philosophical and religious thought is vitiated by Kantian principles.

In the meantime “higher criticism,” with the aid of one or the other of the German metaphysics—and there were many varieties—was reaching the heights, not indeed of true criticism, but of absurdity, in its vain attempts to destroy the historical and supernatural character of Christianity. Comes then the “omnium gatherum,” of all the pseudo-philosophical and heterodox “isms,” Modernism, that colossal hypocrisy seeking to cloak its rank infidelity and agnosticism with the terminology of orthodox belief. To what deplorable degree it has infected contemporaneous thought, and what spiritual havoc Protestant rationalistic Theology is working among clergy and people—all this is so well known as to render its detailing superfluous.

6. In the course of the last four centuries then, theoretical thought in this matter proceeded along lines parallel with those of practical life. In the latter the rejection of the Church's means of sanctification led to the disappearance of the Divine Christ and then of the personal God from human consciousness, and ended in the deification of the world and self. The former, as it has just been briefly sketched, presents the corresponding stages of schism and heresy, infidelity, atheism, the variegated forms of pantheism.

In our own day, considerable wonderment is evoked by the fact that so many otherwise sane and intelligent people should be duped or even attracted by the jumble and jargon, the slogans and catchwords, the grain of truth under a heap of rubbish—of such silly

cults as Spiritism, Christian Science, New Thought, Theosophy, and others of their ilk. But let it be remembered that men in the pangs of hunger are not discriminating in their choice of food; and these many,—robbed of their God, of the congenial ways of approaching Him, of the daily inbreathing of genuinely Christian ideas and ideals,—are aimlessly groping for the food to satisfy their soul's hunger and inborn craving for God, avidly grasping at anything that has the least semblance of such food. How many are spiritually dying, stifling in the soul-begriming atmosphere of a Godless, creedless, codeless world!

“For man has sinned, has sinned,
Allowing doubt to eat his heart away.
His heart is heavy and grey.

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Has he no memory of the wrong
The cunning prophets did him who destroyed
The living creed that he enjoyed?
Which sent him soaring like a bird in air—
Like a lark singing; like an eagle strong—
Which drew up, rather than builded up, the stair
His spirit used to gambol into prayer;
Lifting, as a church its spire,
His voice in the ecstatic choir
To pierce the heavens, sharp with strong desire.”

(Theodore Maynard's "Ode in Time of Doubt.")

The sincere and earnest Protestant of today likewise feels, very keenly at times, the sad and poignant void in the practical side of his religion; it leaves churches empty; it fails to attract; it falls short of satisfying the yearnings and aspirations of the soul. But while our hearts go out to him in sincerest sympathy and appreciative understanding, we fervently pray that he may soon come to recognize the real and radical cause of this spiritual emptiness and frigidity. Why not accept the witness of impartial history? It will tell him that it was not always thus. It will show him that there was a time in the Christian world when there was no “absence of the spirit of worship,” nor “lack of holy symbolism,” nor “idolatry of the sermon instead of the worship of God,” nor “half-filled or empty churches,” nor any of the other spiritual ailments deplored and misunderstood. That was the time when all Christians made a whole-souled use of the precious aids appointed by God for drawing men's souls to Himself in a manner most natural and

congenial to them. This same witness of true history will then give evidence,—that the rejection of these helps was soon followed by the alienation of man from his religious duties and from God Himself. Was this sequence of events one of time merely? By no means. It was a “*post hoc et propter hoc*.” There was the profoundest causal relation between the rejection and the alienation: given the former, the latter was bound to follow from the very nature of the case—human nature—man’s whole psychic makeup.

For the present moral and spiritual bankruptcy in private and public life there is only one efficacious remedy: a whole-hearted return to the true Church; for the cause of the world’s plight is its estrangement from God; but the way to God is solely through Christ, “for there is no other name given to man in which man can be saved” here or hereafter; and there is only one true way to the fulness of Christ—His one Church: only there is He found whole and undivided; only there His teaching and His means of sanctification and salvation are found in all their original purity and plenitude and power. The Catholic Church alone can Christianize the modern paganism as successfully as it did the ancient.

REV. J. S. ZYBURA.

THE DELPHIC ORACLE

"Oraculum; quod inest in his deorum oratio."—Cicero.

"Voluntas divina hominis ore enuntiata."—Seneca.

ORACLES in the familiar sense flourished best in Greece and Hellenized areas, though even here the estatic element probably came from the East. The local element, however, and the practice of interpreting voices as heard in the wind, fire and water, was rooted in Greek religion. All persuasion involves a reference more or less direct, to conduct and action, and it is concerned more or less directly, with the future.

Religious persuasion, dealing as it does largely with the supernatural, and what is beyond our everyday experience, its tendency is to appeal not to facts but to principles that, derived from authority and tradition, have acquired the sanction of accepted truths. From circumstances such as these arose the downfall of Delphi. Partly in reaction against Apollo, partly in imitation of him, other oracles were restored or created. It was believed that many difficult paths adapted to different nations and grades of knowledge converged to the same Divinity, and that the most erroneous religion is good if it forms good dispositions and inspires virtuous actions.

The attempt to define the word "oracle" confronts us at once with the difficulties of the subject. The Latin term, indeed, which we are forced to employ, points specially to cases where the voice of God or spirit was actually heard, whether directly or through some human intermediary. But the corresponding Greek term merely signifies a seat of soothsaying, a place where divinations are obtained by whatever means. And we must not regard the oracles of Greece as rare and majestic phenomena, shrines founded by a full-grown mythology for the direct habitation of a god. Rather they are the products of a long process of evolution, the modified survivals from among countless holy places of a primitive race.

It is true to say, then, that at no epoch of Greek society that we can yet discover, was Greek religion wholly confined within the bonds of clan, tribe, or city. Nor does it appear at any time to have been true of Greek morality that its outlook was limited to the circle of kindred and did not include the alien and stranger. One of the clearest proofs of this is the great antiquity of the ritual of oath-taking and of the moral feeling about perjury as a primary sin against the divinity in whose name a person was forsworn. The ancient religious

ceremony of the oath has a peculiar interest because it was a form of communion between the oath-taker and the divine power invoked; for, as more than one passage in the Homeric poems and the record of the old Attic ritual in the Court of the Areopagus attest, the person at the moment of swearing put himself into touch or *rapprochement* with some object that established a mystical current between himself and the divinity, and perhaps in the most primitive stage of thought the curse set in motion by perjury, as in the ordeal, was spontaneously destructive or blasting.

"Greek oracles," in the words of Myers, "reflect for a thousand years the spiritual needs of a great people. They draw their origin from an Animism which almost all races share, and in their early and inarticulate forms they contain a record of most of the main currents in which primitive beliefs are wont to run. Afterwards—closely connected both with the idea of supernatural possession and with the name of the sun-god Apollo—they exhibit a singular fusion of nature-worship with Shamanism or sorcery. Then, as the non-moral and naturalistic conception of the deity yields to the moral conception of him as an idealised man, the oracles reflect the change, and the Delphian god becomes in a certain sense the conscience of Greece."

At first Apollo appears to us as the god of the sweet springtime, and of rural life; the heavenly shepherd leading his flocks to the mountains. He calls up before us an image of peace, of pure felicity.¹ He is at the same time, the god of the lyre, with the Muses for companions; the god of song and music, the inspirer of all poetry. But this firstborn of light is above all the god of prophecy, the great revealer to men of the thought and will of Zeus. Nor does he merely reveal the law of good. He is also the Purifier, the Restorer, in a word the atoning god. He has had need to make expiation for himself; for though he is the beneficent god, he is also the god who slays, the terrible archer whose deathful dart, like the burning ray of the sun, consumes the life it has created. His silver bow is as formidable as the weighty arms of Ares. But it is not in his nature to smite past recovery. Those whom he wounds, he heals. His divine son Æsculapius represents this aspect of his nature, which is one of the noblest. There is, however, an evil more to be dreaded than plague or pestilence. This is the sin which defiles the soul and arouses the anger of the gods, such defilement reaching its culminating point in murder. Apollo was able to wash away this stain even from the most guilty, all the more because he had himself known the need of purification and expiation; for though he had wrought a great deliverance in slaying the Lernean Hydra, he had nevertheless contracted the defilement

¹ Strabo, 9, 8, 6.

which necessarily follows murder, and his long captivity with Admetus was his expiation. This sovereign god had had then his access of passion. The memory of it was perpetuated every year during the barbarous ages, by the immolation of human victims chosen from among great criminals; and subsequently by the sending away into the desert of a youth who represented the exile of the god. His power to deliver knew no bounds. If the fugitive murderer received on his brow the blood of the atoning victim, and was touched by the sacred laurel, he was thus placed under the protection of the merciful god. Hence, Apollo was called the saviour god, and was regarded as the redeemer from much evil.

Greek religion is presented to us by its various records mainly as a polytheism of personal divinities, grouped in certain family relationship around and under a supreme god. Theoretically the chief divinity is male in sky, earth, and sea, but in certain localities the goddess-cult is more powerful. The higher beings are rarely recognizable as personifications of physical forces of nature, and it is only of a very few of them that a nature-origin can be posited or proved. At a few of the lesser oracles, a person who consulted them had to observe preliminary rites of purification.

A point, the determination of which must have gone some way towards regulating the shape and arrangement of the early maps, was the position of the centre of the Earth's surface. This was fixed at Delphi for the Greeks by religious associations, in the same way as at a later time Jerusalem became the central point of the world in the minds of Dante and his contemporaries. The popular belief on this subject gave rise to the fable which Pindar relates, that two eagles which were let go by Zeus, the one from the east, the other from the west, met at Delphi.² Apollo himself was reputed to have selected this spot as the chosen seat of his worship and the fame of the wealth of its temple and the wisdom of its oracle dated from the earliest period of Greek history, for both of these are mentioned in the Homeric poems. In the *Iliad*, Achilles speaks of the riches that were stored at Pytho as being comparable to the possessions of the Ilium;³ and in the *Odyssey*, Agamemnon is related to have obtained thence an oracular response before proceeding to Troy.⁴ By degrees it became more and more the political as well as the religious centre of the country, for its influence was exerted in the direction of holding the Greek states together and counteracting their centrifugal tendencies, and its wide outlook and practical sagacity in all matters which affected the

² *Il.*, 9, 401-5.

³ *Od.*, 8, 79-81.

⁴ *Herod.*, 5, 42.

Hellenic community caused it to be generally resorted to for the sake of the good counsel which it supplied. "This was especially the case," wrote Toger, "at the time of the foundation of the Greek colonies, for the influence which the oracle exercised in regulating that movement was so great, that when the Spartan Dorieus met with disaster in endeavouring to found a colony in Libya, his failure was attributed to his having neglected to consult the god beforehand." "The national position which Delphi thus obtained caused it to be regarded not only metaphorically, but locally, as the middle point of Greece—a character which it might fairly claim from its geographical situation; and since Greece was considered by its inhabitants to occupy a central position among the countries of the world, this place came to be called "the navel of the Earth" and the idea was formally expressed on the maps, so that Delphi became the starting point of their construction."⁵

Of equal importance for the possibility of national union were the early Amphiktyones, or organizations of different tribes and peoples for the protection and management of some common temple; and before the idea of such a policy could have arisen, religion must have overpassed the narrow tribal stage. The salient and most interesting example of such an Amphiktyony, a word which properly signifies "the union of the peoples who dwell around a temple," was the Delphic. What were the political conditions that facilitated this union is a question that does not concern us. What suggested to these Amphiktyones, who were originally organized to protect a temple of Demeter near Thermopylæ, to concern themselves with Delphi, was the growth of the oracle to a position of international importance, and to this position it must have begun to approach in the Homeric or pre-Homeric period. For the list of the various members of the league reflects the ethnic conditions of an age prior to the Ionic migrations and the Dorian conquest of the Peloponnese, an age also when the tribe rather than the Polis was the dominating factor of society.⁶ The oath taken by the members, preserved by Æschines, bound them "not to destroy any city of the league, not to cut any one of them off from spring-water, either in war or peace, and to war against any who violated these rules." The oath may have been broken, and Demosthenes might speak slightly of "the Delphic shadow"; but the text, which has the ring of genuine antiquity, is a priceless document of Greek social-religious history, for it proclaimed, however falteringly, the ideal of an inter-tribal mortality and concord. On a large scale this was never realized in the tragic history of Greece:

⁵ Toger: "Historical Geography."

⁶ vide Farnell: "Cults," vol. iv., pp. 182-185.

nevertheless, the unrealized aspirations of any religion retain their value. Here we can only glance at its main effects of the Delphic oracle. Certain legends pointedly suggest that it had assisted the Doric migration into the Peloponnese; and at least from the eighth century onwards it is the most potent Panhellenic force in Greek religious institutions. It directed the counsels of States, and had at times the opportunity of inspiring their legislation; it fostered and aided by invaluable advice the expanding colonization of Greece, and was able thereby to bind the new colonies by indissoluble ties to Delphi. It might claim even to dispose of territory. In religious matters its influence was of the greatest, and it helped to diffuse a general system of purification from bloodshed; and when after the fifth century its political authority waned, it served in some sort as a confessional whereto troubled and conscience-stricken minds might resort. The records almost, in fact, suggest an ambition on the part of Delphi to play the same part in relation to the Greek cities as the mediæval Papacy played in relation to the States of Christendom. But an ecclesiastic domination was rendered impossible in Greece, partly by the absence of genius at Delphi, but mainly by the stubborn independence and centrifugal instincts of the Greek Polis. Finally, we may note one historic fact in the history of Delphi, that may have been of importance for the expansion of the horizon of Greek religion. In the seventh and sixth centuries a great non-Hellenic power, the monarchy of Lydia, is found to be consulting and courting the favour of the Delphic Apollo.

Lecky is hardly correct when he says that nothing analogous to the ancient oracles was incorporated with Christianity.¹ There is the notable case of the god Sosthenion, whom Constantine identified with the archangel Michael, and whose oracular functions were continued in a precisely similar manner by the latter. Oracles that were not thus absorbed and supported were recognized as existent, but under diabolic control, and to be tolerated, if not patronized, by the representatives of the dominant religion. The oracle at Delphi gave forth prophetic utterances for centuries after the commencement of the Christian era; and was the less dangerous, as its operations could be stopped at any moment by holding a saintly relic to the god or devil Apollo's nose. There is a fable that St. Gregory, in the course of his travels, passed near the oracle, and his extraordinary sanctity was such as to prevent all subsequent utterances. This so disturbed the presiding genius of the place, that he appealed to the saint to undo the baneful effects his presence had produced; and Gregory benevolently wrote a letter to the devil, which was in fact

¹ Scot, book vii., ch. i.

a license to continue the business of prophesying unmolested. This nonsensical fiction shows clearly enough that the oracles were not generally looked upon as extinguished by Christianity. As the result of a similar policy we find the names and functions of the pagan gods and the earlier Christian saints confused in the most extraordinary manner; the saints assuming the duties of the moribund deities where those duties were of a harmless or necessary character.⁸

From Bible history we learn that Assyria led Israel into captivity about 721 B. C., and that Babylon did the like with Juda 116 years afterwards. In the interval the centre of power had passed from Nineveh to Babylon, wherein was involved a religion change of a typical character. By a common process the Assyrian gods were assimilated to the Babylonian deities and invoked under their names. We know how the Delphic Oracle passed from Ge to Apollo—that is, from a Chthonian deity to a sky-god, which is a great transmutation of character from darkness to light. The cause was the driving out of the pre-Hellenic people by a Hellenic. It is often thought that the transition must have been violent, needing an intermediate headship of Themis, the daughter of Ge. Many deny that there was violence:—"What was the transition from Ge to Apollo? According to Æschylus, Themis succeeded her mother in the possession of the Oracle, she in turn being succeeded by her sister Phœbe, who made a birthday present to her prophetic shrine, and even of her name, to Apollo. Apart from the story of Phœbe, the history of the transition, as given by Æschylus, accords substantially with the statements of Pausanias, Aristinous of Corinth, Plutarch and Strabo. According to these there was a peaceful succession of cults, culminating in that of Apollo" (pp. 20, 21). At any rate, under the Apolline headship, the Chthonian features were retained of a cleft in the rock whence issued vapours, and of a sacred well, Kassotis.

This Delphi, the seat of Apollo's temple and of the Pythia, was lost to the knowledge of men for a thousand years and more. Over its site, till the year 1890, spread the primitive mountain village, Castri, and scholars had even been in doubt whether this village were the site of Delphi or not. Then the French dug, and by 1899 the complete plan of Delphi outlined in stone, precisely as it was described by Pausanias 1700 years before, stood revealed. You may now look from the platform of Apollo's shrine and call up some faint semblance of what Delphi was like in the days of its glory.

Recent French excavations discovered no traces of these; but the suggested account for them, as given by Father Dempsey, is that they may have been small objects obliterated by earthquakes. He

⁸ Middleton's "Letter from Rome."

adds another consideration bearing on the Chthonian inheritance from Ge to Apollo: "The idea that Delphic inspiration was due to mephitic vapour rests wholly on the authority of later writers; the early writers are absolutely silent on the matter. The materializing of the influence, so as to make it definitely sensuous, was the work of a later day." It has been asserted that not to be outdone, Dordona copied from Delphi the Pythia with the accompanying spring, which they made sacred to Zeus and Dione.

DELPHI (Kastri), a small town in Phocis, but one of the most celebrated in Greece, on account of its oracle of Apollo. It was situated on a steep declivity on the south slope of Mt. Parnassus, and its site resembled the cavea of a great theatre. It was shut in on the north by a barrier of rocky mountains, which were cleft in the centre into two great cliffs with peaked summits, between which issued the waters of the Castalian spring. It was regarded as the central point of the whole earth, and was hence called the "navel of the earth." It was originally called PYTHO, by which name it is alone mentioned in Homer. Delphi was colonized at an early period by Doric settlers from the neighbouring town of Lycorea, on the heights of Parnassus. The government was in the hands of a few distinguished families of Doric origin. From them were taken the chief magistrates and the priests. The temple of Apollo contained immense treasures; for not only were rich offerings presented to it by kings and private persons, but many of the Greek states had in the temple separate thesauri, in which they deposited, for the sake of security, many of their valuable treasures.

The Greeks firmly believed that in the difficulties of life it was always possible to obtain supernatural guidance by consulting an oracle. Divination by means of oracles, that is, through shrines where the answers delivered by priests to inquirers were regarded as inspired by the god worshipped there, was a peculiarly Hellenic institution, though, of course, divination by this and other means is common to many races. There were several Greek oracular shrines, but none so famous, or so widely consulted, as the Oracle of Apollo at Delphi. Apollo's temple was there built on a wide shelving ledge of rock deep in the valley of the Pleistus under the heights of Mount Parnassus. Sheer walls of cliff, eight hundred feet high, meeting at a very obtuse angle, form the background of the scene. At the point where the two walls meet is a narrow gorge, down which falls a stream which in winter is a foaming cascade. This stream is the fountain Castalia. The cliffs were called Phaedriades, the "Gleaming" Rocks, because the sun at his rising darts shafts of light from them before his disc shows over the top. For some moments the

rocks themselves appear to radiate light. Between 1500 and 2000 feet below, through a tangle of trees and grass and bushes, flows the Pleistus. The natural scene is one of wild beauty, and the effect was heightened in ancient times by the contrast with the sacred buildings which the veneration of the Hellenes for the awe and mystery of the place had raised there. Everything was calculated to exalt the religious feelings of the worshipper who came to consult the god. If he came from the Gulf of Corinth by the long road up from the port of Cirrha (now Itéa),⁹ the splendid vision burst upon him at a sudden bend in the road. If he came by land through Phocis, he climbed for many hours through grand mountain scenery along the side of Parnassus till he came under the very gorge of Castalia.

Father Dempsey, in his study on this subject, says that the choice of a woman for the medium was usual of old, and is noticed today in spiritualistic phenomena. An enthusiasm had to be roused in a susceptible nature (*mantike entheos*), a process which differed from the scientific divination by skill in the interpretation of signs (*mantike technike*). The unskilled Pythia uttered exclamations, which had to be interpreted by an intermediary. For the gift of tongues St. Paul required the adjunct of an interpretation on the part of the spiritually gifted to the ungifted (I Cor. xiv. 17). As a passive instrument the Pythia was an unsophisticated woman of sound health. "All that was required of a Pythia was that she should have spent her life in a virtuous manner and continued to live ritualistically pure. Ordinarily she was not a very striking personage, being but a simple, unlettered peasant, having acquired nothing from art of any sort. Originally virginity was necessary; later the safeguard of marriage was preferred" (pp. 52, 53).

Its early history is, according to Strabo, legendary, and the legends are variously interpreted. The foundation was ascribed to an Eponymous hero, Amphitryon, usually said to be the son of Deucalion and brother of Helen, some three hundred years previous to the Trojan war. He, being king at Thermopylæ, united the neighbouring people in the festival of Pylæa. Other accounts explained the name *Amphyktyones* as meaning "the neighbouring peoples," and connected the institution with Delphi.

The Greek who came to consult the oracle must first follow the appointed ritual to assure his personal purity, then take part in a solemn sacrifice. If the signs were all favourable, he approached the temple, and the officiating priest, a member of one of the Delphian families, received his enquiry and disappeared into the

⁹ The modern Itéa does not occupy the site of the ancient Cirrha. Cirrha was about a mile to the east.

sanctuary. In the chamber within¹⁰ sat the priestess of Apollo, the Pythoness or Pythia, a woman of mature years, consecrated to this service. To prepare herself for the ordeal, she had fasted, and bathed in the Catalian spring, eaten of the leaves of the sacred laurel and drunk of the cold waters of the spring, Cassotis. Then she mounted the tripod, the three-footed stool of inspiration, and about her stood the priests of Apollo and the "prophètes," or interpreter, waiting for the inspired word that should fall from her lips. When the power of the god came upon her; the priestess writhed and twisted and threw out her arms and uttered strange cries. At last she poured out a series of more coherent sounds, which the attendant priest, or prophet, took down. This was the "response," which was subsequently given by the priest to the inquirer, generally in the form of two or more lines of hexameter verse. Sometimes the answer of the god was simple and plain, as when he forbade the men of Cnidus to cut a channel to turn the peninsula on which their city stood into an island.¹¹

Usually the clients would stand in a large hall, from which they could view the god's statue. In the centre, usually at a lower level, was the adyton, where the spring, tripod and laurel bushes were seen. Here the prophetess received the so-called divine inspiration. Nearly all oracles were administered by a group of officials, originally, no doubt, members of the same family. At Delphi she was chosen for the neighbourhood, and had to be over 50 years of age and quite ignorant. Her guidance, says a critic, was not expected to be too positive! And so oracles became proverbial for their ambiguity.

Just as at Dodona, the chthonian deity, Ge, made way for the skygod Zeus, at Delphi also she was ousted by the radiant sungod Apollo. To the Greek mind prophecy was necessarily associated with earth divinities. According to the ancient belief, expressed by Hesiod and Homer, it was in the bowels of the earth, in the roots of the world that those ancient laws resided which regulated the world's development. From that quarter, therefore, knowledge of the future naturally proceeded. Hence, too, at Delphi vestiges of the chthonian cult even when the chthonian deities themselves had receded far into the background; and it would appear, in fact, that Pythian Apollo was in possession of

¹⁰ One would like to believe in the cleft or chasm in the rock beneath the sanctuary out of which rose a strange intoxicating vapor, and that it was above this that the tripod of the priestess was placed. Later tradition, beginning with Strabo, the geographer, is precise in describing all this. But certainly there was no traces of any such rift or cleft in the floor of the temple of Apollo when excavated by the French. It is all solid stone.

¹¹ Herodotus, i., 174

prophetic power at Delphi by right of sovereignty rather than assimilation. Whether Apollo's accession was violent or peaceful—"a birthday present," as Æschylus has it—is not ascertained. but antiquity, as revealed by the prevalence of certain legends, leaned towards the former view, which history, too, supports by parallel instances.

The statement of Æschylus is necessarily somewhat *ex parte*. He is a monotheist and moreover he is "all for the Father." In dealing with the religion of Delphi he is confronted with the awkward fact that Zeus at Delphi had no official cult, the oracle was in the hands of Apollo. Moreover, that oracle was actually delivered by a woman seated over a cleft in the earth and inspired not only by the laurel she chewed but by mephitic vapours that rose from the earth. In all this Zeus was—nowhere. Yet the supremacy of Zeus was to Æschylus the keystone of his beautiful faith in a right that was beyond might, a thing to be preserved even in the face of seeming facts. A lesser soul would have turned obscurantist, would have juggled with facts; a more conventional mind would have accepted orthodox tradition and claimed that Apollo conquered by force. That to Æschylus was no conquest at all. The solution he gives us in the prologue is utterly Æschylean and in a sense strangely modern. There has been not a fight but a development,¹² not even, as in the *agon* of the play, a reconciliation and sudden conversion, but a gradual emergence and epiphany of godhead from strength to strength from Gaia to Zeus.

It appears the more probable, that the son of Semale was a later arrival at Delphi, and that, choosing the lesser of two evils, the Apolline priests "received him with open arms" as one who had borne down all opposition and bade fair to prove their own undoing in the event of hostility. In Homer, Dionysius cuts a sorry figure, and it is noteworthy, too, that in the Theban myth Dionysius is little more than a man, just a degree above Heracles. Yet we find that in the sixth century at Athens he is the central figure in the Anthesteria, and the Greater and Lesser Eleusinia. Like Apollo, he is the inspirer of profane poetry, and described as leader of the Muses. In a vase of particularly interesting composition (published by the Imperial Archaeolog. Commission of Petrograd

¹² The same notion of development comes out in the *Prometheus*, as has been well observed by Miss Janet Case (*Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 195). "It has not," writes Miss Jane Harrison, "I think been recognized in the *Suppliants*; but Prof. Murray points out to me that the keynote of the play is the transition from violence to persuasion. Ares, who is—violence and hurt personified—must give way to Aphrodite as Peitho. So only can the Danaides, fertility-nymphs, like the Semne, bring peace and prosperity to the barren land. See also for the same idea in the story of Io, *Rise of the Greek Epic*,"² p. 291.

(*Comt. Rend.*, 1861), the god of Delphi and Delos is represented as standing at the foot of the sacred palm tree above the omphalos and receiving Dionysus by the hand, admitting him into the partnership of his attributes, while around stand the satyrs and other followers of the winegod. The legend of Orpheus gives striking expression to the mysterious relationship that existed between these deities. This son or priest of Apollo was torn asunder by the Bacchantes, but subsequently by a strange evolution became priest of Dionysus and founder of the Mysteries. The enthusiastic mantic of Delphi was apparently of Dionysiac origin, and the tripod which was situated in the sanctuary beside the tomb of Dionysius, seems to have been variously associated with Dionysiac worship. At the feasts of Dionysus it was the prize granted to the victorious choregus. Yet in spite of this close relationship and notwithstanding the fact that for a quarter of each year—the three winter months—during Apollo's absence, Dionysus was in sole command at Delphi, he is not mentioned as having oracular power. One wonders was the oracle consulted during these three months, and if so, by virtue of what power did it reveal the hidden things of destiny. Or, were Dionysus and Apollo but forms of the same divinity, Dionysus being an infernal Apollo and Apollo a solar Dionysus?

At Delphi, as at Dodona, we seem to trace the relics of many a form of worship and divination which we cannot now distinctly recall. From that deep cleft "in rocky Pytho," Earth, the first prophetess, gave her earliest oracle,¹³ in days which were already a forgotten antiquity to the heroic age of Greece. The maddening vapour, which was supposed to rise from the chasm,¹⁴ belongs to nymph-inspiration rather than to the inspiration of Apollo. At Delphi, too, was the most famous of all fetish-stones, believed in later times to be the centre of the earth. At Delphi, divination from the sacrifice of goats reached an immemorial antiquity. Delphi, too, was an ancient centre of divination by fire, a tradition which survived in the name of Pyrcon, given to Hephæstus' minister, while Hephæstus shared with Earth the possession of the shrine, and in the mystic title of the Flame-kindlers, assigned in oracular utterances to the Delphian folk.

¹³ Aesch. *Eum.* 2; Paus. x., 5; cf. Eur. *Iph. Taur.* 1225 sqq.

¹⁴ Strabo, ix., p. 419, etc. In a paper read before the British Archaeological Association, March 5, 1879, Dr. Phené has given an interesting account of subterranean chambers at Delphi, which seem to indicate that gases from the subterranean Castalia were received in a chamber where the Pythia may have sat. But in the absence of direct experiment this whole question is physiologically very obscure. It is even possible that the Pythia's frenzy may be a survival from a previous Dionysiac worship at Delphi, and thus originally traceable to a quite orthodox intoxicant.

The waving of the Delphic laurel, which in later times seemed no more than a token of the wind and spiritual stirring which announced the advent of the god, was probably the relic of an ancient tree-worship, like that of Dodona, and Daphne, priestess of Delphi's primeval Earth-oracle, is but one more of the old symbolical figures that have melted back again into impersonal nature at the appearing of the God of Day. Lastly, at Delphi is laid the scene of the sharpest conflict between the old gods and the new. A laurel tree stood close by the chasm in the rock before Apollo's time and Daphnis was said to have been the first priestess of the oracle of Gaiä. Here we have evidence of primitive tree-worship.

In the height of its fame, the Delphi exercised increased influence; its staff was international and expert; gold flowed freely into its coffers, and free access to it was guaranteed to pilgrims even in times of war. Its decrees were final in matters of art and religion. Had it realized its own position, its work of unification, whether as regards religion or politics in Hellas, might have been unlimited. Easily corrupted by gold, it became an end to itself. Responsible for more than one war, it drained the Colonies of revenues, and gradually got lost among its rivals.

Plutarch, who was a contemporary of Nero's, describes in several essays this lowest point of oracular fortunes. It was in the porticoes of the shrine that the most interesting of his essays were inspired. The sacred chasm had been choked with corpses because the priestess had branded the empire as another Orestes;¹⁸ and the Emperor Hadrian characteristically tested its omniscience by a question as to the birthplace of Homer. Not Delphi alone, but the great majority of Greek oracles, were at that time hushed, a silence which Plutarch ascribed partly to the tranquillity and depopulation of Greece, partly to a casual deficiency of Demons—the immanent spirits who give inspiration to the shrines, but who are themselves liable to change of circumstances, or even to death. Later, in the time of Cicero, the popular divinations were discarded, the oracles refuted and ridiculed, and the whole system of divination pronounced a political imposture, and according to Emilius before the time of Constantine numerous books had been written against the oracles.

It would seem that the central position of Delphi, and the resort to the temple of inquirers from all parts of the Hellenic world gave the priestly families unique opportunities of gathering information. The priestly houses were in touch with distant lands;

¹⁸ Dion., Cass., lxiil, 14.

they had interests abroad and special sources of information. By these means also they acquired from generation to generation a sagacity in dealing with men and affairs which seldom led them astray. These powers of usefulness were shown most widely and successfully in connection with Greek colonization. The founding of new settlements by the Greeks may be said to have been carried out under the direction of the Delphic oracle. Before a band of colonists set out they invariably sought the advice of the oracle, so that Herodotus notes it as remarkable when the Spartan Dorieus, "neither took counsel of the oracle at Delphi as to the place whereto he should go, nor observed any of the customary usages";¹⁶ and evidently regards this recklessness as the cause of his failure. We can see good reason for this custom. The Delphic priests, from their knowledge of other lands, were in a position to give sound advice to intending emigrants. For there can be little doubt that it was the priests, and not the Pythoness, who really determined the substance of the responses. The Pythoness in her ecstasy babbled incoherent sounds; the priests interpreted these sounds in accordance with their judgment of what was fitting.

In an interesting section of his book, Father Dempsey proceeds to deal with the influence of the Apolline oracle in the departments of religion, morals and politics. The causes of this undoubted influence, which rested solely on moral authority, are partly to be found in the favourite geographical position of Delphi as centre of the Hellenic world, but principally in the intrinsic excellence of the Apolline religion, which adopted and appropriated the best elements of previous cults. The nature of Delphi's enthusiastic mantic is investigated, and the story of the divining process is reviewed in the light of recent discovery. The absorbing question of the oracle's genuineness is next discussed, and it is shown that the voice of antiquity, with a rare discordant note, was favourable to Apollo's claims. An occasional Lucian there was, of course, or an Euripides—though Verrall is an unsafe guide in this connection—but the verdict of Greek intellect throughout these many hundred years acquits the oracle of conscious fraud, while instances such as the test case of Croesus establish its claim to a superhuman knowledge. Some have explained this phenomenon by telepathy.

The attitude of the oracle in the political life of Hellas is described as that of fair dealing in the main, the tendency to laconise, however, being perceptible from the beginning. The apology for this tendency is found in the historical associations of the oracle with Sparta. But in general, the Delphic priests observed

¹⁶ Herodotus, v. 42.

a broad toleration, suggested by self-interest, undoubtedly, as they were dependent on the generosity of the Apolline faithful, so to speak, and could not afford to alienate any section. Unquestionably, the oracle frequently effected much good by giving sound advice to peoples plunged in the maelstrom of civil strife, and in matters of legislation it helped in the formation of constitutions by giving practical suggestions and by investing with a divine sanction the ordinances which it approved. When consulted on matters of fact or future events, the oracle usually kept on the safe side, with the help of obscurity and ambiguity.

The most dismal failure of the oracle is found in its belief that the expedition of Xerxes was sure to be successful. With this failure Father Dempsey attempts to deal fairly, but he is so unfortunate as to ignore the true explanation of the crucial phrase in the second oracular response. It must be conceded to him that the line which refers to Salamis is genuine, but the prophets could not of themselves have foreseen the site of the decisive battle. The site of the battle had been chosen by the genius of Themistocles, but without some voice from the oracle Themistocles could not have persuaded his countrymen to make their stand in the Strait of Salamis. If the oracle supplied him with a phrase which he could interpret in his own sense, we may be sure that for this phrase he had paid the price. The workers of the oracle had no belief that he could succeed, but if he opened his purse they would not refuse him the chance of an attempt. The last word on the matter was spoken by Bishop Thirlwall when he said that Themistocles "himself prepared the crisis which he afterwards stepped forward to decide."

So complete was the destruction of the architectural monuments of Delphi by the hand of nature and of man, so ruthless the pillage of its treasures by Roman and Byzantine rulers, that it is impossible to do more than trace the ground plan of the great temple of Apollo; nor can we point to a single masterpiece of the finest period of Greek art amongst the remains of sculpture which have come to light. We can, however, with the aid of the description written by the traveller Pausanias in the second century after Christ, reconstruct in imagination the precinct, not three acres in extent, which was the religious centre of ancient Greece, the seat of the god who, as Socrates says in Plato's "Republic," "sits on the navel of the earth and is the interpreter of religion to all mankind." It is true that we have learnt little or nothing that is new to us about the worship of Apollo, and, above all, about the machinery of the oracle of his inspired priestess. The Holy of Holies in which she sat, is best described by Dr. Poulсен's words:

"It was a little quadrangular building within the temple cella, erected against its south wall. . . . The Adyton was like a small box contained in a bigger one, and was, like the rest of the temple, built of limestone, had a flat wooden ceiling and four smooth walls, one of which was pierced by a door. The interior floor surface measured only fifteen square metres. In this quite small space, in which in antiquity there were consecrated weapons on the walls, a gilded statue of Apollo and the grave of Dionysus, there are still remains of stone benches on which the inquirers sat, and a staircase leading down to the vault where the tripod stood and under which ran the prophetic spring. How small is that which, in the glamour of poetry and through the religious reverence of thousands, acquired a mysterious greatness in the imaginations of men! The earth's navel—a little lump of stone; earth's mouth—a poor crack in the rock; and even 'The unapproachable,' whence all Hellas for centuries derived counsel and comfort, no bigger than a ship's cabin.

"First among intrinsic causes should be placed an enthusiastic nature," which was believed to be from the gods or from spirits. "Plutarch explains that the vapour is a mere instrument: the ultimate cause is the deity," while other causes are "the demons intermediate between gods and men." Socrates, Plato, Cicero, Seneca, Porphyry, with many others, agree to assert the preternatural influence that guided the Delphian Oracle.

Though we may be unable to allow a supernatural power to the oracle, it would yet be misleading to stamp its controllers in its best days as hypocrites or impostors. The mind is capable of much self-deception, and the authorities of Delphi may well have thought that the god inspired the priestess or medium, and not the less that her cries were usually unintelligible and sometimes inarticulate. It was their business to turn the cries into hexameters. On great occasions, such as the advance of Xerxes, they must have written the verses beforehand, and made the Pythia learn them by heart. The justification of the oracle lay in the pains which its authorities took to ascertain facts, and in the use which they made of their real knowledge and of their supposed supernatural power. The oracle was not strictly impartial, it was not above accepting a bribe; it could at times be wrong in its intention and mistaken in its policy; yet with all its faults, there was an age in which it did good service to the nations of Greece, far better service than could have been rendered if the great men of Delphi had so completely believed in the inspiration as to put their whole reliance in it. For their own good and the good of others, they have learnt the lesson that God helps those who help themselves.

Father Dempsey suggests the possibility of telepathy to account for one of the better-attested cases. The story of Croesus in connection with the Delphic Oracle is chiefly known by his error in interpreting for his own benefit the ambiguous utterance: "Croesus, by crossing the Halys, will destroy a mighty kingdom;" but a Delphic success is recorded in the statement that in the contest of oracles to say what Croesus was doing at a particular moment, only the Delphic gave the exact and un conjecturable facts: "He is engaged in boiling the hard-shelled tortoise, and a lamb with brass above and brass beneath." Such knowledge "the Pythia could not have gained by any purely physical means. Those were not days of wireless telegraphy or wireless telephony. How, then, must we explain it? It is impossible to say with any degree of certainty. Perhaps it is to be explained by the laws of telepathy." The Fathers of the Church supposed evil spirits to work through the Pythia; and it was such a Pythia that St. Paul deprived of her power when she addressed him (Acts xvi. 16-18): "I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to go out from her. And she went out from her at the same hour." Yet her declaration was true: "These men are servants of the Most High God, who preach unto you the ways of salvation." The Fathers admitted some natural insight by abnormal acuteness. In his commentary, *Genesis ad Lit*, St. Augustine says: *Anima humana secundum quod a sensibus corporis abstrahitur, competit futura praevidere*. And Gregory the Great, in his Dialogues, writes: *Ipsa aliquando animarum vis subtilitate sua aliquid praevidet*.

We cannot afford to dispense with considering it in relation to the historical and individual Reality whereof it is the form and nature, that the philosophical myth may provisionally take the place of a history which we have not at hand in memory or on record. This will be where the Soul (which must certainly here be personal Soul, for only personal Soul can philosophize) is occupied in the task which was prescribed to it long since by the Delphic oracle,¹⁷ of investigating its own nature. And not only in ancient Greece, but here and everywhere, it is in the influence of Religion which most often drives us to undertake such an investigation. It is easy to see that a genuine "revelation," in that legitimate sense of "revelation" in which it is used, of the historical and individual element in religious knowledge as contrasted with the element which is rather philosophical and universal (for in another sense we must acknowledge all religious truth to be a revelation),¹⁸ would render the device of a myth unnecessary here.¹⁹

¹⁷ *Gnothi seauton*.

¹⁸ Cp. "Problems in the Relations of God and Man," pp. 48, 58 ff.

¹⁹ Cp. Plato, "Phædo," 85d.

The comparison has been often made and is emphasized by Rawlinson in his note on the oracle sent to Croesus. The Pythoness, he says, "was *really possessed* by an evil spirit which St. Paul cast out." Two generations ago, it was incumbent upon an orthodox divine, like Rawlinson, to believe in the reality of possession, but the obligation no longer exists. We are entitled to reject a supernatural explanation in cases where a natural one is possible. It is to be noted that the most critical minds of the ancient Greek world, such as those of Euripides and Aristotle, to say nothing of such later speculators as Lucian, saw nothing supernatural in the oracle, although they knew the facts at least as well as we do.

Delphi, too, was a powerful patron of art and letters, of everything in fact associated with *to kalon*. Whether the champion was a philosopher, a poet, an artist or an athlete, Pythian Apollo and his priests evinced a fostering care for his fame, and sometimes too for his entertainment. And Apollo also proved himself a benevolent deity in his attitude towards the slavery question and in the matter of colonization. "Delphi," says the author, speaking of the oracle's activity in the latter connection, "was a great intelligence bureau in communication with all parts of the known world." The greatest work of the oracle, however, lay in the domain of religion. In this matter Pythian Apollo was, as Plato has it, "the natural expositor," the conscience keeper of Hellas. With Delphi lay the final decision in questions of apotheosis or heroization, and the god is shown to have dispensed these favours, to the extent of abuse even, irrespectively of nationality or profession. Dealing with cathartic ceremonies in Apolline ritual, the most probable view seems to be that the elements of purificating ritual existed from the beginning, but took more definite form in later times with the spread of Orphism. The gods themselves, as the legends reveal, were not exempt from the law of expiation, no matter what the motive or effect of their action. In Homer certainly, there is no question of religious expiation, yet we see that the man who has shed the blood of a fellow-citizen is obliged to go into exile or pay a sum of money in reparation. The ritual of purification, too, marked a great religious advance, and Homer could have had no such motive for repressing it as existed in the case of the Chthonian deities.

Though the professional diviner—the private practitioners of seership, so to speak—were discredited, the whole community accepted the authority of the great oracles on prophetic shrines. There can be little doubt, with all its irrational proceedings, there was in the classical time nothing either charlatan or vulgar about the oracle of Delphi; and we trust Aristotle when he says that the initiated "learned

nothing in particular, but received impressions, and were brought into a certain frame of mind." On the other hand, Euripides attacked the whole system of soothsayers, divinations and oracles. But for this animosity there was a political move. Delphi, during the Peloponnesian war, had sided with Sparta. Moreover, during the debates in the Sicilian expedition, oracles and prophecies had been lavishly employed in favour of that undertaking. Here, its disastrous termination excited, among the Athenians, a strong popular feeling against the whole system of divination. At such a time it was possible for a poet to attack the system without much fear of opposition; and Euripides in some of his plays only echoes the prevailing sentiment. In particular, the Delphic oracle is often represented in an unfavourable light. Apollo, the god of Delphi, is represented in the *Ion* as a seducer of women, who endeavours to conceal his misdeeds by means of a fraudulent response. In the play *Helena*, we read these words, "False and worthless are the utterances of soothsayers, nor is wisdom to be found in flames of fire, as the or the voice of the feathered tribe. . . ."

The history of the Delphic maxims leads to interesting reflexions in the Oracle's influence of Greek morality. Oracular responses are quoted that mark the evolution from the primitive state, where external morality only was accounted, to the more perfect stage, where these matters seems to have been exaggerated in Greek literature. The famous "know thyself" motto appears to have gained all its celebrity from its association with the names of Plato and Socrates. Originally it was probably only a piece of worldly wisdom, such as is found in abundance in Hesiod. One thing, too, that has always struck me as passing strange is why Pythian Apollo declared Socrates to be the wisest of men. Yet Socrates was condemned to death for impiety by the most religious of the Greek States, and he contributed more perhaps than any other Greek to the downfall of Apollo's influence. And Euripides—who invariably scoffed at Apolline pretensions, according to Verrall—was declared by this same Apollo to be second only to Socrates in wisdom. In matters of religion and morality was Pythian Apollo a mere opportunist who kept abreast of the popular movements?

Dealing with the influence of the Delphic Oracle, political, religious and moral, Father Dempsey declares failure in the first department, because Greek States preferred their independence to a Pan-Hellenic union; but he claims some success in the other two departments, where other writers see failure. He admits that Delphic morality did not rise above the common level of morality. At other shrines, excavated tablets show the questions to have been utilitarian—interest

in business transactions, births of children, recovery of lost pillows and coverlets. Excavations at Epidaurus have the rare characters of giving the replies of the god. They are largely grotesque operations seen in vision by night, and found successful in the morning. Fees, even large ones, were exacted. The Eschatology made some advance, but remained very imperfect. "The early Greek recked little of the life to come. For him, death was the end-all of human joys and sorrows." This assertion is immediately qualified by the remark that a dull, dreary consciousness was experienced by all alike in Hades. An addition came to Delphic cult from a cult with which it got intermingled, namely, that of Dionysus, the object of the Orphic mysteries. "Chastisements and recompenses entered into the Delphic theology."

Father Dempsey evidently considers that the decisive instance is the knowledge shown of what Cræsus was doing in Lydia at the moment when the oracle was delivered at Delphi. We may grant the authenticity of the oracle and yet deny a supernatural explanation. It was the business of the authorities at Delphi to know the condition of things, not only in Greece, but also in the countries which came into relations with her. This knowledge they must have obtained by the employment of secret agents in the great cities. It is possible that the strange act by which Cræsus endeavoured to puzzle the oracle may have been suggested to him by one of his courtiers or dependents, whether Lydian or Greek, who was the Delphian agent at Sardis; that he let Delphi hear of his design; and that Delphi took the chance that Cræsus would accept his suggestion. There is also the possibility that the bearers of the roll were tampered with, and that the lines which Cræsus read were not written at Delphi, but at some place between Delphi and Sardis, to which the agent had sent a letter from the Court of Cræsus. It is notable that the oracle of Dodona, which had as good a claim to inspiration as its rival of Delphi, but seems to have taken no pains to maintain a secret service, was unable to tell Cræsus that he was boiling a tortoise and a lamb. If the late Mr. Maskelyne had been a contemporary resident in Dodona, probably some of the Lydian gold would have been diverted from Delphi to the more ancient oracle of Zeus.

Father Dempsey shows the saving wisdom to follow the example of a master whom he often quotes, Dr. L. R. Farnell. Both these investigators are large in their admissions of uncertain results. Therein they are a strong contrast to the typical rationalist, who glories in upsetting Christian rites by identifying them with pagan institutions on the ground of the poorest and most superficial simili-

tude. Rationalists often seem absolutely incapable to appreciate how substantial differences from outer and accidental circumstances. Hence their asserted identities are enough to make the hair stand on end, especially in view of the extreme smugness, self-contentedness and contempt for better minds which mark the rationalist propaganda in its mischievous work at the present day. Another example lies in the fact that while for large minds the problem of moral evil in the world, and especially in the State and the Church, has throughout ages produced a sense of personal incompetence to judge, for the narrow mind of the rationalist the case is easy and cocksurely decisive against theistic religion. They leave the evil unbalanced by the good. Their nose is for garbage amid healthy meats, and they reject the sound as identical with the corrupt.

Miss Jane Harrison notes that there exists a document of quite singular interest, no less a thing than an official statement from the mouth of the local priestess of the various divinities worshipped at Delphi, and—a matter of supreme importance—the traditional order of their succession. Delphi was the acknowledged religious centre of Greece, and nowhere else have we anything at all comparable in definiteness to this statement. Thrice familiar though the passage is, it has not, I think, been quite fully understood. It must therefore be examined somewhat in detail. The prologue of the *Eumenides* spoken by the priestess of Apollo opens thus:

First in my prayer before all other gods
I call on Earth, primæval prophetess.
Next Themis on her mother's mantic throne
Sat, so men say. Third by unforced consent
Another Titan, daughter, too, of earth,
Phoibe possessed it. She for birthday gift
Gave it to Phoibos, and he took her name.

* * * * *

With divination Zeus inspired his soul,
And stablished him as seer, the fourth in time,
But Loxias speaks the mind of Zeus his sire.²⁰

Such are the opening words of the prologue to the *Eumenides*, and they are more truly of prologue character than perhaps at first appears. They set forth or rather conceal the real *agon* of the play, the conflict between the new order and the old, the daimones of Earth, the Erinyes, and the *theoi* of Olympos, Apollo and his father Zeus, and further necessarily and inherently the conflict of the two social orders of which these daimones and *theoi* are in part the projections—matriarchy or, as it is better called, the matrilinear sys-

²⁰ *Æsch. Eum.* 1-8 and 17-19.

tem and patriarchy. Even so late as the second century A. D., Pausanias could cite but a single evidence of the bribery of the Delphic oracle in the whole of its history. And indeed, a people to whom belief in the sanctity of oracles was almost the only article of faith, any attempt to tamper with the voice of God would have appeared sacrilegious to the point of impossibility, so that no motive existed for dishonesty upon the part of the interpreters of an oracle.

CLAUDE C. H. WILLIAMSON.

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THE CATHOLIC APOLOGIST

I

ON REASONING

IN REASONING we always proceed from the evident to the less evident, from the known to the unknown. We reason by the comparison of two things with a third, thus inferring their agreement or disagreement one with another. Just as in mathematical reasoning we set out with the principle, "things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another": so, in metaphysical reasoning, we set out with the principle, "things that agree with the same thing agree with one another." Its converse, of course, follows, "when of two things one agrees and the other disagrees with a third thing they disagree with one another."

Thus we construct the syllogism, for example:

All men are mortal;
All soldiers are men,
All soldiers are mortal.

It will be seen here that we have two terms, "soldiers" and "mortal," which we compare with a third term, "men." We find that "mortal" agrees with all "men," that "men" agrees with all "soldiers," and that therefore "mortal" agrees with all "soldiers." $A = B, B = C, \therefore A = C.$

In this case "men" is the term of comparison or, as it is called, the middle term, i. e., the term forming the medium of comparison for the other two terms.

The two first propositions in which comparison is made with the middle term are called the premisses, the third proposition in which inference is drawn from this comparison is called the conclusion. The middle term never enters into the conclusion, it has served its purpose and is thrown out.

That premiss which contains the term of wider extension is called the major premiss, that which contains the term of lesser extension is called the minor premiss. Thus, "mortal" extends to a greater number of subjects than either "men" or "soldiers"; "All men are mortal" is, therefore, the major premiss, "All soldiers are men" is the minor premiss, "All soldiers are mortal" is the conclusion.

An argument which fills a lengthy book can on inspection be reduced to these simple proportions. For example, a socialist writes a bulky volume in defense of his pet theory, the whole may be reduced to this simple syllogism:

Whatsoever is detrimental to social welfare should be abolished;

Private ownership is detrimental to social welfare;

Private ownership should be abolished.

Since few will quarrel with his major premiss, his whole work will be a laboured treatise endeavouring to establish his minor premiss. His opponent will try to show that there is no necessary connection between private ownership and the social evils they both deplore, but that these originate from other causes.

Bearing in mind these simple elements of argumentation, it will be noted that the premisses are the cause of the conclusion, nor can they effect what is beyond their powers of causation. They will only generate the conclusion which is contained in them. You cannot therefore draw a conclusion which is beside your premisses, thus you cannot argue:

Cruelty cannot be from God;

Nature is cruel;

Therefore there is no God.

The only possible conclusion that could be drawn from these premisses is: Therefore nature is not the handiwork of God. A theist will, of course, dispute the minor premiss.

Neither may you extend the conclusion to wider limits than the premisses warrant: thus if one argues:

True religion promotes virtue;

Some Catholics are not virtuous;

Therefore Catholicism is not true religion,

the conclusion goes wide of the premisses, the most they will justify his concluding is that some Catholics do not act up to the dictates of true religion, he cannot infer that the whole Catholic religion is false: one might point the same argument with equal facility and equal imbecility against any religious system whatsoever.

Further, you must not infer a contradiction where none exists; for instance, because the Ceremonies of the Mass are not commanded in the New Testament, it does not follow that therefore they are forbidden. This is the fallacy named in the "ignoring the point in dispute."

Again, the arguent must not assume in either of his premisses what he has got to prove, thus :

Nothing that cannot happen ever has happened;
Miracles cannot happen;
Therefore miracles have never happened,

this is a mere begging of the question at issue. Watch then the scope and drift of your opponent's argument.

It will be observed, furthermore, that the middle term or term of comparison is the hinge of the whole argument. It is not always easy in a lengthy piece of reasoning to pick out the middle term. Make sure you have a clear conception of your adversary's middle term and then examine it carefully, ten to one the fallacy will be here. If it is ambiguous you have in reality two terms of comparison instead of one; for example, "worship" is ambiguous, it may mean the worship of *latria* or it may mean the worship of *dulia*. "Mediator" is ambiguous, it may mean mediator of redemption or it may mean mediator of intercession. Sometimes ambiguity arises from the fallacy of the accent: accentuate "Roman" in the term "Roman Catholic" and it implies that there are other Catholics besides Roman Catholics; accentuate instead "Catholic" and it implies that all true Catholics are in communion with the See of Rome: here we have two totally distinct conceptions expressed by the same term, with only a slight difference of accent.

Again, the middle term must in one or other premiss be extended to its full extent, being distributed over everything that the term can cover, otherwise you have the fallacy of the undistributed middle term, which is sometimes very tricky; thus at first sight this sounds all right:

All soldiers are men;

The origin of the following chapters is a series of lectures delivered by me to a congregation of soldiers at Mustapha Barracks, Alexandria. It is at their request that I have prepared them for publication. My object has been to give to the averagely well educated Catholic layman, a clear and, as far as possible, simple exposition of the reasoned basis upon which our Holy Faith rests. That he may be able to give a helping hand to that numerous and increasing band of earnest souls, who, dissatisfied with the presentment of Christianity offered to them, are casting around for a firmer foothold.

Some men are bad tempered;
Some soldiers are bad tempered.

As a matter of fact it is altogether faulty, the middle term is no-

where distributed, it has been split in half and stands for two distinct classes of men; i. e., soldiers and civilians; you have not got one term of comparison but two: put something else in the place of "bad tempered" and you will see the fallacy at once; thus:

All soldiers are men;
Some men are civilians;
Some soldiers are civilians,

with an identically similar argument you conclude a contradiction in terms.

Pay great attention, then, to your opponent's middle term: remembering that he cannot make up his middle term to suit himself, if we allow him this license he can prove anything and everything; no! he can only use that middle term which nature or revelation provides him with. His middle term must not be ambiguous, and it must be distributed.

Let me address to the CATHOLIC APOLOGIST one or two practical remarks:

Never be afraid of an antagonist, you occupy an impregnable position, which he can never carry by assault.

Never lose your head or your temper, nothing whatever is gained by it, it only engenders rash statements and confused reasoning.

Be in no hurry, there is always plenty of time: it is a compliment to your opponent to tell him his difficulty requires thinking over and that you will answer him when you have given it careful consideration.

Insist that your opponent be quite clear as to his meaning, that you may not be arguing at cross-purposes.

Keep him to the point: his constant endeavour will be to side-track you. Take up a side-issue but do not allow yourself to be entangled in it. Always bring him back again to the main argument.

Finally, do not lose patience with him: you can show that your position is reasonable and you can clear up difficulties; but you cannot give faith, that belongs to the operation of the Holy Ghost: therefore let earnest prayer always go with your argument, and so you will advance the Kingdom of God.

II

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

There are two great fundamental truths, the basis of all religion whatsoever. They are: The existence of a Supreme Being, Creator and Ruler of things: and the Spiritual and Immortal Nature of the human soul created by Him. These two truths are not only

matters of faith, they are also pervious to reason. Nor is there anything inconvenient in our knowing the same truth both by reason and faith, for reason and faith are different lights, the one natural and the other supernatural; just as in natural sciences we may come to the knowledge of the same truth by two different methods, inference or experiment. Reason and faith are both lights of the intellect, bearing sometimes upon the same object, but the latter is higher, more clear, more sure, and more satisfying than the former. Reason is the handmaid of faith, the steps leading up to the throne. It is with the reasonable basis of faith with which we have to do at present. We will therefore proceed to the consideration of the first great truth; i. e., the Existence of God.

There are two main arguments whereby we prove the Existence of God, the first is as follows: We start with the principle that there must be a sufficient reason for the existence of everything that exists. This is incontrovertible; to whatsoever I turn my attention I immediately perceive that there must be a sufficient reason for its existence; the table upon which I write exists; I find a sufficient reason for its existence in the intention, design and skill of the carpenter who made it from the raw material of rough timber. Now, the sufficient reason for the existence of anything must be sought either in itself, that is to say, it is self-existent, its very nature is to exist, it is in itself a sufficient reason for its own existence: or else its sufficient reason for existence comes from without, it has a received existence bestowed upon it by a superior agent, it is caused. Now, as I look around me on the universe in which I dwell I perceive nothing that is a sufficient reason for its own existence, for all things are subject to flux, motion and change. They are constantly changing; they are made and they wear out; they come into being, run their course and then cease to be. Something outside themselves has caused them. If I were a sufficient reason for my own existence I should always have been and I should always be; it would be my very nature to exist. I should be eternal, having no beginning and no end. This is obviously not the case in anything of which we have cognizance. All things have some cause. Now, we cannot carry this chain of causes back into the infinite. We must come to some starting-point. In other words, we are forced to acknowledge a Self-existent Being, One Whose Nature is to Be, a Cause of causes, Self-existent, Motionless, Eternal, from Whom all inferior existences emanate, the Creator of all things, God.

Our second argument presupposes the former. In addition, we postulate that the effect is contained in its cause, the cause must

be proportioned to the effect which it produces, or in other words, that no cause can produce an effect above its powers of causation. This is quite evident; if, for example, you went into your sitting-room and there saw a scuttle full of coals placed upon the table, and if, on inquiry, you were told that the baby put it there, you would know quite well that the muscular power in a baby's arms is a cause totally out of proportion with the effect produced.

Very well! When you see a photographic camera, a telescope, or a microscope, there is not the faintest doubt in your mind that nothing but intelligence of a high order could have designed such a wonderful instrument. Yet we owe these machines entirely to the study of the eye, by which men have discovered and learned to apply the laws of optics, and so have been enabled to make all optical instruments. Can any reasonable being deny intelligence to the Maker of the eye, when he is forced to concede it to the copyist who made the camera?

Take the human body as a whole, it is an inconceivably perfect and intricate machine. It matters not at all how it was formed, whether by evolution or otherwise, the fact remains that nothing but infinite Intelligence could have produced it.

Take again the huge instruments you see in our ships, in our factories and so forth, nothing is clearer than that they are the outcome of intelligence. But what are they in comparison with the starry firmament? Its unimaginable size, the unthinkable forces within it. All governed by the most far-reaching, yet minute and intricate laws. Atheists are constantly talking about the laws of nature, the admirable designs of nature. But it is utterly impossible that you should have law without a law-giver, design without a designer. The whole universe cries aloud that there must be a Being of infinite power and intelligence Who made it all.

Again, you have only to look around you to see that in the world there are multitudes of persons and that they are endowed with intelligence. An impersonal and non-intelligent first cause could not possibly have produced personality and intelligence, for the effect would exceed the cause which produced it. We are obliged therefore to concede as first cause of all things a personal and intelligent Deity, Who, having no models outside Himself, has fashioned all things that are, upon the likeness of the perfections which He perceives in Himself.

The arguments from contingent existence to Necessary Existence, and from observed effects to the First Cause from whence they emanate are the two main arguments for the Existence of God.

It will be noticed that they remain as they have always been, unanswered and unanswerable.

There are those who deny the relations between cause and effect. They are scarcely to be taken seriously; but if they prefer some other terms we will not quarrel over names. I therefore purposely laid down as my first principle that "for everything that exists there must be a sufficient reason for its existence"; a principle which it is not possible for anyone to deny. Nothing whatsoever can alter the fact that things which come and go, which are subject to motion and change are not a sufficient reason for their own existence. Nor will anything ever alter the fact that perfections found in the things produced must per-exist in the First Cause Which produced them.

Atheists do not attack these main arguments, they shelve them. For the most part they raise difficulties on side-issues dealing not with the existence but with the providence of God. They will argue from the suffering and evil, the apparent injustices and inequalities which we see around us, that there cannot be a Supreme Controller of the universe, or these things would not happen. You will, for example, hear people say with reference to the great and devastating war through which we have just passed: how can there be a God? The reader will recollect that, in the beginning, when speaking about reason, I pointed out that premisses can only generate a conclusion which is contained in them. Now, these and such-like premisses do not even touch the existence of God, they refer only to His providence. If they were cogent they would prove that God is not good and not just, but they would not prove that He is non-existent. They do not even so much as touch the question of His existence. No one will, however, consider them cogent unless he is convinced that his own intelligence has embraced the entire scheme of the universe in the past, the present and the future, that he knows all the causes of things, and all compensations and adjustments. A claim which even the vainest will hardly make.

We ourselves are continually acting under laws vast and far-reaching which we instinctively recognize without comprehending. The determinist will argue theoretically against the freedom of the will; yet he will congratulate himself upon, or poignantly regret, past actions, precisely because nothing can rob him of the intimate conviction that he might have done otherwise. Whatever his theories may be, in his every action and in all the relations of life he acts upon the assumption of free-will, neither could he do otherwise did he try ever so hard. We proclaim in words that it is unjust that the innocent should suffer for or with the guilty. Yet we

ourselves are at times prepared to accept vicarious sufferings as atonement. Or again, in punishing the guilty we almost invariably inflict suffering upon some who are innocent, without our sense of justice being outraged thereby, simply because we instinctively recognise, though we do not comprehend, that great law which accounts for so much that is otherwise inexplicable, namely, the solidarity of families and nations and of the whole human race.

Let not the finite set itself up as the measure of the Infinite, if it would avoid being absurd. Arguments which merely show that the Mind of God is greater than the mind of man, will never prove the Deity non-existent. What the Atheist must do is to show that nothingness can produce existence, design exist without a designer and law without a lawgiver; when he can do that he will be worth listening to; till then his arguments are valueless, being altogether beside the mark.

(To be continued)

REV. P. M. NORTHCOTE.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE TRAGIC EMOTIONS

IN THE world of philosophy and literature, Aristotle has come to be regarded as one of those foundation stones upon which all sound principles and sane ideas of taste and criticism must rest for their initial strength and validity. Save for a few Moderns of the so-called School of the Inductive Method in literary criticism, who would fain throw aside entirely the conservative fetters of authority, and judge purely by intrinsic and subjective standards of taste, the world to-day is just as prone to recognize the potent sway of the Peripatetic Philosopher as it was in the Golden Age of Grecian learning. In the *Poetics*, Aristotle has sounded the very depths and has established solid and lasting principles of artistic taste, so that his pronouncements, like those of some ancient oracle, have been received by the world at large as well nigh infallible; yet at the same time their meaning has been interpreted and misinterpreted, expounded and beclouded, and adapted to suit the standards and temperaments of this and that school of thought, till one almost wonders if they ever were intended to convey any objective truth at all. Containing a life time's food for thought, the *Poetics* must be studied and pondered over, subjected to the most minute philosophical criticism, and read in the light of Aristotle's other works; for not otherwise can a true comprehension of the hidden meanings of some of its passages be obtained. And it is just in this regard that many critics have gone astray. Any work of Aristotle must be studied in the spirit of his entire philosophic system, in order to understand his terminology and to expand into many ideas what is often contained in a word.

Such is the limited extent of this essay that it will be impossible to treat in an exhaustive manner even one topic of the *Poetics*; and as the topic in question has been the subject of so much discussion already, it seems vain indeed to attempt to throw any further light upon it. The object, therefore, will be simply to essay a further development of some of the theories already advanced with reference to the tragic emotions and their catharsis; and in the endeavor to subject these emotions to a searching psychological analysis, it is to be hoped that a logical, satisfying explanation of the tragic emotions and their characteristically pleasurable effects will result.

That we may begin with a clear notion of the tragic emotions,

pity and fear, we must first of all define what is meant by a passion, of which emotion is a type. A passion, derived from the Greek word, to suffer, is primarily a bodily affection; but it is likewise predicated of the soul's analogous movements. In all men there is what is called a sensitive appetency, an organic faculty that we have in common with animals by which we tend to what is good and pleasing and shrink from the opposite. Man, however, having a will and intellect may see a good in an apparent evil and thus be attracted to what would repulse a brute beast. Thus suffering may become for man a good, a thing of beauty; as for example, the suffering of a martyr.

It is customary to divide the passions into two classes according to their objects, namely, the concupiscible and the irascible passions. We might delay at length on the nature of these two divisions; but as the treatise would necessarily involve an understanding of Scholastic terminology, unfamiliar to many readers, we shall but mention them in order to place the passions of pity and fear in their proper category. (The *concupiscible* appetite is a tendency towards something that really is or appears to be a good for our nature.) We want that something in order to possess it; thus we love, we desire, we take pleasure in an object. Now it is the same appetency that makes us shrink from what appears to be or really is evil; and so we hate, we shrink away, or we are sad because of some displeasing object. Pity, a form of sadness, whereby we view some other's sadness as our own, is therefore classified as a concupiscible passion.

When something that is either desired or avoided has an aspect of difficulty, that is, when the object must be conquered, then the *irascible* appetite comes into action. There is an appearance of arduous good to be attained or arduous evil to be avoided when we hope or despair, or when our courage is aroused, or again when we fear or become angered. And so fear is a feeling awakened by threatened evil, viewed as more or less avoidable.

Emotion, as has been said, is a type of passion. It is the name given to intensified passion. "Emotion takes effect as a flood which bursts its dam; passion as a stream which wears for itself an ever-deepening channel." We, therefor classify pity as a concupiscible emotion, and fear as an irascible emotion. Now comes the difficulty: how can these two apparently opposite tendencies—sorrow-begetting tendencies—blend into a distinctive pleasurable result,—the so-called tragic emotions? This will be answered in the process of the discussion. Also, some critics are concerned greatly regarding the nature of the appeal to the passions, questioning whether the tragedy, as such, may not be divorced from the idea of morality.

In other words, may not artistic tragedy deal with matter that appeals to the emotions in an immoral way?

To this last, it must be answered that the passions are necessarily involved in the question of morality. For unless they are subservient to the higher powers, *i. e.*, conformable to right reason, they tend to draw the will to take pleasure in what is merely a good to the senses, which at times may be a positive evil to the higher rational good. And so there can be no question of separating tragedy from morality. Its appeal must ever be up-lifting, morally good, and conformable to right reason. True, the aim is not primarily moral, but rather to give pleasure; but this pleasure depends not on any subjective norm, but upon the sound judgment of a cultured man of highest principles. So we may say that morality enters into the tragic appeal, inasmuch as it is inseparably involved in the æsthetic ideal.

What is the æsthetic ideal of tragedy? The answer to this question necessitates a brief synopsis of Aristotle's theory of art. Art, according to Aristotle, is an imitation of nature, its object is to produce an emotional delight, a pure and elevated pleasure, such as would appeal to an ideal spectator. This particular species of pleasure arises from the imitative quality in art; for art is essentially an imitation. "A work of art," says Aristotle, "is a likeness or reproduction of an original, and not a symbolic representation of it . . . it produces its original, not as it is in itself, but as it appears to the senses." Herein lies the formal object of art—idealization or artistic universalization. Things as they are outside the mind are said to be natural. Now the artist, looking upon the natural object, idealizes and universalizes it in his mind, *i. e.*, he omits this detail, emphasizes another and brings out the essential notes in bolder relief; he expands, generalizes, in a word, gives his idea a completer form; the poet through the medium of language, the musician through harmonious sound, the painter by colors and the brush, the sculptor by lines and form; and the result is a work, rivaling nature, and in a certain sense completing nature. It is the copy of a copy—nature twice removed. The end of this whole process is to give pleasure by administering to man's love of beauty through an appeal to pleasurable emotions; and that in an active sense to the artist himself, and in a passive sense to the spectator. Pleasure of this kind is as old as man. In the very earliest times we have records of various kinds of mimicry, such as crude drawings, songs and chants, fantastic and symbolic dances, etc.; all of which are but different forms of the inherent impulse to imitate nature. How naturally a child takes to "make-beliefs." The young boy will spend hours, playing soldier, cowboy,

or Indian; while the little girl delights in nothing better than to "play house," and to pretend that she is a mother to her dolls. In fact, our first impulse as infants is to imitate, and it is by this process that we learn to walk, to talk, and gradually to form those habits which will later fit us for our sphere in life. "Now art is for a mature society, an elevated form of play, a highly-regulated employment of leisure activities; it is an outlet for an imperious impulse—that of emotional self-expression, an instinct which compels us to seek relief under the stimulus of pent-up feeling."

There is this to be remarked about all works of art: the appeal to the emotions must be impersonal and freed from narrowing details, that is, they must not represent anything that tends to make a spectator suffer repugnance or pain. For example, the pleasures of taste and smell cannot be included among the fine arts, because their employment serves too personal and practical an end. Not even the pleasure of a lover could be called an artistic emotion; it being too really felt, too personal, and quite distinct from the disinterested quality of the emotion experienced in witnessing a drama, like "Romeo and Juliet." To exemplify what is meant by an impersonal emotion, let us imagine that a friend in actual life was really suffering the trials of Hamlet. How differently, how infinitely more would we *feel* for that friend than we do feel for the Hamlet of the stage, who arouses our pity and fear, but only through the artistic medium of the imaginative faculty.

So much for the appeal to the artistic emotions in general. Now we shall investigate the functions of tragedy, examining in detail the emotions it arouses; and thus attempt to explain how, through these, a specific kind of pleasure is effected.

→ Aristotle has defined tragedy thus: "Tragedy is an imitation of an action that is serious, complete and of a certain magnitude; in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament, the several kinds being found in the separate parts of the play; in the form of action, not of narration; *through pity and fear* effecting the proper *catharsis*, or purgation of these emotions." The last part of this definition is our chief concern, but it would be well, however, to cast a brief glance upon the whole definition, that we may observe its bearing upon the question of the emotions.

The generic note of tragedy is imitation; it is differentiated from comedy as being an imitation of a serious action and not of a trivial or ludicrous incident. The pleasurable accessories referred to are *rhythm, harmony and song*, these being embellishments that go to increase the pleasure, distinctive of tragedy, but which are by no means essential to it; and the whole combination of effects is to

be worked into the tragedy in a dramatic and not in a narrative form. In all, six elements go to make up the constituents of a tragedy—spectacle—the stage appearance and costume; melody, *i. e.*, choral songs; diction; character—the distinctive qualities of heart, portrayed in the personages; intellect, or the morals and thought expressed; and finally the plot, which according to Aristotle is the chief element, the expression of the fundamental note of tragedy, *viz.*, action.

“Through pity and fear, effecting the proper catharsis of these emotions.” Here is the great question which has vexed some of the most notable literary critics for centuries—What did Aristotle mean by the “catharsis” of tragedy, and how is it produced by the excitation of the emotions of pity and fear? Had he completed his work on Poetry, undoubtedly he would have removed all cause for dispute; but as it is, we are left to judge from his use of the term in other contexts, as to whether it should be interpreted as a physiological metaphor, in the sense of “purging” or “clearing away”; or as a metaphor from the religious rite of lustration, in the sense of “purification.”

The latter interpretation seemed to prevail among the older critics; and even in comparatively modern times, the distinguished names of Milton and Lessing gain for it a certain vogue. Catharsis is supposed to be a term borrowed from the religious rite of purification whereby the hand or the soul was cleansed from some taint of sin or corruption. Thus the passions, being impure by excess, are purified by the tragic excitation. Just what this element of impurity is, and how the purification is wrought, are questions hard to determine satisfactorily. According to Milton and Lessing, tragedy is a purification of the passions in as much as by the tragic excitation, the passions are weakened and subdued. Again others claim that the lessons and examples have a moderating effect upon pity and fear, inherent to a disquieting degree in all men. Thirdly, the tragic pity and fear are called “pure” because they arise through the imagination and contain no element of real pain. Akin to this explanation is that of Brandes, who regards the tragic emotions as pure because they are of a disinterested, impersonal character. And finally there is the opinion that tragedy elevates pity and fear to the sublime, thereby rendering them pure.

The primary defect of the purification theory is that a moral purpose is read into the scope of the tragedy; and as we have already seen, Aristotle held that the end of art was not to teach a lesson, unless perhaps in a secondary and accidental manner, but rather to afford an emotional delight. Moreover, it is hard to

understand why the continuous excitation of a passion would tend to subdue its vehemence. On the contrary, just the opposite would seem to be the natural result, namely, the strengthening of the passion into a habit, since habit is the outcome of frequently repeated acts. But each individual need only consult his own experience, to discover that the predominant effect of tragedy is an emotion of pleasure and relief, and that it is this effect, and not a moral one, that prompts him to patronize the drama.

The pathological interpretation of the catharsis is unquestionably more in keeping with Aristotle's mind, especially when his position is understood. Before Aristotle wrote, Plato had disparaged the tragedy, which, he claimed, appealed chiefly to two of the inferior elements of the soul, our faculty for grief and our faculty for laughter; and the effect produced was to the detriment of the soul, serving to enervate and eventually to nullify the control of reason. To justify the tragedy in opposition to such an authority as Plato, Aristotle was forced to give an entirely different *raison d'être* for the drama. He therefore placed the tragedy in another category—its purpose is not moral in scope, but to produce an elevated and ennobling pleasure through the exercise of man's natural faculties. The pleasure is that which naturally follows upon the relief of pent-up energy, or the purgation of troublesome matter in the human organism. Alone capable of being produced by the exercise of strong and serious emotion, the legitimacy of this particular kind of pleasure is to be judged by its result, namely, a harmless relief of passion, present to a disquieting degree in the soul, and the healthful exercise of natural activities.

✕ To confirm our opinion of Aristotle's real meaning in the use of the word "catharsis," we shall quote a passage from his *Politics*, where the term is explicitly employed as a medical metaphor, in contradistinction to a moral signification. He is speaking of the effect of music upon the soul, and what he says of music, likewise can be applied to the drama. "We approve," he says, "the general division of music into moral, practical, and rapturous; according as it is fitted to regulate our affections, to excite us to action or to inspire us with enthusiasm. Experience proves that different melodies and rhythms are respectively adapted to these different purposes; so that as moral strains are to be employed for mental discipline and liberal pleasure, the enthusiastic and sometimes the practical may be listened to for the purpose of what, by a natural metaphor is called *purgation*, which shall be more fully explained in our treatise on Poetry (this treatise was never completed). Let it suffice at present to observe that these passions (such is the

unison of minds) by which one person is strongly affected, are felt in a certain degree by all around him, and therefore, when skillfully expressed by the musician, they will be powerfully communicated, especially to those who by their natural constitution, are peculiarly exposed to their influence; and whose extreme sensibility will thus be *excited* and *agitated*, and thereby purified and refined, and (just as melancholy is purged by tears) disturbed and lightened with a pleasurable relief. Thus it is that at the celebration of the Orgic rites, enthusiasm vents itself and evaporates in those sacred melodies, during the performance of which the mind undergoes a kind of purgation, and is thereby cured of its frenzy. The same thing happens in all violent affections, whose excesses cure themselves; and in proportion as the preceding agitation has been the greater, the subsequent relief proves the more delightful." *Politics* Book V., Ch. 7.

But lest suspicion should arise that Aristotle would allow any sort of pleasure resulting from the relief of emotion by the catharsis as legitimate, his ideas with reference to the proper pleasure must not be overlooked. In the tenth book of the "*Ethics*," he writes: "Our nature prompts us to pursue pleasure and flee from pain. Pleasure is moral when our love and hatred, our grief and our joy are respectively excited by natural and worthy causes. . . . As to gross and reproachable pleasures, the very name of pleasure may with propriety be denied them, since they are acknowledged as such only by people of corrupt minds and perverse sentiments. Persons diseased are not fit judges of the relish of wholesome food; nor is that white, which appears such to those afflicted with color-blindness. Pleasure is not desirable unless it proceeds from an honorable, at least an innocent source."

In all the various commentaries on the *Poetics*, much is said about the pleasure, distinctive of tragedy; and different explanations are ventured as to the way that this is brought about. All lead up to a certain point, but just at that particular place where one would like to enquire for further enlightenment, a disappointing halt comes into the explanation. How can the exercise of pity and fear cause pleasure? Certainly in themselves they are sorrowful passions, and oftentimes their excitation brings anything but delight. Are they separately stimulated by the tragedy, or are they blended; and if so, how can this be, since one is a concupiscible passion and the other an irascible passion; one caused by a present evil, the other by a future impending evil, difficult to avoid?

A proper understanding of the Scholastic theory of pleasure should solve the chief difficulties, and at the same time shed light

upon the true meaning of the catharsis. Pleasure arises from and is the positive concomitant of the free and vigorous exercise of some vital energy. Everyone, for example, has experienced the exhilarating effect of a brisk walk after long confinement at some sedentary employment. The athlete can tell us of that restful sensation which follows upon strenuous exertion in the field of sport. Again, observe an infant; how it will laugh and yell with delight, as it kicks its feet and works every muscle of its little frame, and if prevented from venting its energy in any other way, will take to crying and thus exercise its lungs and voice. But muscular activity is not the only kind that affords delight. To each faculty, whether sensuous or intellectual, belongs an appropriate pleasure. Vision, hearing, and the activity of the other senses, are all productive of agreeable feeling, but still more so is intellectual speculation. Each faculty is wonderfully constructed by nature for some special activity, and in the prosecution of its end, the will sees a good and takes complacency in the accomplished function, with the result that a pleasurable emotion is experienced. In direct proportion as the faculty is the better adapted to function, and the object which forms the stimulus more perfect, the keener will be the resulting pleasure. "Pleasure accompanies every act of perception by sense in a higher or lower degree in proportion as the perceiving power is more or less properly constituted and the perceptible object is fair and good. Should the perceiving power be perfect and the object the best on which that specific act of perception can possibly be exercised, the pleasure would be highest in degree. The same applies to every act of reasoning and intelligence." Artist Ethics, Book X.

Now the nature and quality of pleasure will depend upon the nature and quality of the activity. The pleasures of sight differ in purity from those of the palate and of the touch; while the pleasures of the intellect, being distinctive of man, are by far the noblest and purest. Sense activity may give the *intensest* pleasure, because man is more easily attracted by what is tangible; but they never can be *appreciatively* enjoyed in the same measure as the delights of intellectual processes. When, however, there is a harmony of operation between bodily and rational faculties with concomitant concordant pleasure—emotions, the resulting pleasure is the greatest possible, both in an intensive and in an appreciative sense. For in this case spontaneous activity facilitates the mental powers, and with the increased ease and rapidity comes an augmentation of pleasure. Tragedy, for this reason, affords the greatest of all artistic pleasure. In the tragedy more faculties are brought into play, and hence

more activity is required; the faculties of both body and soul are exercised harmoniously upon a pure and ennobling object; and moreover, variety, another extremely important ingredient of pleasure, is present constantly to prevent the decay of vital force, concomitant upon the incessant action of the highly wrought faculties. Thus the tragic drama especially exercises both the sight and hearing in a most energetic manner; besides, the object itself is a living thing; the imagination is affected by the strongest and most serious emotions, those of pity and fear; the intellect is offered ample food for thought by the plot, characterization and sentiments; while the will is kept in constant activity in the direction of this complexus of faculty operations. The scope of the catharsis, due as it is to pleasurable emotions resulting from the activity of the faculties, is practically unlimited in the case of the tragedy.

From this theory of pleasure, it follows that there is a catharsis in all art, differing specifically according to the emotions called forth. And therefore music has its own proper catharsis; and likewise poetry and painting, sculpture and architecture; for all appeal to the emotions and effect a purgation of those particular ones that are the objects of the several arts. Tragedy is only particularly singled out for its cathartic effect, because—to give a probable explanation—its emotional appeal is more intense and emphatic.

A special difficulty here presents itself. How explain the process by which self-regarding emotions are made to bring about an artistic emancipation from narrowing and painful detail, which naturally tend to mar artistic pleasure? It cannot be said that pity and fear are elevated to artistic emotions by becoming wholly impersonal and altogether objective, since no matter what change is wrought by idealization, the essence of the emotions cannot change. Pity and fear are essentially self-regarding emotions. In the case of pity, the difficulty is easy to solve; the personal character of the emotion is founded upon benevolence. Fear, however, is more difficult to explain, because it is so essentially a *personal* dread of impending evil. If this note be done away with, some other emotion may be present, but it will not be *fear*. Idealization must effect some other change.

Not a little discussion has been caused by the words used by Aristotle to denote the characteristics necessary to the tragic hero, in order that he may excite the proper emotions. To arouse our pity, the hero must be *deserving* of our regard; and to 'cause us to fear for him, he should be a man like *ourselves*. The analysis of tragic pity and fear will show clearly how aptly

and significantly these terms have been chosen, and will exemplify as well as the personal character of the emotions.

"Pity is a particular phase of sadness, adding to sadness a certain accidental difference." Sadness, it will be remembered, arises from the presence of an unavoidable evil. Now if another's unavoidable evil be considered as *one's own*, pity will result. It is therefore primarily a self-regarding emotion—an apparent contradiction, it would seem, since pity is commonly regarded as the most altruistic of the emotions. True, it is based upon love of another; but all love arises from love of self. There are two kinds of love, a love of *desire*, when we love a person or thing on account of some advantage accruing to ourselves; and a love of *friendship*, when we love an object for its own sake. Such a love is that of a mother for her child. But even this has its root in self love, for as Aristotle says: "things appertaining to others—that is, to friendship—are grounded on that which pertains to love of one's self" (Ethics IX.).

What is said of this love of benevolence can be said, likewise, of pity. Pity is based on self love; it is benevolence towards those in sorrow, and its root is in a likeness to ourselves. "Pity," writes Aquinas, "is compassion for the misery of another, and arises from the fact that we are pained or sorrowful at another's pain. But inasmuch as a sorrow relates only to our good, so a man can be sorrowful at another's misery only insofar as he regards that other's misery as his own." The psychological foundation of this explanation rests upon the fact that there is in the will but one prime impulse, namely, love for our own good. Because, however, of our common human nature, by reason of which we are all able mentally to put another man in our own place and wish him good as we would wish it to ourselves, that other becomes an *alter ego*. Yet it should be remembered that that which benevolence loves in another must be something which a man esteems. Else the benevolent coward would love only cowards. This explains why Aristotle insists that the hero of a tragedy should be a man *deserving* of our pity.

So far we have been considering the *personal* character of pity. But what about fear? "Fear," according to Aristotle, "arises from the impression of an impending evil, which is destructive or painful." The imminence of the evil is essential to fear, as may be seen from this definition. Likewise the impending evil must be felt *personally* in some way or other; otherwise there can be no fear. For not even death is feared when vaguely imagined; it is only when it comes near us, when at least we imagine it is really

approaching, that we are filled with dread. And so it is that the tragedy must accomplish more than Sir Philip Sidney demands who describes its effect in these words: "The high and excellent Tragedy . . . that with stirring the effects of admiration and commiseration, teacheth the uncertainty of the world." As if anyone was ever moved to strong emotion by such a platitude! No—fear is not caused save by an imminent evil, felt after some manner as personal; and just as with pity, if I fear for another, this fear can only arise from having identified myself with that other.

How, then, may these emotions, so essentially personal, be made the foundation of artistic pleasure? There seems to be but one explanation; it rests upon the manner in which we identify ourselves with the actors of the tragedy. Our emotions are real and personal, inasmuch as we identify ourselves with the actors and feel their emotions as our own; but because we may at any time free ourselves from the thralldom of the imagination, and, by a reflex act, readjust ourselves to the true state of affairs, our emotions are said to be artistic.

Thus tragic fear is experienced when, carried out of ourselves by the vehement excitation of the sensitive appetite, caused by the tragic imitation of nature, we for the time identify ourselves with the actors in the apprehension of some terrible event. *We* become the actors, and the evil impends upon *us*. It is artistic emotion, however, because at any time we may stop and reflect, and thus recognizing the unreality of the fear, be freed from the disturbing and narrowing personal element. In witnessing the tragedy of Macbeth, for example, we are not overcome by any vague feeling of fear lest sometime the same fate may fall to our lot, nor by the impersonal platitude that "unrestrained ambition will bring upon us like disaster." There can be no more fear from such a source than from the thought of distant death. The horror, the dread, the agonizing sense of impending catastrophe can spring only from our imagined identification with the hero, who on account of his likeness to ourselves—and here can be seen the reason for Aristotle's use of the word—has become merged into our own individuality.

Each one may confirm this explanation from his own experience upon witnessing a tragedy. That the fear is real is beyond doubt. Else, how explain the tenseness of the whole body, and the feeling of excited suspense as the curtain falls upon a strong scene? But with the tenseness and suspense there comes a pleasure upon the realization that, after all, the emotion is only proceeding from the imagination, and that we are merely consenting to be deluded for the sake of the delight that the emotion causes in us by its excita-

tion of our sensitive and rational faculties. Tragic pity, too, is thus made easy to understand. For when we cease to fear for ourselves, we reflect how we should feel in like circumstances, were they actually ours; with the result that the persons of the drama immediately become the recipient of our full sympathy.

The tragedy, therefore, produces a blend of emotions of pity and fear, so intensely combined as to render any sharp line of demarcation well nigh impossible. They so gradually shade off into one another, that we are hardly able, even upon reflection, to perceive where one begins and the other ends. Yet, because they are different passions, pity being aroused by the presence in another of an evil, viewed as our own, while fear is caused by an evil difficult to avoid, impending upon ourselves, they cannot be identified, despite the fact that fear is always an ingredient of pity. All that can be said is that fear predominates when the stress of passion is at its height and when *unconsciously* we become identified with the personality of another; but when the passions, in quieter mood, allow us to project ourselves by a *conscious* act into another's position, pity then prevails. In both cases our own individuality becomes an alter ego; in one, unconscious self-allocation tends to make the fear actual and personal; in the other, conscious reflection objectivizes this fear, and excites the benevolent passion of pity.

The insistence upon the reflective process is not without reason, for therein lies the cause for distinction between artistic and inartistic emotion. Should the mind, upon reflection, perceive that the grounds for the emotional excitement are objective and actual, the artistic pleasure will be more or less blunted in proportion to the objectivity of the fundament. True artistic emotion, on the other hand, is the outcome of the mind's recognition of pure, imaginary excitation, *i. e.*, of artistic idealization. A good example of the former type is that which is aroused by the old-fashioned melodrama, filled to overflowing with all manner of hair-breadth escapes from death. The hero is seen *actually* suspended in mid-air from a wire; or again he is made to attempt some daring leap from a high precipice; he is rescued from the approach of a real steam engine that comes thundering upon the stage, etc. Now because there is always the possibility of actual danger in these incidents—as not infrequently proved to be the case, when the mechanism refused to operate properly, and the actor received injury—the fear experienced is not entirely imaginative. We truly dread the approach of actual danger. Therefore the melodrama cannot be said to appeal merely to the imagination, but much of its power

lies in the reality of its stage properties and spectacular mechanism.

What about the Shakespearean drama, where not unfrequently the spectacular element is introduced, such as duelling, bloodshed, battle scenes, etc.? Are these defective elements in our English drama? Yes, it must be admitted that by the introduction of such elements, some of the artistic pleasure undoubtedly is sacrificed for the sake of a thrill; for the imagination is thus given less scope for activity. It will be remembered that the Greek tragedy forbade even the death of an actor to be portrayed *coram populo*; from which it appears that the Greeks appreciated better than we the true aim of art.

Mr. Frederick Harrison, the well-known English literateur, has well characterized the weakness of the Shakespearean spectacle in contradistinction to the pure emotional appeal of the Greek tragedy: "Shakespeare is a genius," says he, "and a master in every human passion, but this versatility dulls the attention which should be fixed solely on the tragedy—*i. e.*, on the terrible and pitiable catastrophe. Comic and diverting scenes are said to be necessary to relieve the attention. They have a moral and melodramatic force, but they blunt our pity for the tragic end. Do we thrill with compassion as the dead lie about the stage in a heap? Hamlet is the most splendid form of romantic tragedy, but it is not pure and unrelieved tragedy. Relief from strain of emotion has the effect of sacrificing the *potent moral* effect of *intensive pity*—*i. e.*, of pure tragedy. What really is added to Macbeth and Othello by the comic scenes or riot and bloodshed?"

Having subjected the tragic emotions to a somewhat minute psychological analysis, it can be seen that their effect upon the rational and sensitive appetite is most natural, and, provided that their object be sound and healthful, altogether pleasurable and even necessary at times, serving as they do as an innocent outlet for man's unceasing desire for activity. That the Greeks were more susceptible to their influence than we of the present day can scarcely be denied—an admission, by no means, to our credit. Though we live in an age of tremendous activity, a time when the stage, the platform, the press, the art gallery, and even the school room make every use of the spectacular to command a sway over the senses and passions, the resulting effect tends but to our own detriment, in that the appeal lacks the intellectual and ennobling element. It is a sign of the times, that tragedy has gone out of vogue. Men crave an emotional appeal today as well as in the days of Pericles, but their tastes have been vitiated by the wrong food; and their minds, beclouded by the trivial and the ignoble, have lost a true

appreciation of one of the noblest and most beneficial of the arts, one that has administered for generations to man's natural craving for the good and beautiful.

In the mad rush for happiness, the modern world, wild with its hankerings for emotional delight, can well afford to listen to the sage and sober philosopher of antiquity, the great and noble Aristotle, who despite an environment of Paganism, yet recognizes the real reason for seeking a pleasurable relief of the emotions—the true aim of the tragic appeal. "Happiness," says the Philosopher, "is our final end—sought for its own sake, but happiness cannot consist in mere recreative pastimes; for it is absurd to think that all our serious exertions and strenuous labors should terminate in so frivolous an end. We do not labor that we may be idle, but we are idle that we may labor with more effect. The weakness of human nature requires frequent remissions of energy; but these rests are only the better to prepare us for enjoying the pleasures of activity. Happiness consists in virtuous energies."

The recreative pleasure, therefore, is but a means to better enable us to our final end; and it is evident to reason that the nobler and loftier the pleasure, the more apt it should prove towards furthering that end, which is the greatest good for our highest faculties; in a word, the enjoyment of the Summum Bonum—God Himself.

Manila.

HENRY LEE IRWIN, S. J.

IN NATURE'S REALM

THE FOLK-LORE OF THE ROSE AND THE OAK

"Great talk they make about the coming Rose,
The very fairest flower, they say, that blows!
Such scent she hath; her leaves are red, they say,
And fold her round in some divine, sweet way";

—Philip B. Marston

HAYS M. GUBERNATIS in his "Mythology of the Plants":
"Among the flowers the royal supremacy is generally accorded to the rose," a statement which poet and peasant alike will endorse. "The queen of flowers" has long been her royal title, except in Greece, where the rose was "the king of flowers":

"If Zeus chose us a King of the flowers in his mirth,
He would call to the rose, and would royally crown it;
For the rose, ho, the rose! is the grace of the earth,
Is the light of the plants that are growing upon it!
For the rose, ho, the rose! is the eye of the flowers,
Is the blush of the meadows that feel themselves fair—
Is the lightning of beauty, that strikes through the bowers,
On pale lovers that sit in the glow unawares.
Ho, the rose breathes of love! ho, the rose lifts the cup
To the red eyes of Cypris invoked for a guest!
Ho, the rose having curled its sweet leaves for the world
Takes delight in the motion its petals keep up,
As they laugh to the wind as it laughs from the west."

—Mrs. Browning

The flower has long been esteemed as queen of the floral world; Andreini, from whose "Adamo" Milton has been supposed to have borrowed the plot of "Paradise Lost," gives her the supremacy in the first Garden:

"Thou flower supremely blest,
And queen of all the flowers;
Thou form'st around my locks
A garland of such fragrance,
That up to heaven itself
Thy balmy sweets ascend."

Poetry is full of tributes to this queenly blossom; here is one by Sappho, the Greek poetess, who flourished about six hundred years B. C.; rather, two translations of her quatrain:

"Would Jove appoint some flower to reign
In matchless beauty on the plain,
The Rose, mankind will all agree,
The Rose the queen of flowers would be."

"If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers,
A rose would be the choice of Jove,
And blush the queen of every grove."

"The garden-star, the queen of May," Ben Jonson's shepherd terms the flower. The Greeks dedicated it to the rosy-fingered dawn goddess Aurora—"as if Aurora on its leaves had left her blushes with her tears," explains one poet, while another reasons:

"Did Dawn take from the Rose its vermeil hue,
Or did the new-born Day make blush the flower?
Each wears the beauty of the morning hour,
To each the ruddy tint and heavenly dew."

The Romans were extravagantly fond of roses, and, like the Greeks, expressed their love for the flower in many ways. Both nations were fond of chaplets of all kinds, for a variety of purposes, the rose as king of the flowers naturally ranking highest:

"O royal Rose! the Roman dress'd
His feast with thee; thy petals press'd
Augustan brows; thine odor fine,
Mix'd with the three-times-mingled wine
Lent the long Thracian draught its zest."

—Austin Dobson

Cicero reproached Verres with the extravagant luxury of making the tour of Sicily in a bower of roses, whilst his person was also decked and garlanded with them. The Greeks had quite a joke against the self-indulgent Sybarites, to the effect that when one of them complained that he had not slept all night because one of the rose-leaves upon which he slept had become folded under him into a hard lump!

"the soft Sybarite, who cried
Aloud because his feelings were too tender
To brook a ruffled rose-leaf by his side." —Byron

Our expression, "a bed of roses," has a historical basis, since both in Egypt and in India mattresses were made from them for the use of people of rank. As now, they were even in ancient times valued for decorations; it is reported that Cleopatra once spent the equivalent of £200 for the adornment of a room with roses for one night. In the apocryphal Book of Wisdom occurs a reference to the use of this flower by the Hebrews of Solomon's time: "Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they are withered. Sappho crowns the Muses with roses, Horace repeatedly speaks of crowning the bowl with roses, both as libations and at feasts. On the other hand, Roman laws against the indiscriminate use of garlands were most rigorous, and the breach of them was severely punished; one

offender was imprisoned for sixteen years for using a chaplet of roses.

The rose was early dedicated to Venus, the goddess of love, and poets of all times have accordingly extolled its virtues as the flower of lovers:

"The rose is the sign of joy and love—
Young, blushing love in its earliest dawn."

—James G. Percival

"And Venus, in its fresh-blown leaves,
An emblem of herself perceives."

—Moore's translation of Anacreon's Ode LV.

"'Tis said the rose is Love's own flower,
Its blush so bright, its thorns so many;
And winter on its bloom has power,
But has not on its sweetness any."

—Thomas Love Peacock

So both Venus and her son Cupid are usually portrayed crowned with roses, and old Chaucer, fond of garlanding his own head with them, also bedecks Venus with a crown of the red and white blossoms:

"And also on her hedde parde
Her rosy garland white and red."

"And on hire hed, ful semely for to see,
A Rose-gerlond fresh and well-smelling."

In the north, the rose was considered the favorite blossom of Holda, also called Frau Rose and Mutter Rose. Quite naturally, therefore, the rose, both red and white, appears at an early period as an emblem of the Virgin. In Germany the Madonna is frequently called Marien-roschen, or Mary of the Roses. But though both the red and the white roses are emblems of Mary, there has quite appropriately been the tendency to associate the white rose with her fête days, while her more earthly connections are typified by the red flower.

May, the Madonna's month, is the rose-month in Italy. Every one has them in the oratory or on the table all the month through, and even the servants make it a matter of conscience to spend their money on them. Many flowers are dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, among them

"the wanton Rose, agen
That blushes for Penitent Magdalen."

Her day falls on July 22, so the roses of summer are said to fade about the period of St. Mary Magdalen's Day. St. Cecilia, too, is honored with a miraculous crown of roses and lilies.

Perhaps the most intimate connection between the rose and the Virgin Mary is the devotion of the rosary, instituted by St. Dominic, in which the prayers are symbolized by the flowers; the name has reference to the term *rosa mystica*, by which the Virgin Mary is frequently designated in the prayers of the Church. One of the many beautiful rose-legends has reference to the saving grace of prayer:

"A servant had gathered much goods of his lord's, and on the way with them must pass through a wood in which thieves were awaiting them. When he entered the wood he remembered that he had not that day said Our Lady's Psalter; and, as he knelt to do so, the Virgin came and placed a garland on his head, then at each Ave she set a rose in the garland so that it grew so bright that all the wood shone thereof. He was ignorant of it, but the thieves saw the vision and allowed him to pass unharmed."

The legends of the rose are many. According to the Greek legend, the rose was originally white, till Cupid, dancing among the gods, upset a cup of nectar upon it, and it became red; another tradition derives red roses from the blood of Adonis, while the white ones are the tears Venus shed over him; another states that Venus, hurrying to the aid of the wounded Adonis, pierced her foot with a thorn, a white rose was growing close by and as the blood fell upon it the flower was reddened.

" 'Tis said, as Cupid danced among
The gods, he down the nectar flung,
Which on the white rose being shed,
Made it forever after red." —Robert Herrick

"And roses, touch'd with blood since Adon bled,
From her fair color fill'd their lips with red."
—Swinburne

"White as the native Rose before the change
Which Venus' blood did in her leaves impress."
—Spenser

"As erst in Eden's blissful bowers
Young Eve surveyed her countless flowers,
An opening rose of purest white
She marked with eye that beamed delight.
Its leaves she kissed, and straight it drew
From beauty's lips the vermil hue." —Anon.

Rapin has a different origin: "The rose was once Rhodanthe, a beautiful Greek maiden, with many suitors. Entering the temple with her parents and people one day, and being pursued by her suitors, the excitement so enhanced her beauty that the people

shouted, 'Let Rhodanthe be a goddess, and let the image of Diana give place to her!' Rhodanthe being raised upon the altar, Phoebus, Diana's brother, was so incensed at the insult that he turned his rays against the new-made goddess. Then it soon repented Rhodanthe of her divinity, for her feet became fixed to the altar as roots, and the hands she stretched out became branches, her fingers turned to clutching thorns, and her too-ardent lovers into vines, drones and butterflies."

According to Mandeville, the red rose is said to have sprung from the brands lighted at Bethlehem to burn to death a holy maiden who had been wrongfully accused of some crime, but who, in her hour of anguish, prayed to God that He would help her. The fire was miraculously quenched, and the embers sprouted into red roses, while white ones blossomed from the unkindled brands.

"The stake

Branches and buds, and spreading its green leaves,
Embowers and canopies the fair maid,
Who there stands glorified; and roses then
First seen on earth since Paradise was lost,
Profusely blossom round her, white and red,
In all their variety of hues."

—Robert Southey

There are two versions of the origin of the moss rose. An angel, runs one, came down to earth in mortal guise. He was grieved at what he saw of the sin and misery of man, and sought a place of repose. Every place was closed against him, so

"The spirit, dejected sat beneath
The shade of a rose, whose fragrant breath
Lull'd him in slumber mild.
The evening dew as it fell around,
Left not a trace on the saintly ground,
Where, wrapp'd in the folds of a sleep profound,
Lay the fair and heavenly child.

"The morning sun broke the angel's trance,
And he said, as he turn'd a grateful glance
On the sweet and lovely rose—
'Thou hast yielded the shelter that man denied,
In the vain conceit of his stubborn pride,
A proof of my love with thee abide,
And nurture thine own repose.'

"And the green moss gather'd around the stem,
While the dewdrops shone like a diadem,
Crowning the blushing flow'r,
That now the wrath of the wind defies,

Exultant looks to the fostering skies,
 And shielded thus in its brilliant dyes,
 Gives signs of an angel's power!"

The other is the more familiar version, by the German poet Krummacher:

"The angel of the flowers one day
 Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay—
 That spirit to whose charge 'tis given
 To bathe young buds in dews of heaven.
 Awaking from his light repose,
 The angel whispered to the rose:
 'O fondest object of my care,
 Still fairest found, where all are fair;
 For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me
 Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee.'
 'Then,' said the rose, with deepened glow,
 'On me another grace bestow.'
 The spirit paused, in silent thought,
 What grace was there the flower had not?
 'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
 A veil of moss the angel throws,
 And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
 Could there a flower that rose exceed?

In eastern countries, and Persia in particular, the rose is a very lovely and highly celebrated flower:

"Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom." —Byron

"Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,

With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave?" —Moore
 Gulistan—"garden of roses"—is the work of the most famous of Persian poets, Sadi; the story runs that Sadi, a slave, had long been promised his freedom. One day Sadi approached his master with a rose in his hand, saying, "Do good to thy servant whilst thou hast the power, for time is fleeting and the season of power is often as transient as the duration of this flower. Do not longer delay the fulfillment of thy promise, my master." These words secured Sadi his immediate liberty, partly perhaps because he had made this generally favorite blossom plead his cause:

"Each morn a thousand roses brings, you say;
 Yes, but where leaves the rose of yesterday?" —Waller

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying." —Herrick

All the time the rose gardens are in bloom, Persia keeps the Feast of Roses:

"And all is ecstasy, for now
 The valley holds its Feast of Roses;
 That joyous time, when pleasures pour
 Profusely round, and in their shower
 Hearts open, like the season's rose."

Persian poets are fond of associating the rose with the nightingale, or bulbul, as they call the bird. According to their traditions, the bird utters a plaintive cry whenever the flower is gathered. In spring, it will hover around the bushes until overpowered by the sweetness of the blossoms, it falls senseless to the ground. The rose is supposed to burst from the bud at the opening song of its lover the nightingale. Another proof of the close association of the Venus of flowers with the Apollo of birds is the saying that among the many fragrant and beautiful flowers of earth, this one alone satisfies the nightingale. This love between the queen of flowers and the minstrel of birds is the subject of many poetical lines:

"The rose has flushed red, the bud has burst,
And drunk with joy is the nightingale." —Hafiz

"The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from his throat that rise."
—Rumi

"The bulbul wail'd, 'Oh, rose, all night I sing,
And thou, beloved, utterest not one thing.'
'Dear bird,' she answered, 'scent and blossoming
Are music of my song without a sound.'"

—Edwin Arnold

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long!
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song." —Moore

"Though rich the spot
With every flower this earth has got,
What is it to the nightingale
If there his darling rose is not?" —Moore

India furnishes this tradition of the discovery of the valued attar of roses: To please the king Jehanghir, his favorite sultana caused the pool in the palace garden to be filled with rose water. The sun caused the oily particles to rise to the surface, an attendant, skimming the "corrupt" pool, found that the globules which burst open gave off a delightful odor, and so this fragrant oil of rose water began to be manufactured.

The origin of the word rose is debated. The Latin *rosa*, according to Dr. Prior, "appears to be a foreign word introduced to replace a more ancient name for the shrub *rubus*, which like the Greek root *rhodos* is expressive of a red color." But Professor Müller traces *rhodos* to a similar Aryan word which originally meant a sprig, a flower, a wort. In this case rose would indeed be *the* flower of all flowers.

The blossom speaks a varied tongue in the language of flowers, though in the main it is the emblem of true affection. Berkeley, in his "Utopia," describes lovers as declaring their passion by presenting to the favored one with a rosebud just opening; if the lady accepted and wore the bud, she was next given a half-blown rose, when she finally consented to wear a full-blown blossom it was the important question "popped and answered." Certain varieties of roses have been given rather artificial meanings, others seem rather senseless. Some of the more natural expressions are

Yellow rose—jealousy, or even a decrease of love.

White rosebud—girlhood.

Withered white rose, an emblem of what is transient and fleeting; it may even speak of "transient impressions," and so be rather uncomplimentary.

In North Europe folk-lore, the rose was under the special protection of dwarfs and elves, who were ruled by the mighty king Laurin, the lord of the rose-garden. This in turn gave it magical powers of divination. In Thuringia, therefore, a maiden forecasts the name of her future husband by naming several rose-leaves, tossing them into water, and watching them gradually sink; the last one to go down will bear her own future name. A rose-apple, worn over the heart, will keep a lover true, while the moss-rose, culled on Midsummer Eve with certain formalities, will surely wax prophetic:

"The moss-rose that, at fall of dew,
Ere eve its duskier curtain drew,
Was freshly gathered from its stem,
She values as the ruby gem;
And, guarded from the piercing air,
With all an anxious lover's care,
She bids it, for her shepherd's sake,
Awake the new year's frolic wake;
When faded, in its altered hue
She reads—the rustic is untrue!
But if its leaves the crimson paint,
Her sick'ning hopes no longer faint;
The rose upon her bosom worn,
She greets him at the peep of morn.

—("The Cottage Girl")

Quite appropriately, roses have long been used as bridal wreaths. Both Greeks and Romans set special value on the rose as a funeral flower; many left directions in their wills that their graves be planted with this favorite flower. In Wales white roses denote the graves of young maidens, while in many places it is the custom to plant a red rosebush at the head of the grave of a deceased lover.

"From the spot

Where the sweet maiden, in her blossoming years
Cut off, was laid with streaming eyes, and hands

That trembled as they placed her there, the rose
Sprung modest, on bowed stalk, and better spoke
Her graces, than the proudest monument." —Bryant

"And sweetly by that rose is typified
Her loveliness and spotless purity;
And the green myrtle, waving by its side,
Her certain hope of immortality." —Mantell

In the well-known story of Tristram and Ysonde we have a reference to the old belief that the departing soul takes up its residence in some plant, the rose being a popular one: "From his grave there grew an eglantine which twined about the statue of Ysonde, a marvel for all men to see; and though three times they cut it down, it grew again and ever wound its arms about the image of the fair Ysonde." Then there is the famous Scottish ballad of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William"; also the lines of Omar Khayyam.

"Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar,
They grew till they grew unto the church top,
And there they tied in a true lovers' knot."

"I sometimes think that never blooms so red
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled."
—Omar Khayyam

Among the Greeks, a rose-bush on a grave augured the happiness of the departed, and, according to Anacreon, the rose was supposed to have special virtue for the dead:

"When pain afflicts and sickness grieves,
Its juice the drooping heart relieves,
And after death its odors shed
A pleasing' fragrance o'er the dead."

In folk-medicine, presumably on the doctrine of signatures which connects the color of red roses and blood, there are some curious treatments. For instance, one wishing rosy cheeks should bury a drop of his blood under a rose-bush; a more pleasant remedy is to rub the cheeks with the bright petals. As a charm against hemorrhage of every kind, the red rose should be gathered with the words: "Abek, Wabek, Tabek; in Christ's garden stand three red roses—one for the good God, one for God's blood, the third for the angel Gabriel; blood, I pray you, cease to flow." Or this version: "On our Lord Jesus' grave spring three roses—the first is Hope, the second Patience, the third God's Will; blood, I pray you, be still!" No doubt these have origin in the old tradition that the crown of

thorns was composed of the rose briar, and that the drops of blood that fell from Christ's head blossomed into roses in His path and about the cross.

In Italy, the red rose was formerly regarded as the emblem of early death; to dream of withered roses denotes misfortune, but the red rose in a dream indicates success in love. If a white rose-bush should unexpectedly bloom, it is taken by many as a sign of death in the nearest house. Many people in Germany believe that whoever throws a rose into a grave will waste away; others regard with alarm the mere fall of a rose from the hand. It is also very unlucky for a rose to shed its petals, as an illustration take the case of Miss Ray, who was murdered at the entrance to Covent Garden Theatre:

"When the carriage was announced and she was adjusting her dress, Mrs. Lewis happened to make some remark on a beautiful rose which Miss Ray wore. Just as the words were uttered, the rose fell to the ground. She immediately stooped to regain it, but as she picked it up the red leaves scattered themselves on the carpet, and the stalk alone remained in her hand. The poor girl, who had been depressed in spirits before, was evidently affected by this incident, and said, in a slightly faltering voice, 'I trust I am not to consider this as an evil omen.' But soon rallying, she expressed to Mrs. Lewis, in a cheerful tone, the hope that they would meet again after the theatre—a hope, alas, which it was decreed should not be realized."

Among the various ceremonies with which the rose is connected was the old custom of using it in paying rents for leased lands. For instance, Sir Christopher Hatton leased the greater part of Ely place for "a red rose, ten loads of hay and £10 per annum," though its owner reserved to himself and his successors the right of walking in the gardens and gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly.

Up to the end of the sixteenth century, there was a curious custom in France called the "*Baillée des Roses*," consisting of a tribute of roses paid by the children of the king, princes of the blood, dukes, Cardinals and other peers to the French parliament. It was rendered during the months of April, May and June, on days when sittings were held in the great hall. The peer whose turn it was to pay the tribute was called "*Rosier de la Cour*," must see to it that on that day all the rooms of the palace were decked with roses and other flowers. Before the sitting commenced it was his duty to go into every chamber with a large bowl of silver borne before him, in which were as many crowns of roses and bouquets as there were members of Parliament and officers attached to its service. The roses having been distributed to their rightful claimants, the peer

gave an entertainment to the presidents and councilors of the court. Its origin is not known.

Another French ceremonial is the yearly rose festival of Salency, instituted in the sixth century by a Bishop of Noyon, who was a native of the village of Salency. This festival was presided over by a rose-queen, crowned with roses in acknowledgment of her being the most amiable, modest and dutiful maiden in the village. In many other places the name "Rosière" is given to the girl who gains the rose given as a prize for good conduct.

As a heraldic device, the rose has been popular. It is the floral emblem of England, perhaps in honor of the houses of Lancaster and York, whose respective badges were the red and the white rose. Shakespeare briefly sums up the history of the thirty years' War of the Roses in these lines from Henry VI.:

Plantagenet: Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.
Somerset: Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
Warwick: And here I prophesy—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
Ten thousand souls to death and deadly night.

The estimate is a hundred thousand common soldiers, to say nothing of a large number of noblemen and eighty princes of the blood. Whether it was in the early days of the wars, or previously, these badges were adopted as emblems to be worn in the caps of the soldiers, is not clear, but there is a tradition that after the battle of Towton, a certain kind of wild rose sprang up in the field where the Yorkists and Lancastrians fell, and was to be found nowhere else.

"There still wild roses growing,
Frail tokens of the fray;
And the hedgerow green bears witness
Of Towton field that day."

Another legend states that at the time when the marriage of Henry VII. of the Lancastrian line to Elizabeth, heiress of the York claim to the throne, a rose with white and red flowers first blossomed, intimating the fact that the two opposing forces were now blended; this rose was named the York and Lancaster; it was originally a rose-bush growing in the garden of a certain monastery

in Wiltshire, which, during the War of the Roses, had borne at once both red and white roses. About the time of the marriage of Henry and Elizabeth, all its flowers blossomed forth with petals of red and white mixed in stripes; the wonder was hailed with joy as an omen of future peace and harmony.

The white rose was an emblem of the house of Stuart, and the tenth of June was long called White Rose Day, as the birthday of the pretender, the son of James II. and Mary. The Tudors, descended from Henry and Elizabeth, adopted the rose for their floral emblem; it appears everywhere in the art and architecture of that period, and also became the emblem of England. But long before England adopted it, the rose was carried on many a Roman shield as the badge of the warrior who carried the weapon.

Many are the proverbial sayings associated with the rose, most of them indicating what is sweet and lovely, bright and joyous—as soft as a rose-leaf, as sweet as a rose, rosy clouds, roseate hue, rose-colored glasses, rosy lips, rosy dawns—all imply that the red flowers were more highly prized and perhaps more common. As one writer states: "Poetry is lavish of roses; it heaps them into beds, weaves them into crowns, twines them into arbors, forges them into chains, adorns with them the goblet used in the festivals of Bacchus, plants them in the bosom of beauty. It not only delights to bring in the rose itself upon every occasion, but seizes each particular beauty it possesses as an object of comparison with the loveliest works of nature."

In Devonshire a blooming lass is said to look like a double rose; in the Swedish "*Frithiof's Saga*" is one instance of the rose used to represent what is fresh and youthful:

"He stands between the brothers there—
As though the ripe day stood
Atween young morning rosy fair,
And night within the wood."

As for the oft-repeated line from Shakespeare regarding a rose called by any other name, Mr. Hazlitt remarks that "although not originally proverbial, or in its nature, or even in the poet's intention, it has acquired that character by long custom." Here is a true and excellent proverb: "Truth and roses have thorns about them"; many poets have coined near-proverbs with the flower for comparison, of which these are a few:

"Love is like the roses,
Still its fragrance stays."

—Catherine G. Furley

"It never will rain roses; when we want
To have more roses, we must plant more trees." —Eliot

"Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a breere." —Spenser

"When the stalk is snapt, the rose must bend." —Hartley Coleridge

By the way, the thorns of the eglantine, or sweet-brier rose, point downward because, so legend tells us, when the devil was excluded from heaven he tried to regain his lost position by means of a ladder composed of rose-thorns. But when the plant could only grow bush size, out of spite he placed its thorns in their present eccentric position.

Now for the expression, "Sub-rosa"—"under the rose," or "under the rose be it spoken." The usual explanation is being sacred to Venus the goddess of love, it naturally becomes the emblem of silence, since lovers do not generally want third parties included in their secrets. It has also been suggested that it symbolized silence because of man's inability to describe its charms. It was long a custom to have a rose carved in the ceiling of banquet halls, as a reminder that the conversation there carried on should not be repeated. Whenever a Roman, therefore, wished a certain matter kept secret, he added the significant words "sub rosa," and it became a sacred pledge between the few who had listened to him. "Silence forever wedded to her rose," is Browning's poetical expression of this adage.

In the language of flowers, the white rose has been considered the symbol of silence; in 1526 the emblem was placed over confessionals, to indicate that the strictest privacy veiled this solemn rite. The rose was early made an ecclesiastical emblem, and appears in both the art and the architecture of the Church, the rose window so common in cathedrals being one illustration. The northern portal of the cathedral at Upsala, Sweden, is covered with sculptured roses.

The cathedral of Hildesheim has a wild rose growing partially over it, whose roots are in the crypt; tradition says that it was growing on the spot before Charlemagne laid the foundations of the church, which makes it over a thousand years old. In short, roses always make appropriate church decorations, the queen of flowers being sacred to the Queen of Heaven. Some incline to the belief that the first rosaries were made of the smooth, glossy fruit of the plant, being chosen because of the associations of the flower with the Church; another theory is that the beads were once made of rose-leaves tightly pressed into round balls. But whatever the origin of the name, in the rosary is embodied the idea that prayer

arises to the Father of all like sweet incense from the heart of the flower.

THE OAK

In his poem, "The Growth of the Legend," Lowell states that "the pine is the mother of legends," and explains that the nations which have grown up within the mystical shade of this tree have a highly developed gift for legend-making and legend-telling. The same may with equal claims be said of the oak, within whose fostering shades grew up so many Grecian and Druidical myths. "The mythic oaks," Mrs. Browning terms them, and rightly, since they are true witnesses of old times departed, these venerable monarchs of the forest, "green-robed senators of mighty woods," as Keats fondly names them.

The groves were man's first temples, Bryant tells us, and either as direct objects of worship, or as forming the temple under whose solemn shadows other and remoter deities might be adored, trees have long been revered by man:

"In such green palaces the first kings reigned,
Slept in their shade, and angels entertain'd,
With such old counselors they did advise,
And, by frequenting sacred groves, grew wise."

The descent of man from a tree was a belief once received as a solemn fact and is a popular tradition of many different races the world over. In Greece the oak was the tree credited with this distinction, according to poetry as well as legend:

"These woods were first the seat of sylvan powers,
Of nymphs and fauns, and savage men who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oaks."
—Virgil

"For when the world was new, the race that broke
Unfathered from the soil or opening oak
Lived most unlike the men of later times." —Juvenal

So, in the "Odyssey," when the disguised hero is asked to give his pedigree, his questioner puts it in this wise: "For belike you are not come of the oak told of in old times, nor of the rock." If, in the times the "Odyssey" was written, in the ages it was supposed to take place, this tree-ancestry was already a legend of "old times," how very old it must be!

The oak has many attributes that would make it a favorite tree-parent for mankind. As Eliza Cook says, it is "the king of the woods, a brave rare tree"; it has sturdy, masculine virtues of which

a descendant would be proud to boast, and which the poet has long celebrated in such lines as:

"The oak, for grandeur, strength, and noble size,
Excels all trees that in the forest grow."
"Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak." —Cowper

"Theirs is the nature that achieves,
No yielding there is found;
The very rustle of their leaves
Assumes a martial sound." —Hugh Kelso

"And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,
Like a chieftain's frowning tower." —Scott

"The monarch oak, the patriot of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,
Supreme in state, and in three more decays." —Dryden

Surely the oak is a forefather to be vaunty over! According to Ovid (Dryden's translation), when Jupiter wished to reward the hospitable old couple, Philemon and Baucis, for their kind treatment of him when he visited their home in disguise, Philemon was changed into "a spreading oak," Baucis into a linden:

"Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green,
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthened arms a sprouting wood;
New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind;
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu;
At once farewell, O faithful spouse, they said;
At once the encroaching rinds their closing lips invade;
Even yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighborhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows."

From the time of this celebrated transformation down to the present, it has been easy for mankind to humanize the oak, the sturdy stubbornness with which he faces the storm, his up-standing youth and his defiant old age, his jovial laughter as the wind left only one branch remaining for more to sprout upon. One fell

roars through his branches, his quick response to the light fingers of spring. Is it any wonder primitive man paid veneration to such a specimen as Shakespeare describes?

"an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity."

The oak was the particular tree of Jove, or Zeus, and the grove at Dodona was a shrine where his will could be learned in the rustling of the leaves and the babbling of the brook that flowed close beside "the fair Dodonian tree," as Spencer terms it. Romulus is said to have hung the arms and weapons of Acron, King of Cenina, upon an oak tree held sacred by the people, which became the site of the famous temple of Jupiter at Rome.

The peoples of northern Europe believed that the oak was sacred to Thor, the thunder-god; that it originated from his lightning bolts—all acorns to the contrary. It was considered an act of sacrilege to mutilate a sacred oak in ever so small a degree; a law of the Ostrogoths stated that anybody might hew down what trees he pleased in the common wood, except oaks and hazels; these trees had peace, that is, they were not to be felled. That profanity of this kind was not treated with impunity was formerly fully believed, an illustration of which is given us by Aubrey, who says that "to cut oakwood is unfortunate."

The Greeks believed that dryads and hamadryads had their existence so inextricably bound up in the life of some tree that "as this withers and dies, they themselves fall away and cease to be; any injury to bough or twig felt by them as a wound, and a wholesale hewing down puts an end to them at once, a cry of anguish escaping the unfortunate tree-fay when the cruel axe comes near. So in "Appollonius Rhodius," one of the hamadryads implores a woodman to spare a tree to which her existence is attached:

"Loud through the air resounds the woodman's stroke,
When lo, a voice breaks from the groaning oak,
'Spare, spare my life, a trembling virgin spare,
Oh, listen to the hamadryad's prayer!
No longer let that fearful axe resound,
Preserve the tree to which my life is bound,
See from the bark my blood in torrents flows;
I faint, I sink, I perish, from your blows!'"

As proof of his statement that "to cut oakwood is unfortunate, old Aubrey cites the following examples: "There was at Norwood one oak that had mistletoe, a timber tree which was felled about 1657. Some persons cut this mistletoe for some apothecaries in London, and sold them a quantity for ten shillings each time, and lame shortly after; soon after each of the others lost an eye, and he

that felled the tree, though warned of these misfortunes of the other men, would adventure to do it, and shortly afterwards broke his leg. It was as if the Hamadryads had resolved to take an ample revenge for the injury done to their venerable and sacred oak.

"And I cannot omit taking notice of the great misfortune in the family of the Earl of Winchelsea, who at Eastwell, in Kent, felled down a most curious grove of oaks, near his own noble seat, and gave the first blow with his own hands. Shortly after his countess died in her bed suddenly, and his eldest son, the Lord Maidstone, was killed at sea by a cannon bullet."

No wonder, is it, that, as Sir John Lubbock tells us, even recently an oak copse at Lock Saint, in the Isle of Skye, was held so sacred that no persons would venture to cut the smallest branch from it.

This reverence for the oak explains the origin of the custom of planting the trees on the boundaries of lands, a survival of which still remains in the so-called gospel oaks of many of the English parishes. With Thor's oak near, our forefathers felt a sense of security which materially added to the peace and comfort of their daily life. There is many a legend on the continent attesting to the safety offered by its sheltering branches; indeed, so great are its virtues that, according to a Westphalian tradition, the Wandering Jew can only rest where he shall happen to find two oaks growing in the form of a cross.

One authority, as additional evidence of tree-worship among our ancestors, would derive the word *kirk*, now softened into *church*, from *quercus*, the Latin name of the oak, as the tree was held particularly sacred by the Druids, those early British and Celtic exponents of tree-worship.

Scandinavian mythology locates fairyland at the roots of the oak; in Germany the holes in its trunk are called the pathways of the elves. It is generally agreed that fairies are most likely to be found—when found at all—dancing around oaks; Shakespeare was well aware of this habit, as he deftly informs us in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." And there was need for the presence of the fairies in oak groves, since witches are also said to gather on the oak sward under the tree. Devil's oaks are also of frequent occurrence, one of them at Gotha being held in great regard; Herne's oak was of this type, as according to popular English tradition, Herne was an ancient keeper in Windsor Forest, where he walked at midnight around an old oak which bore his name. Shakespeare tells the story of this evil spirit, called Herne the Hunter, in his celebrated comedy.

"The fairies, from their nightly haunt,
 In copse or dell, or round the trunk revered
 Of Herne's moon-silvered oak, shall chase away
 Each fog, each blight, and dedicate to peace
 Thy classic shade."

It is said that the oak was the tree that furnished the wood for the cross, though it is not the only one legend so credits. A further legend informs us that when the Jews were in search of wood for the cross, every tree, with the exception of the oak, split itself to avoid being put to such infamous use. On this account, Grecian woodcutters avoid the oak, regarding it as an accursed tree.

In Westphalia, it is made such an intimate member of the family that upon the death of a relative a peasant will announce it to the nearest oak, repeating solemnly many times as if to impress the news upon the venerable tree-friend of the deceased: "The Master is dead."

Perhaps because of their veneration of the oak as an ancestral tree, perhaps because of its marked martial aspect, the Romans made the leaves, in a crown, the proper emblem of the patriot. Emerson uses the expression "patriot oak-leaf" in his verses to "May Day"; and Shakespeare quite appropriately refers to this custom in his drama of the great Roman patriot, Coriolanus: "To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak." Hartley Coleridge mentions this same mark of honor, in passing:

"The oak, which Briton bards had sung beneath,
 And whence the Roman plucked his civic wreath."

Michael Drayton, so conversant with the hallowed customs of the ancients, gives us a rather different version of the meaning of the decoration:

"Most worthy of the oaken wreath
 The ancients him esteemed
 Some man of worth redeemed."
 Who, in a battle had from death

Which idea Lowell further embellishes in his lines:

"No, a wreath, twine a wreath, for the loyal and true
 Who, for sake of the many, dared stand with the few.
 Not of blood-spattered laurel for enemies braved,
 But of broad, peaceful oak-leaves for citizens saved."

Montesquieu remarked of the value the ancients set upon garlands of oak that "it was with two or three hundred crowns of oak that Rome conquered the world." But for all this, the leaves had

other uses than crowning returned soldiers; for the boughs were carried at Roman weddings.

England, too, has always loved the tree from earliest times. Keats mentions a place "where oaks, that erst the Druid knew, are growing," and, as Cowper admits in his poem to "The Yardley Oak":

"It seems idolatry with some excuse
Where our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagined sanctity."

Take these two trees South describes in "Roderick, the Last of the Goths":

"Two stately oaks stood nigh, in the full growth
Of many a century. They had flourished there
Before the Gothic sword was felt in Spain;
And, when the ancient sceptre of the Goths
Was broken, there they flourished still. Their boughs,
Mingled on high and stretching wide around,
Formed a deep shade."

Is it any wonder such stately, long-lived beings should be famous in poetry and history? Some of the oaks now standing in England were old trees at the time of the conquest, and their remains are cherished with reverent care as long as they show any traces of vitality. Many have been named and are local, even national, landmarks:

"A mighty growth! The countryside
Lamented when the Giant died,
For England loves her trees;
What misty legends round him cling,
How lavishly he once could fling
His acorns to the breeze."

—Frederick Locker-Lampson

("The Old Oak Tree at Hatfield Broad Oak")

"This sole survivor of a race
Of giant oaks, where once the wood
Rang with the battle or the chase,
In stern and lonely grandeur stood."

—James Montgomery ("Lines on a Drawing of Yardley Oak")

"Oak of Guernica! Tree of holier power
Than that which in Dodona did enshrine
(So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine
Heard from the depths of its ærial bower.

Stroke merciful and welcome would that be
Which should extend thy branches on the ground,
If nevermore within their shady round
Those lofty-minded lawgivers shall meet,
Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty."

—Wordsworth ("The Oak of Guernica")

Oak-Apple Day is observed in England on May 29th, the anniversary of the Restoration in 1660. It was formerly the custom for country boys to wear oak-apples or sprigs of oak, in allusion to Charles II.'s hiding in an oak tree to escape from Cromwell's troopers after the battle of Worcester. In some places it is called Oak and Nettle Day, as bunches of nettles may be carried by the wearers of the oak sprigs and used to lash those who do not wear them. This tree, in Staffordshire, was long known as the Royal Oak, in honor of the king, who remained hidden up among its branches a full twenty-four hours:

"Wherein the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim,
And far below the Roundhead rode
And humm'd a surly hymn." —Tennyson

In our own country there is Eliot's Oak, to which Longfellow pays tribute:

"For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
His Bible in a language that hath died
And is forgotten, save by thee alone."

Naturally, the oak has a prominent place in folk-sayings. Of the many omens regarding it, one states that the change of its leaves from their usual color gave more than once "fatal premonitions of coming misfortunes during the great civil wars," and Bacon mentions a tradition that "if the oak-apple, broken, be full of worms, it is a sign of a pestilent year."

Long famous for its supernatural strength and power, it was much used in folk-medicine. A German cure for ague is to walk around an oak and say:

"Good evening, thou good one old;
I bring thee the warm and the cold."

Similarly, in England, oak-trees planted at the junction of cross-roads were much resorted to by persons suffering from ague for the purpose of transferring to them the complaint. Sickly children were said to be cured by passing them through a split oak. A German remedy for the gout is to take hold of an oak, or of a young shoot already felled, and to repeat these words:

"Oak-shoot, I to thee complain,
All the torturing gout plagues me;
I cannot go for it,
Thou canst stand it.
The first bird that flies above thee,
To him give it in his flight,
Let him take it with him in the air."

There are numberless "oak proverbs." According to one, "You must look for grass on the top of the oak tree," the meaning being that the "grass seldom springs well before the oak begins to put forth." The man who abandons some good enterprise for a worthless or insignificant undertaking is said to "cut down an oak and plant a thistle," often varied to "cut down an oak and set up a strawberry."

The truth of the next adage needs no comment, "Usurers live by the fall of heirs, as swine by the droppings of acorns." Referring to its growth, we are told that "the willow will buy a horse before the oak will pay for a saddle," the allusion being to the different rates at which the two trees grow. That occasionally some trifling event may have the most momentous issues is exemplified by "The smallest axe may fell the largest oak," or "Little strokes fell great oaks," though, on the other hand, "An oak is not felled at one chop." Then, again, it is commonly said that "Oaks may fall when seeds brave the storm," while the humble find encouragement in the thought that "The greatest oaks have been little acorns."

To dream of an oak is a prophecy of long life; under certain circumstances it also foretells riches.

In weather lore the tree figures prominently in such folk-rhymes as:

"If the oak is out before the ash,
'Twill be a summer of wet and splash;
But if the ash is before the oak,
'Twill be a summer of fire and smoke."

Or briefly, "Oak, smoke; ash, quash." Sometimes the form is:

"If the oak's before the ash,
Then you'll only get a splash;
If the ash precedes the oak,
Then you may expect a soak."

As a guide to the agriculturist is this quaint rhyme:

"When the oak puts on his goslings gray,
'Tis time to sow barley night and day."

An idea the poet has not been slow to adopt, with variations of his own:

"'Twas just ere the old folks used to say,
'Now the oaks are turning gray,
'Tis time for the farmer to plant away.'"—Phoebe Cary
"Oak leaves are big as the mouse's ear,
So farmer, go plant." —John V. Cheney

"The oak leaves pricked like a squirrel's ear."
—Hamlin Garland

In the language of flowers, oak leaves stand for "bravery," while the tree itself represents "hospitality":

"Here as 'neath the oak I sit
Whisperings come out of it;
Summer fancies, half desires,
Breaths that fan forgotten fires."

—Cosmo Monkhouse
HARRIETTE WILBUR.

Duluth, Minn.

BOOK REVIEWS

"*Mysterium Fidei de Augustissimo Corporis et Sanguinis Christi, Sacrisco Atque Sacramento.*" *Eludicationes* L in Tres Libros Distinctae. Auctore Mauritio de la Taille, S. J., Nuper in Universitate Catholica Andegavensi, Nunc in Pontificia Universitate Gregoriana de Urbe, Sacrae Theologiae Lector. Un volume in-4° grand-jésus, de xvi-666 pages à deux colonnes, sur papier Lafuma, avec photogravures hors texte. Net: 50 francs; franco: 55 francs. Gabriel Beauchesne, Editeur, Rue de Rennes, 117, à Paris.

Truly a monumental work. In fact, the first really great theological work on the Mass. Of course the subject has been treated learnedly, and more or less fully, in general works of theology; but the importance of the subject demanded something more than that, and it was impossible to do it justice in conjunction with all the other questions that must find place in a general course. In this imposing volume of 633 pages with their double columns, and attractive illustrations, the fifty theses into which the treatise is divided, have ample scope for full development with quotations at length from every approved source. Scripture and Tradition, Fathers and Doctors of the Church, theologians and ecclesiastical writers of every age, councils and liturgies—all combine to give us a wealth of material, that proves to us beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Last Supper and Calvary are one and the same sacrifice, that the Eucharist is a sacrament and that its reception is necessary to salvation. The treatment of the subject is masterly, and the Latin is so simple that even he who runs may read, without fatigue and without danger of going astray.

The material make-up of the volume is worthy of the subject, as far as may be. The paper, the type, the presswork, leave nothing to be desired.

The learned author was formerly professor of theology in the Catholic University of Angers, France. He served in the late war as chaplain of Canadian cavalry. The present work was almost completed before the war, but was not finished until peace was declared. Father de la Taille is now teaching theology in the Roman Pontifical Gregorian University.

He has reared a lasting monument to himself in this work, and at the same time he has made the world his debtor. As one reviewer has well said: "He has done his work so thoroughly that it need never be done again." This is praise indeed. To have treated so important a subject, about which there was much discussion and wide divergence of opinion, even in the Council of Trent, so well

and so thoroughly as to supply the needs of all future students, is to have accomplished something of the highest praise. It is indispensable to every theological library, Catholic or non-Catholic.

"The Boyhood Consciousness of Christ." A Critical Examination of Luke II., 49. By Rev. P. J. Temple, S. T. L. 8vo., pp. 244. New York: The MacMillan Co.

"Ever since Christianity presented itself for acceptance by mankind, questions of Christology have held a foremost place in religious research and discussion, and necessarily so, since the nature and personality of the Author of a religion claiming to be œcumenical and exclusive compel the attentive study of men interested in religious thought and life. The present generation has not been an exception in regard to the importance attached to these fundamental questions. Rather, in this respect it has set a new high-water mark. For while the fifth century is generally regarded as the golden age of Christological controversy, yet, from the point of view of the number and variety of the scholars interested and of the individuality and diversity of the results reached, the last half century has had no parallel in the history of Christianity.

"In these questions of Christology the ultimate determinant, the final test to which every student must come, is Christ's own mind as expressed in His words and in His manner of acting; everything that He says or does, either directly or indirectly to reveal His self-consciousness is of the first importance; whatever be the method pursued in attempting the solution of a Christological problem one cannot evade the query, what did He say about Himself? Then closely connected with the question of His self-consciousness is that of its origin. When and how did it begin? Did He possess it from His earliest years? Or was there for Him as for every normal child, a gradual unfolding of reason and of the consciousness of His relation to God? Or was it only in mature manhood, when on the threshold of His public career, that the consciousness of His mission and all that it implied, flashed upon Him? Or was its coming rather like that of dawning day, at first dim, then growing gradually into fullness of light and culminating in the brilliant clarity of the noonday?

"These important questions constitute one of the most popular of modern problems of the life of Christ. Speaking generally in non-Catholic circles it is held that Jesus began His life 'ignorant of His nature and destiny, an unthinking infant'; that at a certain point, by no means agreed upon, His consciousness dawned upon Him, and that it was subject to growth and development. Many pages of

modern works are given over to the attempt to explain naturally the origin and to trace the development of Jesus' consciousness. The result has been a great diversity of opinion, as a glance at the chapter on modern views in this book will show. Failure to agree on so important a question, affecting as it does our conception of Him for the first thirty years of His life, should arouse grave concern, and any effort to eliminate diversity and establish truth cannot be altogether unwelcome.

"As in all questions of theological import, so regarding the present one, the final court of appeal is, for the Catholic, the authority of the Church. But there is nothing to prevent him any more than any other student from envisaging the consciousness of Christ as a scientific problem as well, to be treated according to the laws of historical criticism, and when approached, the solution is found to be along one path, the careful investigation of the historical evidence. But unfortunately we are confronted by the fact that the historical data for the problem are meagre, wherefore there is all the more necessity for exceptionally careful scrutiny.

"The canonical Gospels preserve only one saying of Christ outside His public ministry. The only occasion when Jesus breaks the silence of the first thirty years of His life is when in answer to His mother's question, why He had tarried in Jerusalem and caused His parents three days of anxiety and sorrow, he said: 'Why did you seek Me? Did you not know that in the things of My Father I must be?' This saying, of the twelfth year, in which His relation to God is expressed by the phrase, 'My Father,' is the all-important one for the problem of Jesus' consciousness. Views and theories must be based on it."

With this text the present work is concerned. In the First Section, the author treats of the Early Period of the History of the Question, and quotes the Greek and Latin Fathers together with other early texts. He also considers conflicting heretical opinions.

In the Second Section we pass on from the Fathers to the Rise of Modern Rationalism and Modern Views. In Section Third the text itself is considered—its trustworthiness and its historical background. Then we have Christ's consciousness as expressed in the text, and the consideration of the Messianic consciousness as included in Christ's first self-interpretation.

This is followed by a section treating of the First Recorded Words and the Immediate Context, and finally by a consideration of the Recorded Words and the Remote Context.

There is a very full bibliography and copious indexes, both Scriptural and general.

It is hardly necessary to add that the work is comprehensive and

complete. The outline which has been given shows that. It seems as superfluous to say that the work is well done. The evidence throughout of painstaking, intelligent research and clear judgment as to the value of authorities and quotations *in se* and comparatively, is most convincing. Indeed, it is hard to see what more could be added.

This learned work will take a permanent place in the field of Christology, and will claim the gratitude while it commands the respect of all Scriptural scholars and students.

"Christian Science and the Catholic Faith." Including a brief account of New Thought and Other Modern Mental Healing Movements. By A. M. Bellwald, S. M., S. T. L., Professor of Theology at the Marist College, Washington, D. C. 8vo., pp. 269. New York: The Mac-Millan Co.

Why deal once more with Christian Science? With so many works already on the market, why increase the output by another study on this much-debated subject? Christian Science will run its course, as other systems of thought, once much in evidence, have run theirs, and will not be materially influenced by the discussions to which it has given rise. Yet to discuss the subjects of the day is an intellectual need. The process of winnowing out truth from error must go on without interruption, the more so in this case, as Christian Science skims over many subjects of the very greatest importance, opening up to controversial minds fair vistas of debatable ground.

But why associate New Thought with its traditional foe? The answer is found in this treatise, which makes plain that, whatever minor differences there may be between these two organizations, their wider aims and common pursuits unite them in a clearly defined group, and blend them together naturally in a common discussion.

Mind healing is not exactly an American invention or monopoly. It is practically coeval and co-extensive with the human race. Yet in our own day and place it has taken on hues and shapes that differentiate it radically both from its remoter and its nearer ancestors, and it is assuming proportions that may yet put its European prototypes completely in the shade. In its American dress, it has crossed both the Atlantic and the Pacific, and is making a successful bid for world supremacy in its chosen field. Under these circumstances, an inquiry into its origin, the underlying principles and the methods of these movements, must prove of interest, even if from a religious point of view they are not of sufficient moment to claim attention.

Such an investigation is no longer a pioneer work. Many Protestant authors have turned their attention to this newer Protestantism. Not a few scent in this new gospel of health danger for what they are pleased to call orthodox Christianity; their works are polemical in character, and, on the whole, of little intrinsic worth. Others, not particularly interested in the

churches, have been attracted by the psychological problems which the real or pretended success of these mind healers have forced on their consideration. These, though pursuing strictly scientific methods of investigation, but too often mar their work by an ill-disguised hostility, or a studied indifference, to revealed religion, so that hardly any work of either class could be unreservedly recommended.

From the Catholic viewpoint, few of the publications that have appeared, valuable though they are in their own way, can be said to do justice to the subject. Probably the best of them are Father Lambert's "Christian Science Before the Bar of Reason," Father Thurston's "Christian Science," in "Lectures on Religion"; Luther Searle's "Truth About Christian Science," and Dr. Walsh's various works on psychotherapy. But none of these is exhaustive, nor do any of them pretend to be. Besides, the movement has been constantly developing and spreading.

The present book proposes, besides giving a short historical survey of mental healing, followed by a discussion of the causes that may serve to account for whatever success the movement has achieved; to discuss from the Catholic standpoint, more freely than has yet been done, its philosophical and religious presuppositions, implications and doctrinal statements.

This quotation from the preface of the work sets forth very clearly its intent, purpose, scope and method.

The first thought that suggests itself to the mind of any thinking man is, what a pity that this mass of unreasonable, unproven, illogical claims, combined with so much fraud and chicanry, should appeal to so many men, who turn their backs on pure revealed religion, and should require so much attention from the serious minded and the orthodox in order to prevent it from doing greater harm! One might be tempted to think that the whole system is so palpably worthless as to be unworthy of serious thought and refutation. But, unfortunately, experience teaches otherwise. The movement has reached such proportions now, that it must be met instead of being brushed aside, and the author of this work has met it and analyzed it fully.

It is certainly a great advantage to have at hand an authoritative treatise on a subject like this, to which the preacher and teacher can turn at any moment with the assurance that it will not fail him, but will answer all his needs. It is not likely that this work will have to be done again. Christian Science will run its course, like all the other isms, and truth will finally prevail. In the meantime, we must all be equipped and prepared to strike down the false and sustain the true.

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"Contributors to the *QUARTERLY* will be allowed all proper freedom in the expression of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the *Review* not holding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors."

(Extract from *Salutatory*, July, 1890.)

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THE CATHOLIC APOLOGIST

III

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

WE HAVE seen in the foregoing chapter that there must be a Deity, First Cause of all things. The Universe in which we dwell is a vast machine gradually tending through unimaginable epochs towards the cessation of all movement, it is slowly but surely running down, it and everything in it is subject to flux, motion and change; it cannot therefore be a sufficient reason for its own existence, but demands a self-existent First Cause Who made it and set it in motion.

Further, we have seen from the consideration of His Works that this First Cause must be an intelligent and personal God.

We must now consider that masterpiece of His Handiwork whereof we have experimental knowledge, namely, the human Soul.

If we prove that the human soul is an immaterial substance, we prove that it is immortal. For decay, dissolution and death, result from the antagonism of conflicting elements constantly tending of themselves to disintegration, but temporarily held together by the vital force. An immaterial substance is of purest simplicity, it has in itself no elements of corruption, once created it is by nature immortal. Nothing can cause it to cease to be, except the Creator withdrawing from it the existence He gave. It cannot die of itself.

The question then resolves itself into this: is the human soul an immaterial, spiritual substance?

I start with the postulate which I have already laid down, that no cause can produce an effect above its powers of causation.

By "material" I mean that it acts and can only act through a material organ and produce material effects. The highest material faculty we possess is the imagination. I can conjure up in the fancy all sorts of images, and these images I can combine and so produce pictures of things that never have been and never will be. I can picture a river and I can picture milk, I can combine the two and fancy a river of milk, though such a thing never existed. These images may be definite or indefinite; I can form a picture of some distinct person whom I know, or I can conjure up a vague, indefinite figure of a man, something quite indistinct and nebulous, an upright figure having a head, a body, two arms and two legs with nothing distinctive about it, something which is everybody and yet nobody. This is what we call the common phantasm. In the far distance I can tell that the thing moving across the fields is a man, though I have no notion who it may be; it is the common phantasm which enables me thus to group and classify various figures. This common phantasm has been responsible for an in-ininstinctive action resulting therefrom. All this we share with the brutes, only in a higher degree because our imagination is more perfect than theirs.

But our soul furthermore possesses a faculty by which it is able to soar right above all material conditions whatsoever and form purely immaterial conceptions, abstracting these from the material images presented by the fancy. We can form in our minds notions of Being, Goodness, Truth, Justice, Beauty, etc. Now! our imagination can picture someone doing a good action, or a beautiful sunset or something of this kind, but it is utterly impossible to form pictures of such abstract notions as Goodness, Beauty, etc., though we know perfectly well what we mean by them. They are purely intellectual, immaterial conceptions rising altogether out of the sphere of matter. Or again, if we consider mathematical definitions, a line is length without breadth, a point has no dimensions at all, our intelligence understands these matters at once; but try to picture them without your imagination you cannot do it, matter is simply not receptive of a mathematical line or a mathematical point, if you try to depict them with the fancy, or on paper with the finest etching pen, your line will have some breadth and your point some dimensions. What does this show us? It shows us that our soul has a power of rising altogether out of the realm of the material and producing immaterial effects. As a thing acts so it is. The soul could not produce immaterial effects unless itself were immaterial. It is beyond the causative power of anything material to produce an immaterial effect; there would be no proportion between

the cause and the thing produced. We are therefore compelled to conclude that the soul is immaterial, spiritual substance, and consequently by nature immortal. The very fact that we are able to conceive the notion of Spirit is proof enough that our soul is a spiritual substance; for spirit altogether transcends the power of imagination to portray; if you endeavour to imagine spirit, the best you can do is to formulate a symbol, knowing perfectly well the while that it is only a symbol.

Our body dies either through some accident or illness which so affects the bodily organs that they can no longer perform vital functions; or else because, through sheer old age, the mechanism of the body wears out and the machine comes to a stop. Our soul is not organic, nor is it a machine; it is a simple, spiritual substance, by its very nature indestructible.

We can put the whole argument into the form of two simple syllogisms:

An immaterial effect requires an immaterial cause;

The human soul produces immaterial effects;

Therefore the human soul is an immaterial cause.

We proceed:

An immaterial substance is by nature simple and indestructible;

The human soul is an immaterial substance;

Therefore the human soul is simple and indestructible.

To say that in sleep or under the influence of an anæsthetic our mind is inoperative, proves nothing against our position. It is easily answered. We have seen that in our present state the intelligence abstracts its universal notions from the images presented to it by the fancy. If then, through any cause the imagination is quiescent, the intellect will not be consciously operative, for it is deprived of the matter from which it abstracts notions. In dreams or madness the imagination is out of control, disturbed and irregular; the intelligence then cannot act rightly because its servant, the fancy, is not properly supplying it with matter for abstraction. But nothing whatever will do away with the patent fact that when the intellect is operating under normal conditions, it produces immaterial conceptions, and it could not do this if the soul were not itself an immaterial substance, for there would be no proportion between the cause and the effect produced.

The arguments of those who maintain that the souls of the brute creation differ only in degree and not in kind from our own, if they were cogent would not prove that the human soul is not immortal: they would, on the contrary, go to prove that the brute's soul is immortal also. They are not, however, cogent. We can only judge

of the nature of a thing by its actions; action is the index of nature. Nor is there anything in the actions of the brute creation which rises above the causative powers of the common phantasm, the collocation of images, and instinctive inference. I rule out of the question the instances we occasionally hear of about calculating horses and philosophizing dogs, for here the incalculable enters in; such instances are admittedly not normal. If a dog commenced doing mathematical calculations, most people would run out of the room in terror. I should promptly destroy the animal if it were mine. We have no proof that animal sagacity rises out of the particular into the region of the universal. If the animal soul survives the shock of bodily death it is by virtue of some law whereof we are utterly ignorant. It is not susceptible of reasoned proof.

Other arguments are often put forward in proof of the immortality of the human soul; such as the universal consensus of the great bulk of mankind. Nature being the work of God: whensoever you find the voice of nature constant and universal, you know that it cannot be telling a lie. These arguments are corroborative. But the great proof is the metaphysical argument I have given above. No other is really needed.

Not much attention can be paid to the experimental proofs of the Spiritualists; the most they show is that there are extra-mundane intelligences, but whether disembodied souls or other spirits is not proven.

The above arguments for the two great primary truths of religion are not difficult; they only require a little attention. You have but to hold before your mind two elementary principles which all reasoning presupposes: namely that "for everything that exists there must be a sufficient reason for its existence," and "no effect can exceed the cause which produced it," all the rest follows clearly and convincingly from these two principles.

IV

HISTORICAL TRUTH OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

Having reviewed the proofs for the two fundamental truths of all religion, i. e., the Existence of God and the Immortality of the Human Soul, we must now proceed to the question of revelation. No one will be disposed to doubt that it is possible for the Creator, infinitely wise and powerful, to reveal to His intelligent creatures truths concerning Himself and His dealings with us which the finite intelligence could not have discovered of itself. The question is as to the fact, has he done so?

Leaving other religions, which claim to be revealed, to produce their own credentials and speak for themselves, we will turn our attention to the Christian religion which we profess.

The history of the founding of this religion is contained in that collection of books known as the New Testament, whereof five are narratives, twenty-one letters, and one book of prophecy. We will confine our attention to the narrative portion, looking upon the letters and prophecies as corroborative of the narrative. Be it understood we assume no inspiration whatsoever; it would be premature at this stage. You can only argue with another from premisses which he already grants, or which you can compel him to grant. In arguing with an unbeliever, therefore, it would be useless to start with the assumption of the inspiration of Holy Scripture. Our only demand of such an one is that he grant the general historical accuracy of the New Testament narrative. If he grants it, this is in his case unnecessary; if he does not grant it, but elects to consider the New Testament narrative as no more than a beautiful myth, you then proceed to destroy his hypothesis and to force him to concede its historical truth.

These books were written in the latter half of the first century, our earliest MSS. of them date back to a very remote period. That in this brief interval these jealously guarded documents were practically rewritten is an hypothesis which will only be put forward by a very silly man and only adopted by very silly people. We are justified, therefore, in assuming that as we have them now they are substantially the same as they issued from the pen of the original authors. That these authors are none other than those to whom the writings are accredited, namely, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, can be proved with overwhelming evidence.

The Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles are a narrative of human events. Now, a narrative of human events is one of two things, either it is history or it is fiction. Whosoever denies that the N. T. narrative is history must maintain that it is fiction, for no other alternative is left to him. Which implies that the writers of the narrative either invented the character of Jesus Christ altogether, or if he existed he was not as they depicted him. That is to say, they knowingly and wilfully either invented or at least faked the character. There is no evading this: for either the events recorded took place, or they did not. If they did it is history, if they did not it is fiction. Allegorical fiction perhaps, it matters nothing as far as this argument is concerned. If the narrative is not a record of accomplished facts, then it is fictitious. The Gospel narrative certainly poses as a record of accomplished facts, as such it has been received, as such it has

wrought its wonders. If, then, it is not what it pretends to be, there is no other alternative but that it is fiction.

Now see what this implies. It implies that four men conspire to write a romance, knowing it to be untrue. I say "conspire" as a concession, for internal evidence would lead us to suppose that the books were independently written, which of course, much increases the difficulties to be overcome. Well! then, let us say they conspire to write this romance; their success is phenomenal; they produce a romance of such enthralling beauty that it has captivated the mind and heart of man as nothing else has ever done. Their lie has influenced the history of the world incomparably more than anything else that ever happened on this earth: it has moulded nations and inspired crusades: it has revolutionized public opinion: it has created the most lofty conceptions in literature, architecture and art: it has promoted the highest civilization the world has yet produced: it changes the lives of millions, raising men and women from the lowest depths of degradation to the most exalted sanctity. It is the mainspring of heroic self-sacrifice. At the present day it sends forth countless numbers of missionaries who relinquish home and country and comfort and all that life holds dear, to face life-long exile, severest privation and even death itself, simply and solely to propagate this lie. We may well ask, could a falsehood have done all this? Is it possible that such results have no firmer basis than a literary fraud? No one calls in question the general historical accuracy of the accounts of the rise of Confucianism, Buddhism or Mohammedanism. Confucius was undoubtedly a real person and a great sage; Gautama a man of exalted genius and blameless life; Mohammed a personality of tremendous power. Yet none of these religious systems is able to uplift human nature as Christianity can, none of them has the same vitality, none of them can point to similar achievements. Can, then, Christianity alone be built on a myth?

We then turn to consider the men who have wrought this prodigy. Were they in the smallest degree capable of producing a romance so marvellous that it surpasses immeasurably in wonder, in beauty and in power anything that the world's greatest writers have ever conceived? We should at least expect them to be men of superhuman genius and attainments. They were nothing of the kind. One was a tax-gatherer; another, we do not quite know what; the third a physician; the fourth a fisherman. The only one who exhibits literary skill is the physician; he is indeed a cultured man and an artist in words, but in no sense the transcendent genius that one must postulate for the invention of the Gospel story. The least educated of them all is the most wonderful: The Galilean fisherman contrib-

utes as his share to the romance a theology of such unimaginable sublimity that not one of the greatest philosophers who have ever lived has even distantly approached it. The theology of the Incarnation as formulated by St. John is in itself proof sufficient of its own Divine origin; it hopelessly outclasses any of the loftiest conceptions of the most exalted genius; no human intelligence could ever have evolved that theology; on the face of it clear and unmistakable rests the stamp of revelation. We must not here postulate inspiration, nevertheless for my own part I cannot see how one can account for the theology of St. John unless he was inspired; the unaided human intelligence could not reach it. Certainly it never has done so, for all the so-called incarnations that I have ever heard of do not transcend materializations such as we read of in the history of Tobias and other places in Scripture where spirits have assumed corporeal form: but that is a very different thing from the true Son of Mary being the Eternal Word. Could this theology by any possibility be the invention of a romancing fisherman of Galilee?

Those men could no more have made that romance than a village blacksmith could have made the Forth Bridge. Why! the united genius of Plato, Shakespear and Aristotle combined could not have done it.

We next inquire what motive they could have had for deceiving all future generations of men with a pack of worthless and pernicious lies. They knew perfectly well that in this world they had nothing to expect from it but persecution, imprisonment, stripes and death. Do men tell lies when they have nothing to gain from it but misery? There is no assignable motive for the writing of the Gospels but intensest conviction of their truth.

After having placed these already insuperable difficulties in the way of the fiction theory, we have still one crucial objection left.

The ablest and fiercest foe of these romancers and their dupes is on the road to Damascus for the express purpose of exterminating them. He is not in the least predisposed for what follows; on the contrary, the whole bent of his vast intellect and gigantic energies is in the diametrically opposite direction. On the way to Damascus this extraordinary man imagines that he has a vision which so physically affects him that he is temporarily blinded: this vision so exactly coincides with the hated romance, that in an instant he is changed, and from being the bitterest persecutor he becomes the most zealous propagator and the most copious exponent of the very fabrication he has set out to obliterate. On the hypothesis that the gospels are fiction, how on earth do you account for the history of St. Paul?

But if they are not and cannot be fiction, what are they? They must be true history, written by men who were themselves eye-witnesses, or in immediate contact with eye-witnesses, of the events which they record. No other alternative is left, either they are history or they are fiction, one or other they must be.

You thus have your arguent between the horns of a dilemma from which there is no escape. He started out airily asserting that the New Testament narrative was no more than a beautiful myth. Very well! now he must either negotiate these particularly stiff fences, which you have shown to lie in his way, or he must concede to you that the New Testament narrative is authentic history; or else he must relapse into ignominious silence, if he has not the candour and manhood to yield the assent of his reason to evidence.

It is possible that he will lose his temper and call you pretty names. But one thing is quite certain, he will not be able to answer your arguments. Rarely does a rationalist reason. He suggests, he asserts and he sneers, he will try to entangle you in a side-issue. But bring him up against clear-cut reason and he will never give you a reasoned answer.

There are those who argue against the truth of the Gospel narrative, that they are the only extant written witness to the life of Jesus Christ and that it is hardly likely that a life so remarkable should have passed unnoticed by contemporary writers. It is not in the least unlikely. Consider the situation. First of all, the contemporary writers who have come down to us are very few. Then it must be remembered that in those days Palestine was farther removed from the principal seats of culture than the Soudan is removed from us now. Even if he ever heard of it, which is improbable, what sort of impression would the career of Jesus Christ have made upon the mind of a Roman man of letters? About as much, or rather less, than the doings of the Mad Mullah would make upon a modern historian. In twenty centuries' time, despite our means of communication and our copious press, what record is likely to be left of the exploits of the Mad Mullah? The only more or less contemporary writer in whom one might expect some allusion to Jesus Christ is the Jewish historian Josephus. In his writings we do find the following passage: "Now, there was about this time Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man; for he was a doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews and many of the Gentiles. He was the Christ. And when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men among us, had condemned him to the Cross, those that loved him at the first did not forsake him; for he appeared to them alive again

the third day ; as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him. And the tribe of Christians, so named from him, are not extinct to this day." (Ant. xviii., 3.) As this passage is to be found in every known manuscript of Josephus' works there seems to be no very valid reason for doubting its authenticity. But our disputants say it ought to be rejected, because it was not likely that he would have written so striking a testimony. Note the reasoning ; the Gospels must be rejected because it was not likely that other contemporary writers would have passed by unnoticed so remarkable a career as that of Jesus Christ ; when such an illusion is found in the only contemporary writer in whose works it was in the least to be expected, then this must be rejected because it was not likely that he would have made it. With such reasoning it is hard to contend ; perhaps it is not worth while.

REV. P. M. NORTHCOTE.

(To be continued)

THE MYSTERIES OF MITHRA

THAT Christianity had no ancestors is a proposition which the present-day historian of religions frowns and shakes his head at. It jars rudely with his theory of what must have been the case. The missing family tree of the Church creates the same sort of lacuna in his calculations as does that of primitive man in the reckonings of the anthropologist. And the method of bridging it is identical. The ancestors are not to be found, but neither can they really be missing, because that would throw us back upon—well, a personal God, divine intervention in the affairs of this world, and a number of other unthinkable things. Of course, there is the Hebrew Bible, but that is admittedly insufficient. The tremendous leap from the Old to the New Law must be figured down to the dimensions of a merely natural transition if the supernatural explanation is to be scouted, and the simplest way to do this is to get the Church at the bottom of a genealogical table. The structure of this table naturally varies with the different craftsmen, but the many oriental cults which took root in the Roman Empire under the early Cæsars, and especially that of the Persian god Mithra, are timber seldom left unused. They all have one advantage for the purpose, that they lend themselves to very free handling, since little is known about any of them. Perhaps no responsible writer would go so far as did Dupuis more than a century ago, and throw out offhand remarks about “the mysteries of Mithra, and Christianity, which is only one of its sects,” “Christianity, a mere sect of the Mithraists.” Rather, supposed analogies are developed and emphasized, the dependence of Christianity being taken for granted, or it is suggested that the two cults are distinct currents of religious thought which had a common origin “in old popular conceptions diffused through the ancient world, which go back undoubtedly to an epoch antedating the literary legends of paganism, and which constituted the mystic *milieu* in which both Christianity and Mithraism took shape.” The author of this passage, M. Salomon Reinach, says elsewhere:¹ “The analogies with Christianity may be resumed as follows: Mithra is the mediator between God and man. He assures the salvation of mankind by a sacrifice; his worship includes baptism, communion, feasts; his followers are called ‘brethren’; in the Mithraic clergy there are men and women

¹ “*Orpheus*,” p. 202.

who have vowed celibacy; his moral code is imperative and identical with that of Christianity."

Our evidence regarding Mithraism is almost entirely indirect, since the allusions to the cult in the ancient authors are but scanty and random. There being, therefore, no ancient commentary to interpret the numerous inscriptions and monuments, the reconstruction of the system becomes largely a matter of guesswork. M. Cumont, the leading Mithraic scholar of the generation, to whom much that is contained in this article is due, confesses quite frankly: "Our position is very like that of a man who would have to write the history of the Church in the Middle Ages without other resource than the Hebrew Bible and the sculptured debris of Romanesque and Gothic portals." It is more than probable that with the materials which we possess, no reconstruction can be made which the ordinary western Mithraist would own as his religion.

From the very beginning Mithra appears to have been a solar god. A recent discovery proves that he was worshipped in Asia Minor as early as the fourteenth century before the Christian era, and the title Varuna-Mitra, given to the supreme deity in the Indian Veda, indicates that he was an Indo-iranian god before the division of the race. In the Avesta, the sacred books of the Persians, parts of which are believed to date back to the sixth century B. C., though not a divinity of the highest order, he is the "first of the spiritual yazatas," or inferior genii. He is invoked as "lord of the wide pastures, the truth-speaking, eloquent in assembly, the thousand-eared, the shapely, the myriad-eyed, the exalted, lord of the broad outlook, the strong, the sleepless, the vigilant."² To him was the observance of contracts especially sacred. A well-defined ceremonial regulated his cult. There was "sacrifice of small beasts and great and of birds that fly," libations of the juice of the haoma plant, prayer with preparatory libations and mortifications. The inscriptions of the Achæmenids, the Persian dynasty which ruled from the seventh century to the time of Alexander, also represent Mithra as a lesser god, but one who stood in high honor. After the vast conquests of these sovereigns, the Magi carried his worship into most of the countries subject to Persian domination.

In this old Iranian naturalism, we have only the first nucleus of the religion which later on made such tremendous headway in the West. But to trace step by step its obscure evolution is altogether beyond us. Perhaps Babylon exerted the profoundest influence. It was there that the Great King resided during the winter, and there the Magi were brought into contact with a strong, well-organized

² Translation from the James Hastings' Encyc., art. "Mithraism."

Semitic priesthood. As a consequence their teaching took on a thick coating of Chaldean astrology, and was thoroughly saturated with the idea of Fate.

The fall of Persia, and especially the break-up of Alexander's empire, unsettled the old religious outlines of the near East, and ushered in a period of agitated confusion. In the clash of divers cults there was much lending and borrowing, with a general tendency, wherever Greek thought predominated, towards syncretism. Mithra enjoyed a singular handicap over most rival deities. Not only the Seleucids, but the numerous "mushroom dynasties" also, which sprouted up in the provinces of the former empire, took pride in posing as descendants of the old Persian kings, and in aping their religious as well as secular traditions. Moreover, Mithra, the god of warriors and of military honor, had always been a favorite with the nobles, and since these had established themselves in all parts of the empire, and generally retained their prestige after its fall, it is reasonable to infer that they counted for much in popularizing the worship of the great *yazata*. The frequency among the ruling classes of the name Mithradates, not to mention Mithrabates, Mithragathes, confirms this.

Mazdeism, of which Mithraism was only a sect, never gained much of a foothold in the Greek world. National antipathy for all things Persian played its part in this exclusion; but other more material causes can be pointed out. There were very few Roman soldiers quartered on the banks of the Ægean, the slave population was largely indigenous, and eastern merchants did not control Greek commerce. We shall see further on how these three factors operated in the propagation of Mithraism in the West. Still, Hellenic thought exercised a noteworthy influence upon it, and in a variety of ways: the principal Mazdean divinities were identified with those of Olympus, Mithra with Helios, Apollo, or Hermes; certain features of the Greek mysteries were adopted; to Greek art are due those conceptions which later became conventional in the *mithrea* the celebrated group, for example, representing Mithra slaying the bull, being the creation of a Pergaman sculptor; lastly, Stoic philosophy, with its broad naturalistic interpretation of all the oriental myths, led the Magi, who needed some such intellectual prop to support their traditions, to modify and adapt their systems considerably.

In his life of Pompey, Plutarch remarks casually that the Cilician pirates, conquered in 67 B. C., introduced Mithra into Italy. If this be true, his handful of devotees remained lost more than a century among the many strange sects of the seaport towns. The

earliest Roman inscription thus far found was set up by a freedman of the Flavians. 69 to 96 A. D. The poet Statius had certainly visited a crypt when he wrote his *Thebaid*, about the year 80. and Plutarch, at the beginning of the second century, supposes the god to be pretty widely known. With Trajan the monuments become numerous. Commodus created quite a stir by having himself initiated, and at the time of the Severi, first half of the third century, Cumont shares Paul Allard's opinion that the number of Mithraists equalled, if it did not surpass, that of the Christians. This seems clearly an exaggeration, though perhaps Toutain and Harnack go too far in reducing it. Under Aurelian the Persian god fell little short of becoming, under the title of *Sol Invictus*, the official divinity of the empire. Diocletian, Galerius, and Lincinius, in 307, consecrated a sanctuary at Carnutum on the Danube, to Mithra *fautori imperii sui*. But with the withdrawal of government favor after the Edict of Milan, a swift decline set in, to be interrupted only by the sporadic recrudescence under Julian. Finally, in 394, Theodosius proscribed the cult by imperial edict, and it disappeared almost immediately.

Mithra's invasion of the Roman Empire is naturally coincident with the definite conquest and opening up of eastern Asia Minor. The great Iranian dispersion, which began with the return of Vespasian's Asiatic legions to the West, did not get well under way till the time of Trajan. It was this diaspora, in some respects not unlike that of the Jews, which carried the cult of the Mazdean *yazata* to the farthest extremities of the known world. Interesting as would be a study of the spread of Mithraism, we must content ourselves here with simply indicating its chief vehicles. Of first importance were the thousands of Oriental recruits who, when transferred to the various frontier lines of the Empire, not only remained faithful to the god of their fathers, but became his zealous apostles among their fellow soldiers. Nowhere have more crypts been discovered than in the old outposts along the Danube and the Rhine, while every section of the Wall of Hadrian in north Britain appears to have had its separate sanctuary. Secondly, there were the countless cargoes of slaves which came pouring into Italy from the East. These slaves rose to important offices, not only in private households, but also as municipal or imperial agents, and were thus able to exert no small influence as propagandists. The inscriptions prove that they constituted a large element in the Mithraic congregations. Lastly, the Oriental merchants, *negotiatores Syri* as the Romans vaguely designated them, helped spread the cult in the cities and along the great highways of traffic.

Among the circumstances which favored the initial progress of the new religion, there are two in particular which might easily be overlooked: that hostility with which all exotic worships were regarded at Rome even during the first decades of the Empire, had passed before Mithraism opened its campaign; and owing to the fact that its chief instrument of diffusion was the army, and that it never penetrated into the great Hellenic world, it encountered Christianity only after its main conquests were assured.

Moreover Rome of the first century was ripe for an infusion of Oriental mysticism. The traditional cult had always been too exterior and official, and was long since outworn. The religions of the East with their symbolical liturgies, their expiations and purifications, their cloudy sentimentalism, their stressing of a future life, reached down into the depths of the human soul left unstirred by the conventional paganism. These foreign priests promised to lay open to the neophyte bit by bit, in the progressive initiations, a mysterious lore handed down from the beginning by their ancestors in the far-away Orient, and *omne ignotum pro magnifico*.

But Mithraism had attractions peculiar to itself. A strong *esprit de corps* seems to have reigned in the little communities, and something approaching a spirit of democracy,—noble and plebian, master and slave meeting there on a footing of equality,—which even the great might welcome as a momentary relaxation from the hard and fast caste system of the world around. Nor should we overlook that robust virility of the cult of Mithra, which recommended it to the soldier, perhaps, too, its high morality, though this is problematical, and a semblance of dogmatic coherence, which made it acceptable to the educated classes.

Cumont says that Mithraism had "a true theology, a dogmatic system borrowing its fundamental principles from science." We would come nearer the truth by substituting "theosophy" for "theology," and for "science" "pseudo-science," understanding thereby the spurious physics and astrology of the age. Call it what you will, the system is much too obscure and complicated to be enlarged on here. Dualism perhaps was its most essential feature. Infinite Time, the first principle, engendered not only Heaven and Earth and through them all the other gods of light, but Ahriman also, prince of the realms of darkness. This latter with his satellites carries an unceasing warfare against the human race, which is aided in the struggle by Mithra and other heavenly champions. The nether gods must be appeased by expiations, and may even be controlled by means of incantations; whence magic, a word which traces its origin back to the Magi.

A point of immense practical importance, which should not be lost sight of in comparing the early successes of Mithraism with those of Christianity, was the absence of exclusivism or of doctrinal intransigence. Mithra put forward no claim to undivided allegiance, demanded no intellectual surrender. His devotees might, without fear of divine jealousy, frequent the temples of half a dozen other gods. He himself flung wide the door of his pantheon to all the more popular Græco-Roman divinities, simply identifying them with one or the other of his own. That emperor worship, so insisted upon by the authorities and so abominated of the Christians, far from occasioning any embarrassment to a Mithraist, found a very honorable place in his cult. The Magi were even able, by ingeniously manipulating their astrological and fatalist theories, to establish a quasi-scientific foundation for the emperor's claim to rule by divine right and to apotheosis. Herein lies one explanation of the high favor in which they always stood with the pagan sovereigns.

The legend of Mithra's life on earth must be conjectured from a study of the reliefs found in the mithrea. The birth scene represents him as an infant rising naked from a cone-shaped rock, a torch and a knife in his hands, and on his head a Phrygian cap. Shepherds seem to watch from near a river. That a connection between the two scenes is intended may be questioned, since the shepherds are also represented independently. Father Martindale³ has completely discredited the assertion that Mithra was held to be virgin-born, and that his death and resurrection were celebrated by an annual feast. The commemoration of Mithra's birth, *natalis Solis Invicti*, fell on December 25, on which day the sun begins its upward course. It is possible, though not proved, that the Church was influenced by a motive of combating this pagan festival, when, in the fourth century, she selected the same date for the feast of Christmas. Mithra's crowning exploit was the sacrifice of the bull. The group Mithra *tauroctonus*, which stood in all the crypts, shows the god resting his knee on the fallen beast's back, drawing back its muzzle with one hand, and with the other plunging a knife into its side. From the body of this bull, which a serpent and scorpion, creatures of Ahriman, strive in vain to poison, sprang all useful plants and animals. Other monuments indicate that Mithra delivered the human race from various calamities, sent preumably by the great enemy, from a drought by shooting an arrow against a rock, which thereupon gushed forth a stream of water, and from a deluge, by gathering all living creatures into an

³ The month, Dec., 1908.

ark. There was a banquet, too, at which the Sun and other guests were present. Finally he quit the earth in the sun's chariot to return to the abode of the immortals. But Mithra never ceases to stand guard over his faithful followers, and to combat with and for them against the powers of darkness. It would seem that he was expected to reappear after a given cycle of ages, and consummate the sacrifice of another mysterious bull; the dead would arise, the wicked be destroyed, after which a reign of perfect bliss here below. "Antique traditions of a still gross and primitive civilization subsisted in the mysteries along with a subtle theology and a high morality."

The first sanctuaries of Mithra in Persia were natural grottos, as may be surmised from the names *pelæum*, *antrum*, *crypta*, given to the subterranean chapels in which he was later worshiped. These chapels were fairly uniform in structure and appointments. From the foot of the stairs leading down from the vestibule, a wide central aisle ran the length of them, on either side of which rose an elevated platform in masonry, without benches, for the assistants. In the apse stood various sacred images, and over the altar the inevitable relief of Mithra slaying the bull. The walls were usually decorated with mysterious astronomical symbols. Of the rites and ceremonies we know next to nothing, because the liturgical books, if such existed, have disappeared. The pretended *Mithrasliturgie*, published by Dieterich, has been proved to be entirely undeserving of the name. Sunday, *dies solis*, was observed in a special manner, as also the sixteenth day of each month.

A few texts of the Christian apologists, interpreted in the light of the monuments, are our main source of information regarding the initiation. Tertullian calls it *sacramentum*, doubtless because of the oath of secrecy imposed. Certainly the analogy between its seven degrees and the seven sacraments of the Church is of the remotest. St. Jerome enumerates these grades as follows: Crow, Cryphius (Hidden, Veiled), Soldier, Lion, Persian, Runner of the Sun, Father. They correspond to the seven planetary spheres which the soul had to traverse before arriving at the dwelling of the blessed. From Tertullian we have it that the Soldier was marked on the forehead, and that he rejected a crown presented to him on a sword, saying "Mithra is my crown." Porphyry tells us that the Lion's tongue and hands were touched with honey. It is known that the early Church had a ceremony in which the neophyte tasted of milk and honey, but the symbolism of these substances was so familiar from the Old Testament that it would be very rash to suppose she went elsewhere to find it. Probably too the Lion

was admitted to the sacred banquet of bread and water. Apropos of this banquet, two remarks may be made in passing: there is no indication whatever that in the Occident wine was sometimes mixed with the water to replace the juice of haoma; and the fact that the loaves were notched in the shape of a cross was no piece of occult symbolism, but a common precaution to make easier their division into two parts. The Father's functions,—he is also called *pater sacrorum*,—may be dimly divined from his title. The inscriptions speak, too, of *pater patrum* or *pater patratus*, who possibly exercised some sort of general jurisdiction over all the organizations of the locality.

In the course of the initiation, the candidate was immersed in pure water, a rite, says Tertullian, intended to procure the remission of sin. A similar ceremony existed in the religion of Isis. There were dramatic and deeply impressive scenes, and trials of various kinds, even including stripes and torture. At times the members assumed disguises appropriate to their respective titles: "Some flap their wings like birds," we learn from Pseudo-Augustine, "imitating the voice of the crow; others roar like lions; there you see how those who style themselves wise men are shamefully deluded."

The evidence at hand touching the moral side of Mithraism is simple, and should not be hard to appraise. The early Persians are known to have been a comparatively clean and upright race of men. Herodotus admired in particular their detestation of falsehood and their respect for contracts, and the Avesta preaches a very estimable morality. Add to this that the Christian apologists, in their allusions to Mithraism, never fling the charge of vicious practices. It follows therefore, and follows only, that presumption favors the morality cult. Furthermore, Lampridius would appear to be horrified at the fact that the Emperor Commodus "defiled the sacred rites of Mithra by actual homicide." Consequently it is fair to suppose that the initiations went off as a rule without the taking of human life. But from these dubious, negative indications, M. Reinach leaps incontinently to the conclusion that "its moral is imperative and identical with that of Christianity." Even the more cautious Cumont, after having issued an express warning that on the question of moral precepts "our uncertainty is extreme,"¹ because we have no right to identify the precepts presumably laid down in the mysteries with those formulated in the Avesta, writes elsewhere² "This imperative, energy-producing moral code is the character which distinguishes Mithraism from all the other Oriental

¹ "Mystères de Mithra," p. 117.

² "Religions Orientales," p. 240.

cults." A single reference has been unearthed to commandments of Mithra, in a speech of Julian the Apostate. Martindale hits much nearer the truth when he says: "This absence of clear code, and still more of any system of dogma, is what, more than anything else perhaps, marks off the Mithraic, and indeed every pagan religion, from the uncompromising Christian scheme."

Nor may we hush up Mithra's unholy alliance with the *Magna Dea*, whereby provision was made for the women, who were not in all probability admitted to his own mysteries. The shocking nature of her orgies calls for no exposition. "Before giving a Mithraist communion without confession," advises Father Lagrange, "ask him what his relations are with the Great Goddess. If he does not frequent her mysteries, he at least sends his wife and daughter to them."

In a context⁶ where he is accusing Satan of having introduced Christian rites into various pagan cults, Tertullian has the following: "and if I remember aright, Mithra there signs his soldiers on the forehead; he celebrates, too, an oblation of bread, and brings in something like a resurrection, and binds a crown beneath a sword. What about the fact that he has established a supreme pontiff who should marry but once? He has virgins, he has celibates." From these last expressions the inference had been drawn that Mithraism had its supreme high priest, its hierarchy, its monks and nuns. It had been decided that this pontiff certainly resided at Rome—like the Pope, of course. But a few years ago A. deAles' took up the matter, and demonstrated from parallel passages in Tertullian, to the satisfaction of the best Mithraic scholars, that the subject of the last two sentences cited is not Mithra, but *diabolus*, and that the reference is to the *flamen dialis* and the Vestals of official paganism. The history of the passage points a lesson.

A phrase of Plutarch has likewise been much exploited in the effort, doubtless often unconscious, to emphasize a parallel between Mithraism and Christianity. Plutarch affirms that according to Zoroaster there is a god of good, Oromazdes, like unto the light, and a god of evil, Ahriman, similar to darkness and ignorance; "between the two is Mithra. Wherefore the Persians call Mithra the *mesites*,—intermediary."⁸ Anyone at all familiar with the methods and tendencies now in vogue among historians of religions would suspect *a priori* something of the potentialities of this suggestive word in connection with an Oriental god. Its technical Christian sense is at once clapped onto it, just as though one were reading

⁶ "De Præscriptione," p. 40.

⁷ "Dictionnaire Apologétique," Mithra.

⁸ "De Iside et Osiride," p. 46.

an epistle of St. Paul, and it is made to drag into Mithraism the whole New Testament notion of a divine mediator. Even H. Stuart Jones, in general an extremely sober critic, lapses into such scriptural phraseology as "the inspiring conception of Mithra, the Mediator, at once the commander under whom the individual shares in the fight against the prince of darkness, and the Redeemer who grants to his faithful servants final deliverance from this body of death." It should be observed, first, that the epithet is nowhere else applied to Mithra; secondly, that Plutarch is here speaking of the doctrines of Zoroaster; and thirdly, that Mithra held the *middle* place in purely physical sense, both in his Iranian character of light divinity, between the upper ether and the material earth, and in his Chaldean role of sun god, the center of the planetary system; and that, at all events, what the text of Plutarch states is that Mithra was called *mesites* because he came between the supreme god of light and the god of darkness.

Space does not permit a more detailed discussion of the numerous analogies alleged between Christianity and the "faint and faded legend" of the Mazdean god. A word or two on the ensemble must suffice. It is true that some of the early Fathers, particularly St. Justin and Tertullian, taxed their ingenuity to find analogies, in order to bolster up their theory of exploitation by the devil of the Old Testament prophecies. According to this theory Satan found means, from his understanding of the Messianic prophecies, to anticipate and imitate in pagan cults many of the rites of the true Church. Whatever may be thought of the instances they cite or of the explanation proposed, the significant fact stands that these apologists, while trumpeting loudly the existence of parallels, nowhere pause to defend themselves from the charge of borrowing. The reason is obvious—that no such charge was made, that the mere possibility of it did not enter their minds. Even Julian, fervent votary of Mithra that he was and foe of Christianity, does not broach it. Since then the Mithraists themselves, in the heat of their struggle for life against the Church, when the accusation of plagiarism would have been so effective a weapon for confusing their enemies, never dreamed of making it, is it not fair to protest that the eleventh-hour indictment brought forward in these latter times, comes a little too late in the day?

If, however, plagiarism must at all costs be admitted, Mithra is rather the party who should be cited before the bar. Cumont thinks it not improbable that an effort was made to "turn the legend of the Iranian hero into a pendant of the life of Jesus, and that the disciples of the Magi sought to oppose a Mithraic adoration of

shepherds, supper, and ascension to those of the gospels." Explaining the known by the unknown is what Chesterton would call a "soft job," but happens to be the reverse of the orthodox process in history as well as in philosophy and mathematics; and of the two religions, there can be no hesitation in deciding which presents the better birth certificates. Only a few straggling vestiges of first-century Mithraism have come to light, whereas before the year 100 the New Testament existed in its entirety, and there were Christian communities in most of the great centers of the Græco-Roman world. An earlier influence of Mazdeism on the Galilean fishermen or on the Pharisee Saul is too fanciful to deserve serious attention. No traces of it have been found in Palestine, and the gospels and epistles reflect with perfect limpidity that popular and rabbinical Jewry from the midst of which they sprang.

In dealing with possible analogies, it is essential to keep apart three altogether different things—doctrines, rites, and art. As to the first, no fragment of a proof has been produced that the Church owes anything whatever to Mithraism. Even with regard to liturgy, though such influence is not impossible, the historic evidence does not favor it. The common error is to conclude straightway from similarity to identity or actual dependence, whereas such identity or dependence should be established in each individual case. "For none of these rites," says Anrich, "can borrowing be proved." As Origen long ago observed, it is not in the least surprising that human nature, acting under the influence of the religious sentiment, should everywhere express itself in more or less the same way. As to art, there can be little doubt that Christian painters and sculptors drew their inspiration at times from the reliefs of the mithrea.

We conclude with a much quoted comment of M. Cumont,⁹ both because it is full of sound judgment, and because one feels regretfully that the illustrious scholar has himself lost sight at times of the excellent instruction it contains: "We may speak of 'Asiatic vespers' or of a 'supper of Mithra and his companions,' but only in the sense in which we say 'vassal princes of the empire' or 'socialism of Diocletian.' It is an artifice of style to emphasize a similarity and to establish with vividness and approximation a parallel. A word is not a demonstration, and one should not be in a hurry to conclude from an analogy to an influence."

LEO W. KEELER, S.J.

⁹ "Religions Orientales, p. xi.

MORENO, THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT OF ECUADOR

I.

"Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, who lost no friend:
Ennobled by himself, by God approved,
Praised, wept, and honored, by the LAND he loved."

Pope (altered).

GABRIEL GARCIA MORENO, the martyred President of the Republic of Ecuador, was indeed a statesman "ennobled by himself and approved by God!" He was, without exaggeration, the model ruler of the nineteenth century. Unlike the so-called rulers of his day, he recognized the fact that no man can be truly great without being truly good; that there is a Power before which the king and the subject are equal, and to which both owe the same obedience; that God is the great Ruler of the universe, and that he who would rule wisely must rule according to His laws. Thus did it come to pass that Garcia Moreno, in the brief space of six years, succeeded in lifting his country out of the darkness of semi-barbarism into the full light of Christian civilization—in giving it a new being, and in establishing among its mountain ranges a peaceful retreat for those two daughters of heaven, Religion and Virtue. He succeeded in proving to the infidel world that a truly Catholic country can be prosperous, happy, and progressive. Moreover, that this prosperity, happiness, and progress can only be found under those governments which are religious in fact, and not in name only, and which are devotedly attached to the Catholic Church and to her visible Head. The modern skeptic will scoff at the idea, but scoffs are not arguments, and we are prepared to prove our assertions with facts.

Don Gabriel Garcia Moreno, a native of Guayaquil, was descended from no line of kings; the only royalty he possessed was from God. His father, Don Gabriel Garcia, was a native of Spain, and his mother, Doña Roserio Moreno, was an aunt of His Eminence Cardinal Moreno (born at Gautemala, Central America, 1817). His early education was obtained at the College of Quito, where he so distin-

guished himself in his studies that he soon attracted the admiration of his professors and companions. They already saw the future father of his country in the young Garcia. In after life, when he emerged from the retirement he loved so well, and in answer to the call of country, appeared in the national councils, his honest aims and his honest actions commanded the admiration of the people. That love of lucre, which is the bane of the public man of to-day, found no place in the heart of Garcia Moreno; God and his country were its only occupants. He could not be called a fanatic, as his enemies regarded him, because his temperament was devoid of that impulse and impetuosity which grow out of an unevenly balanced mind. Indeed, were it not for his progressiveness, which manifests itself throughout the length and breadth of Ecuador, he was more like a patriarch of old than like a ruler in this so-called glorious nineteenth century. He was a man who reflected honor on manhood. He did in a circumscribed sphere all that Plutarch claims for his greatest heroes; but, unlike them, he did it for the honor and glory of God. He possessed a true conception of greatness, and in pursuit of his grand and sacred duty, raising himself continually, he dared attempt what in our infidel age seems impossible, and as we have already stated, *he succeeded*. In a wider field he would have been looked upon as a Saint Louis or a Charlemagne.

He neglected no means which could promote the rapid progress of civilization among his people. In the eyes of his enemies, he had but one fault—he was *too Catholic*; and infidelity, trembling for its own future, *murdered him*.

It can hardly be believed that the little Republic of Ecuador, hidden among the mountains of South America, brought forth this prodigy, a man bold enough, and intelligent enough, to transform his people, who were like their brethren in the neighboring republics when he assumed control of them, into true and faithful servants of God. It was under the rule of Garcia Moreno that Ecuador saw its golden age. Under his firm but beneficent rule it passed from darkness to light, from ignorance to learning, from religious indifference to practical Christianity. Its almost inaccessible mountain passes became not only safe from the attacks of robbers, but were transformed into excellent stage-roads, or resounded with the whistle of the locomotive. At his command an astronomical observatory revealed the mysteries of the heavenly bodies; hospitals sprang up everywhere, and Catholic charity opened her doors to the poor and afflicted. In every hamlet, from the banks of the Amazon's tributaries to the shores of the Pacific primary schools for the gratuitous instruction of all classes have been established, and the poor Indian, oppressed

for centuries, can now (or rather could, under Garcia Moreno) enjoy the benefits of education and equal rights with his former conquerors. Moreno was a strong advocate of the public schools, but he desired that in them little children be taught to reverence God and His laws, just as he desired that in the universities (founded by himself) God and His Church should be treated with the profoundest respect.

Knowing the weakness of human nature, he erected among other public buildings, a penitentiary for the detention of criminals, and it is to the honor of his country that out of a population of over a million of souls, the number incarcerated at the time of Moreno's death did not reach fifty. Let it be borne in mind, too, that crime was eagerly ferreted out and speedily punished, as we shall show hereafter.

To form a fair idea of what Garcia Moreno did during the six years of his administration, let us make a brief extract from his last annual message to the Constitutional Assembly of Ecuador, that masterly document, which reads more like the pastoral of a patriarch than a message, and which was found upon his person after the cruel steel of the cowardly assassin had done its bloody work. We translate the following extract:

"To sum up, the Republic, at the end of these six years, has 300 kilometres of highways, with a large number of fine, solid, stone bridges; 44 1-2 kilometres of railroad in running order, and 400 kilometres of good and new foot-roads. An imposing and spacious penitentiary; an astronomical observatory, which will be the greatest ornament to our capital; new colleges, schools, hospitals, new or improved barracks, orphanages, a foundling asylum and reformatory, and a conservatory of music and fine arts, have been built or acquired during our time. All this appears incredible to those who know the backwardness and poverty of our country, and who are ignorant of how much fecundity there is in the confidence in God's goodness. If what has been accomplished appears great in comparison with other times, it is really very little if we take into consideration what the country still requires. But as we cannot expect to do all at once, I think we should confine ourselves for the next two years to the completion of unfinished roads, to the completion of buildings for schools in every parish, of colleges and hospitals in every province, of a normal school for teachers, and for the medical faculty in Quito; and to erecting, at the Santa Elena Salt Works, the wharf, railroad, and the depot, which are indispensable and of great advantage to the treasury, provided you deem these suggestions worthy of your approbation.

"But still more gratifying is the advancement made in public in-

struction in all its branches, which is religious and Catholic before all else. In the primaries the number of schools has been increased by 93 new ones, during the last two years, and the number of pupils has gone up to 32,000, or 237 per cent. more than it was six years ago.

Number of pupils in 1867.....	13,495
Number of pupils in 1871.....	14,731
Number of pupils in 1873.....	22,458
Number of pupils in 1875.....	32,000

"You will observe that the increase in four years was very small, but from the time that primary instruction *was removed from the negligent direction of municipalities and academic councils*, the advancement has been, and continues to be, satisfactory.

"But we must not be satisfied with this. . . . Let us continue to redouble our efforts, fully convinced that without the Christian education of the rising generation, society will perish by degenerating into barbarism.

"In secondary educational institutions, the progress is not what it ought to be, chiefly because of the scarcity of competent professors to carry it into the principal centres of our population, as the Government would desire it. I think that in order to overcome this evil, and for other reasons of manifest propriety, you should establish freedom of education, admitting, *without distinction*, to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, all who, after a course in any college during the time specified by law, pay the costs of matriculation and of the examination they must undergo, and are then approved after trial, according to the programme laid down by the General Council of Public Instruction.

"Higher education in facultied universities, and especially in the Polytechnic School, continues yearly to give satisfactory results. The faculty of medicine, which has notably improved, will be permanently organized in a few days, and if you order the erection of an adequate building, without which its thorough arrangement is impossible, it will reach that degree of perfection which is expected of it by the present advanced state of science."

In this memorable and model message, the Christian President does not forget the indebtedness of the country to the saving influence of the Church. He acknowledges the good results of the labor of those religious communities that have contributed so vastly to the education of youth. Among these may be mentioned the Christian Brothers. When the Commune of Paris, during the revolution which followed the Franco-Prussian war, were about to exile these devoted Brothers, Garcia Moreno fitted out a ship at *his own expense*

and sent it to France with an entreaty to the Superior-General of the Congregation to send him *twelve hundred* Brothers. These he pledged himself to support and maintain. But the Commune which banished the Brothers was not France; she never forgets the services of her faithful children, and the devotion of the Christian Brothers upon the field of battle, as well as their labor in the halls of education were too gratefully remembered by France to permit them to quit her soil forever. Of the twelve hundred Brothers expected by Moreno, France could spare but twelve, and these were received with open arms. An industrial school was in time established by them, on the plan of that flourishing institution, the Catholic Proctectory at West Chester, United States, and Brother Telio, the well-known Superior of the latter institution, visited Ecuador to start the new enterprise. The Redemptorists, the Jesuits, and the other orders found a most hearty welcome from Garcia Moreno, who gave them a broad field to work in.

The closing words of the message seem to indicate a presentiment of the sad end which awaited him. It sounds more like a farewell to the Assembly than like one of the annual addresses his official position demanded of him.

"Never forget, O legislators," said he, "that all our little advancements would have proved ephemeral and fruitless if we had not based the social order of our Republic upon that ever-attacked, but ever-victorious rock, the Catholic Church. Her divine teachings, which neither individuals nor nations can deny without destroying themselves, is the model of our institutions and the law of our laws. As obedient and faithful children of that venerable old man, the august and infallible Pontiff, who has been forsaken by those in power at that very moment that base and cowardly infidelity attacked him, we have continued monthly to send him the small pecuniary assistance which you voted him in 1873. And since our weakness compels us to be the passive witnesses of his slow martyrdom, let him, at least, behold in this humble offering a testimony of our tenderness and affection, and a token of our obedience and fidelity."

We have said that under Garcia Moreno crime was ferreted out and punished with unerring certainty and untiring persistency. But Garcia Moreno was no tyrant, nor did he delight in punishment. He had been known to warn malefactors against his own judgment. He was implacable against conspirators and bandits, and he strove to rid his country of their presence. His own life he held as nothing; he maintained that it belonged to his country, and not to him. He never shrank from the performance of a duty, no matter how trying, nor how full of danger. Alone and single-handed, he quelled the

sedition fomented at Guayaquil, by Urbina. On another occasion, hearing that a certain chieftain had revolutionized a certain town, Garcia Moreno, without saying a word to any one, mounted his horse, and unattended, rode to the town, entered the house of the disconcerted traitor, and surprised him with the terrible words: "Here I am; be off to prison!" Having restored order among the astonished people, he remounted his horse and returned to his capital alone.

So valiant a servant of God could not be without enemies. The powers of darkness dreaded lest a new Paradise spring up among the mountains of Ecuador. They dreaded to see so strong an argument against their ideas of progress. Perhaps the world would open its eyes to the fact that rationalism and materialism were not necessary to its existence, and that a Christian government could be just as progressive as a liberal one, and more so, because it alone contains the element of true progress. They feared all this, and they plotted the destruction of this ruler who was an honor to manhood.

Garcia Moreno was not ignorant of all this, for many passages in his private letters bear evidence of it. The *Orient* had promulgated the decree of his death, and its execution was not to be delayed. When implored to take precautions against his enemies he would reply: "How can a man defend himself against people who reproach him with being a Christian? If I were to satisfy them I should deserve death. From the moment they cease to fear death, they become the masters of my life; as for me, I do not desire to be God's master, I will not shrink from the path He hath marked out for me."

His last letter to the Holy Father, too, was so beautiful, so touching, so thoroughly imbued with a spirit of Christian heroism, that we reproduce it here. He here foretold the fate that was so soon to befall him: "In these days, when the lodges of our neighboring countries, instigated by Germany, are belching forth all sorts of atrocities and horrible slanders against me, whilst they are secretly planning for my assassination, I am more than ever in need of Divine protection, that I may be able to live and die in defense of our holy religion and of this beloved Republic, over which God has called me to preside. Is it not a great happiness for me, Most Holy Father, to be despised and calumniated for loving our Divine Redeemer? And what a great happiness it would be for me if your blessing would obtain for me from Heaven the grace of shedding my blood for Him, who, being God, was willing to shed His own blood for us upon the cross?"

These brave words, embodying as they do, Christian faith and submission to the Vicar of Christ, are enough to immortalize the

name of Garcia Moreno. They point him out as one entitled to universal admiration, as an example for every Catholic, and as a reproach to those *liberal* Catholics, who, in their eagerness for worldly respect, would, Judas-like, sell their religion for thirty pieces of silver.

Garcia Moreno fell a martyr to his faith and to his duty. His cowardly assassination is thus described by Louis Veuillot, the valiant editor of that excellent and fearless Catholic daily, the *Paris Univers*, which I take pleasure in translating:

"He kept on his straight but rugged path, which led to death in time, but to life in eternity; he repeated his favorite maxim: '*Dios no se muere*. God does not die.'

"The most honorable among his political enemies were converted to his system of government, to his person and to his God. He had performed before his country the sublime and resplendent acts of faith. He was recently seen, as the President of the Republic, bearing a processional cross through the streets of Quito. He filled every position and gave every example that could be expected from the most ardent patriotism, from the most energetic soul, and from the most generous heart.

"He was Professor and Rector of the University; Dictator, Commander-in-chief, President. He was the first, and until now the only one, to unite the functions of President of the Republic with those of Director (not honorary, but active and gratuitous) of the Quito Hospital, remodeled and furnished at his own expense. He also added to the President of the Republic that of Member of the Congregation of the Poor, and he performed its duties. He everywhere showed himself strict on himself, sober, chaste, and did not *augment*, but *diminished*, his meagre personal resources. He was economical with the public money, lavish with its benefits, modest, great in everything that commands esteem, love and general sympathy. He had just been unanimously elected for the third time, when the blade of the assassin laid him low. He had been stricken down by a worthless creature whom he had befriended and advanced, but whom he was afterwards obliged to dismiss for incompetency; just the man that the sectaries (Free Masons) often find for acts like these! This man struck him from behind with brutal ferocity, throwing himself like a madman, or like a wild beast, upon his noble victim, and then fled, but was crushed by the populace, and dragged to the public place of execution. He was from New Granada; on his person were found bills from the Bank of Peru, the hotbed of Free Masons.

"It was on the sixth of August, the Feast of the Transfiguration

of Our Lord, that Garcia Moreno was coming out of a neighboring church, where he had gone to hear Mass, and was returning to his work in the capitol. He was killed on the threshold, and carried back to the chapel of Nuestra Senora de los Siete Dolores, the object of his special devotion. He expired in a few moments. His last words were: '*Dios no se muere.* God does not die!'

"We venture to say that God owed him this death. He was to be stricken down in his full strength, in his virtue, at his prayer at the feet of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors, a martyr to the people and to his faith, for which he had lived. Pius IX publicly honored this son so worthy of himself. His people, plunged in the deepest mourning, wept for him as Israel of old wept over its heroes and its just men. Is there anything wanting to complete his glory? He gave the world a singular example during the age in which he lived. He was the honor of his country. His death is another service, and perhaps the greatest. He showed the whole human race the kind of rulers that God could give them, and into the hands of what miserable creatures it resigns itself by its folly."

Thus far we have endeavored, in a general way, to point out some of the chief events in the life of this model Christian statesman. Let us now specialize a little: Garcia Moreno was the youngest of five sons, all of whom were, like their parents, Christians before anything else. The eldest of these sons received Holy Orders; the second, though a layman, made a profound study of Catholic liturgy; the third, who became a wealthy land owner, helped his brothers out of his vast resources; while the fourth, largely engaged in public works, refused to avail himself of all outside emoluments engaged by his predecessors. The legitimate fruits of his labors was all he would accept.

Garcia Moreno had three sisters whose lives were as pure and irreproachable as those of their brothers.

The frequent revolutions that devastated the South American republic made sad inroads upon the fortunes of the parents of young Garcia and reduced them to absolute poverty, which they managed for a time, at least, to conceal from the public. Their greatest anxiety was concerning the future of their youngest boy, as his elders were in a position to take care of themselves. The good mother undertook the task of shaping the course of his young life and trusted in God for the future. She taught him application to study, regularity in all his habits; and to bear the sacrifices demanded of him with Christian resignation, and she found a grateful appreciation of her work in the application of her son. His remarkable intelligence far surpassed his physical strength and he grew into

a delicate youth. His admiration for his mother was really wonderful. Later in life, when speaking, he was wont to say: "En Guayaquil hay solo dos calezas buenas—la de mi madre y la del platano. In Guayaquil there are but two good heads: my mother's and that of the plantain." It would be difficult to make a clear translation of this statement, but Garcia's reference to the plantain is probably based on the description given of the plant by Theophrastus, a Greek philosopher and naturalist of the fourth century. The specific name of the plantain, or banana, is "*Musa Sapientium*," the Muse of the Wise, and naturalists tell us that the plantain was a fruit which served as food for the wise men of India. Young Garcia's mother had taught him to recognize the true value of wisdom.

When Garcia was prepared to begin his classical studies, his good mother was sorely tried because of her slender means to provide him with a suitable instructor, but that Providence in Whom she trusted relieved her of all anxiety. Good Father Betancourt kindly offered to undertake the task. It was also through his influence that his apt pupil was, in due time, enabled to enter upon his college course. Needless to say that his collegiate career was brilliant and his religious impulses increased with his age. At one time he imagined he felt a call to the sacerdotal state, and he went so far as to make this known to Monseñor Garacaia, who approved of the idea so far as to give him Minor Orders. As the youth advanced in his studies he developed a wonderful aptitude for natural philosophy, mathematics and chemistry. He "burned the midnight oil," and although his religious tendencies were as intense as ever, his professors, friends and Spiritual Director decided that he was destined for a more militant career than that of a priest. He was to become the defender of the priest, and in the words of Emperor Constantin, he was to be "an outside Bishop, a defender of the Church." His crozier was to be the sword of justice; and, yielding to the advice of his superiors, he took up the study of law.

But the study of the laws of the Republic of Ecuador in that day presented many phases which were far from being in accord with the principles of the young student. The attitude of the civil law in its relations with the laws of the Church was repugnant to him. He soon realized that the times called for not only a jurist, but for a Bayard without fear and with courage enough to face all that was unjust in the laws and to fight for the triumph of right, and he determined that if he must become a jurist he would be such an one as Horace describes:

"Justum ac tenacem propositi virum . . .
Et si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

In conjunction with his civil and scientific studies, young Garcia completed his law course in four years, and at the age of twenty-three received his Doctor's degree and began the practice of his profession under the direction of the distinguished jurist, Don Joaquin Hernandez, who gave him the highest recommendation. Notwithstanding all this and the fame he soon acquired at the bar, his charity to the poor soon made him known as "the poor man's advocate." He never accepted a bad case nor one tainted with the slightest suspicion.

In due time young Garcia married the Señora Rosa Ascusabi, an accomplished lady, whose family had, in times gone by, taken part in the war for Ecuadorean independence. The union proved a most happy one, disturbed only by the jarring incidents of public life which prevailed throughout the South American republics in those days.

Garcia Moreno did not fail to feel a presentiment of the role he was destined to play in the future history of his country and the effect his love for the land of his birth was about to impose upon him. To a distinguished scientist who suggested to him that he write a history of Ecuador, he smilingly replied: "Had we not better make it first?" His own history was destined to be blended with that of his country.

Let us here cast a brief glance at the condition of affairs in the young republic at this time. Ecuador was the offspring of the dismemberment of Colombia, "that brilliant but ephemeral creation of the great liberator, Simon Bolivar," and "the offspring inherited the original sin of its mother."

Father Berthe, C.S.S.R., the author of a life of Garcia Moreno, tells us that the deputies of the three states that constituted the new republic, viz., Quito, Guayaquil and Cuenca, patched up a constitution based on that of the former state of Colombia, but of a still more pronounced republicanism. It granted the rights of suffrage to all adult residents who owned a little property; this charter was to dominate all conditions; the President was to hold office for four years; all extraordinary powers were to be supported, even if the enemy were battering down the gates of the capital; all foreigners, military or civil, were to be naturalized. Such were the articles of this ultra liberal charter.

General Flores was elected first President and, although not an

Ecuadorean by birth, he served with distinction in the struggle for independence under the great South American liberator, Simon Bolivar, and deserved much from the new republic. Everything went well for a time, but militarism, in its worst form, asserted itself, and the republic realized the folly of making citizens of a foreign soldiery, who did not hesitate to overrun the country, pillaging as they went. Flores, who made these soldiers his bodyguard, refused to restrain them in any way and even went so far as to bestow honors upon their leaders in spite of the protests of the native Ecuadorians.

Conditions such as these were well calculated to lead the country to perdition. Agriculture and commerce suffered most; the national treasury was exhausted and employees in the state department were left without occupation for want of resources with which to compensate them for their labor. Famine and ruin threatened the country. In the meantime, Flores, like another Nero, spent his time in banqueting with his gay associates. To see their festive *tertullias* no one could have imagined that the army and the people had reached the limit. Flores was openly charged with receiving moneys in a manner that reflected little honor on his high position; he was likewise accused of giving his country over to the control of foreigners, while the eminent men who had made sacrifices for the public good were ignored, while the President did not hesitate to threaten the better class of citizens at the capital. A disastrous war broke out with New Granada (now known as Colombia) and Flores succeeded in arousing the country against him, but a leader was needed. One after another appeared on the scene, each one worse than the other, Rocafuerte among them. He secularized the University and left no effort untried to do the same with the elementary schools. He was, however, superior to Flores in some respects. He restored the finances of the country, secured peace and order and through his inexorable severity subdued the lawless soldiery.

It would take too long to narrate all the events that followed. Enough to say that conspirators were bent on recovering lost power; Flores at the Court of Spain courting the good graces of Queen Cristina, and recruiting some three hundred men in Ireland, and the important aid he was to realize from his intrigues with Spain are too well known to the student of South American history to be mentioned here. Rocafuerte received private information of all this and prepared for it. Then again Ecuador alone was not doomed to be the victim; all the South American republics were in danger of coming once more under Spanish rule, and they prepared to counteract such a condition.

Garcia Moreno was not asleep all this time; he realized that the hour of action was at hand and setting aside all personal sentiment for the sake of his country, offered his services to Rocafuerte. This powerful adjunct was not to be refused. Moreover, Garcia's friends, who, like himself, were patriots, were ready to sacrifice private interests for the public weal.

Garcia started a paper—the *Vengador*, in the first issue of which he sounded the note of warning in the plainest possible terms, and called upon the people to rally around the standard of their liberties. Flores was not without his partisans. Militarists and unprincipled politicians were still loyal to him, they had served him in the past; shared in his revelries and hoped to do so again, but the appeal to the people in the *Vengador* not only aroused the patriotic sentiments of the Ecuadorians, but that of the people of all the South American republics and even gained friends for their cause in Europe. England saw her commerce and other interests menaced and through Lord Palmerston intimated its disapproval of the plan to fit out a fleet in Spain for the encouragement of revolutions in South America. The pressure was so great that Flores was obliged to disband his Irish and Spanish followers, and abandon his intrigues for a time at least.

Garcia Moreno realized that Flores was not to be deterred by this disappointment. The misguided man had friends in Ecuador. The foreign janizaries he had pampered during his administration longed for a renewal of the revelries they had enjoyed and were ready to renew the depredations on the native population.

While Garcia Moreno was ready and willing to serve his country, he was far from being in sympathy with the government of Rocafuerte, and consequently refused to accept compensation in any form for his services when it was offered to him. He soon started another paper which he called *El Diablo*, in which he expressed his attitude towards the enemies of his country in no equivocal terms, and when asked what this *Devil* was intended to do, he replied: "I am neither an official nor an office-hunter, like so many *pobre diablos* (poor devils) I see around me; I am not a soldier, like the many charlatans, who make a boast of the many blows they never struck; I am not a politician, ready to sell myself for personal preferment; nor am I a janizary, because crime is hateful to me. The loyal friend of our unfortunate people whose only hope seems to be the devil, I am here ready to fight those who would destroy it, and to dispel the dust that fills the air and hides the arrival of the Flores hordes."

Naturally the jeering verve of *El Diablo* was not lost on the modern Iscariots who, hailing their country with a kiss, were ready to plunge

their cowardly daggers into its back. They longed to beat down the walls of another Troy, and open the way for the Bronze Horse filled with the janizaries of the ambitious Flores.

For the first twenty years of its existence Ecuador was under the rule of the "liberal party"; men whose "liberalism" consisted in favoring all laws that did not interfere with their avarice and opportunities for plundering the public treasury and occasionally private property. Then, too, no law that interfered with their pleasure and revelries was to be tolerated. Religion might be tolerated so long as it could be used as a tool by the civil power, hence the religious orders were a source of trouble—means must be taken for their expulsion. Of course, the Jesuits were to be the first victims. They had been driven out of New Granada because of Masonic hostility to the Church, and Garcia Moreno was anxious to have them in Ecuador. He had very serious misgivings as to the attitude of his government towards them. After mature deliberation he arranged for their reception, and the good Fathers, instead of going to England, as was their intention, sailed for Ecuador.

But the good Fathers were not yet in peace. On the ship that was taking them to their supposed new refuge they were astonished when they recognized the form of their arch-enemy, General Obando, the author of all their troubles in New Granada. His mission was, no doubt, to close every door in America against the Sons of Loyola. The Fathers were not without their misgivings, but Garcia Moreno was more fixed in his purpose. No sooner had the missionaries reached Guayaquil than he hastened to Naboa, then in control of affairs, and urged the cause of the exiles so pathetically that Naboa yielded and the missionaries lost no time in going to Quito.

Obando also hastened to the authorities and stated the object of his visit. He was quickly told that he was too late, and, moreover, that Ecuador was fully able to manage its own civil and religious affairs without any assistance or interference from New Granada. Poor Naboa little dreamed of the trouble he was bringing upon himself in the near future.

The National Convention was in session at this time for the nomination of a new President, but that question was forced to give way to that of the admission of the Jesuits. After a long and heated debate the cause of the good Fathers triumphed, and the Church that had belonged to them before their suppression, together with a spacious building to be used as a residence and college, was accorded to the Fathers. It seemed for a moment as if the cause of religion and morality was in a fair way of resuming their beneficent work, but the Orient, full of rage at its disappointment, resumed its plot-

ting, and their first step was to bring about the removal of the aged Naboa from the presidency of the Republic, and, of course, the immediate expulsion of the Jesuits. Emissaries from the lodges in New Granada sought to arouse the people against the Jesuits and conditions became so serious that the Ecuadorians found it necessary to send troops to the frontier. The excitement was growing in intensity, and Garcia Moreno, who was held up as the author of all the trouble, fearlessly published a pamphlet entitled *El Defensor de los Jesuitos*, in which he stated his position not only as a Catholic but as a lover of his country. He exposed, in the clearest terms, the machinations of his enemies and finally turned public opinion in his favor. New Granada was again given to understand that it felt competent to attend to its own affairs without any assistance from its neighbors. Naboa calmly "pursued the even tenor of his way," and Urbina was obliged to realize that he had no part in the ruling of Guayaquil.

Garcia Moreno issued a third paper, entitled *La Nacion*, in which he attacked the Orient and its members in the most fearless manner, and we regret that our space will not permit us to translate some extracts from his articles.

Moreno, though only thirty-two years of age, and with a brilliant future before him, was not unmindful of the consequences that were sure to follow the disorders that prevailed in his country and that were sapping its very foundations, and he was willing to make every personal sacrifice his country demanded of him. He had not long to wait. Urbina, enraged at the exposure of his nefarious transactions, decided on the arrest of Moreno. The latter, as soon as he heard of this decision, repaired at once to the Grand Plaza, or public square of the city, and awaited the execution of the mandate. He desired his arrest to take place in full view of his fellow citizens. With two of his intimate friends he met the officers of Urbina, and with his companions submitted without the least opposition. They were taken to a prison and when night came on, under cover of darkness, Moreno made his escape. After a hard journey he reached the frontier and found refuge in a small Peruvian village; where he awaited coming events.

MARC H. VALLETTE, L.L.D.

(To be continued)

SOME TRACES OF SCHOLASTICISM IN SHAKESPEARE.

NOT the least of the influences coöperating in the revival of English literature in the sixteenth century was the Italian Renaissance. True, England responded more slowly to the culture of this movement than did France or Spain; nor did this new spirit, when it reached England, touch all forms of intellectual and artistic aspiration. It inspired no original music, it gave birth to no original painting, it aroused no scientific curiosity: but it left the Elizabethan literature the glory of the world. The Italian impress upon English literature came both through the Renaissance literature of France and as a result of English travel in Italy and of Italian visitors to England. Whatever the operation, the evidences are clear. Sir Thomas More's first publication was a translation of a biography of Pico della Mirandola, a Florentine philosopher; Sir Edward Hoby first translated Castiglione's "*Il Cortegiana*," the very text-book of the new culture, containing an oration assigned to Cardinal Bembo on the true conceptions of beauty and love. Sir Philip Sidney came into personal contact with the artistic and literary manifestations of the new era, and his writings attest the fact. Spenser borrows from Ariosto and Tasso; the Elizabethan sonnet owes much to Petrarch; and Bacon admits his indebtedness to Telesio of Cosenza and to Pico della Mirandola.¹

With the Elizabethan atmosphere so charged with Italian thought and fancy, it is natural that Shakespeare should show some influence of the Renaissance. In "*Love's Labour Lost*" (IV., iii.), he quotes in Italian a reference to the beauties of Venice; Hamlet (III., ii.), commenting on the Players' play, remarks that "the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian"; in the "*Winter's Tale*" (V., ii.), a statue is declared to be "newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano," an eminent pupil of Raphael; the scenes of his chief comedies and of many of the tragedies are laid in Italy. But it is in the sources of many of Shakespeare's plays that the Italian influence is especially seen. Though history, legend and tradition of every literature are embodied in the works of this great writer, it is familiar knowledge that he hewed many of his plays out of Italian stories. The tale of Othello was first

¹ For discussions of Italian influences on Shakespeare and on English literature generally, see Sir Sidney Lee, "*Shakespeare and the Italian Renaissance*"; "*Cambridge History of English Literature*," III., ch. I.; James Gregg, "*Shakespeare's Scenarios*"; Thomas O'Hagan, in "*Catholic Reading Circle Review*," December, 1897.

told by Cinthio; in fact, its translation out of the Italian before Shakespeare used it is unknown. The same author likewise devised the plot of "Measure for Measure," "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing," "All's Well That Ends Well," "Cymbeline," and the Roman plays of "Coriolanus," "Antony and Cleopatra" and "Julius Cæsar," may all be traced to Italian sources. Bandello, a Dominican monk and Bishop, is the parent of the leading episodes of the first three plays just named; Ariosto, Boccaccio and Petrarch inspired others. Other plays, taken from romances of English authorship, were originally Italian stories. Finally, the "Sonnets" everywhere show the influence of the Italian philosophy of love first taught by Plato and purified by St. Augustine, Boetius and St. Thomas.

Italian philosophy permeated Italian literature. Those in Italy engaged in art and literature esteemed it an honor to be termed philosophers. To mention but a few: Michelangelo wrote sonnets in which beauty is ever linked with truth; Vico, the poet, traced the fundamental laws of society; Petrarch, the father of the sonnet, quoted St. Paul and St. Augustine in his discourses; Tasso, the author of "Jerusalem Delivered," composed philosophic dialogues; Dante, it is sufficient to name. Now the philosophy which these philosopher-poets were "setting to music" was the philosophy of Peter the Lombard, of St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventura, Ægidius Colonna, and of Albertus of Brescia, all of the scholastic mould.

With this influence of Scholastic-colored Italian poetry upon Shakespeare a real one, it is not surprising that one discovers in his writings texts concerning God, man and the universe, having a more or less distinct trace of scholasticism about them, together with evidences of scholastic terminology and imitations of scholastic form and method.

Consideration of the many quotations concerning God and His attributes would fall rather in the domain of theology than of strict philosophy, and for this reason no attempt is here made to follow out the labyrinths into which these references lead. The omniscience of God, for example, and our own limitations are expressed thus:

"Inspired merit so by breath is barred;
It is not so with Him that all things know."

—("All's Well That Ends Well," II., ii.)

To God's mercy Shakespeare makes most pertinent reference:

"The quality of mercy is not strained. . . .
It is an attribute of God Himself."

—("Merchant of Venice," IV., i.)

The word "quality" here suggests a philosophical distinction that might have been in the author's mind. The notion of God's justice appears frequently: in "King John" (IV., iii.), the "Winter's Tale" (III., ii.), "Richard III." (I., iv), and elsewhere. Shakespeare's translation of Divine concurrence—"To see how God in all His creatures works" ("Henry VI.," Pt. 2, II., i.)—is not far from the thought: *Deus operatur in omni ente secundum medium ipsius*; and to say, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends" ("Hamlet," V., ii.), is but to give expression to the doctrine of Divine Providence. Numerous other lines could be cited in reference to God, and to the copious use Shakespeare makes of the Bible in allusion, metaphor and quotation.²

Humanity is the middle term between God and the universe. Man is a microsm, a summary of the creation, and the image of the Creator. "What a piece of work is man! How infinite in faculty! In form, in moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! The beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" ("Hamlet," II., ii.). Here we have man's nature sublimely expressed, and in perfect consonance with our philosophic ideas. Corresponding to the terms employed in this passage, we have such nomenclature as *forma* or *figura*, *motus*, *actio*, *apprehensio*. *Homo est inter animalia perfectissimus*, means nothing else than man is "the paragon of animals." Man has been placed on the confines of two worlds, participating both in the world of corruptible beings and the world of incorruptibility. While it is true, "All that live must die," this is merely a "passing through Nature to Eternity" ("Hamlet," I., ii.), or, as our philosophy puts it, *Per naturalia ad Deum pervenitur*. Man as a whole, then, is composed of body and soul, and is incomplete if one of these parts be lacking. Each part is again subdivided into organs, senses, faculties, etc. An amusing allusion to this terminology is made in the "Merchant of Venice" (III., i.), when Shylock asks: "Hath

² See the author's study of Falstaff's dying words in "Catholic Reading Circle Review," January, 1898. Many have written concerning Shakespeare's religious beliefs. From the Catholic viewpoint, the fullest treatment is Henry S. Bowden's "The Religion of Shakespeare" (London, New York, etc., 1899), drawn chiefly from the writings of Richard Simpson. Shakespeare's characters "tell their beads," "go to confession," "pray for the dead," "Invoke the saints," etc. Allusion is undoubtedly made to the doctrine of Purgatory ("Hamlet," I., v), when the Ghost speaks of being "confined to fast in fires, till the foul crimes done in my days of nature, are burnt and purged away." None but a Catholic would have paid this tribute to the Blessed Virgin:

"What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? He cannot thrive
Unless her prayers whom Heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice."—"All's Well That Ends Well," III., v.)

not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, and passions?"

"Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions
Setting endeavor in continual motion
To which is fixed as an aim or butt
Obedience."
—("Henry V.," I., ii.)

Reference may be said to be made here to the Scholastic idea of *conatus*, or that natural proclivity existing in the faculties for exercising their peculiar actions—*Omnis facultas habet proprium conatum ut finem*. These tendencies, though they apparently work in opposite directions, nevertheless have a primordial impulsion in one direction. Shakespeare, using the very analogies of St. Thomas and the Schoolmen, continues:

"I this infer
That many things, having final reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows loosed several ways,

Fly to one mark, as many ways meet in one town."—(*Ibid.*)
The similes of the arrow and the ways were common to the Schoolmen. St. Thomas explains the finality of human actions, "*sicut sagitta ad metam a sagittario missa*."

The definitive presence of the soul in man, contrasted with God's omnipresence, which the Scholastics signify by saying, *Deus est ubique, quia ubique operatur; anima non est ubique, quia non ubique operari potest simul*, finds expression also in our poet:

"Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of being here and everywhere."
—("Twelfth Night," V., i.)

There are references, also, in Scholastic phrase and sense, to the intellectual phenomena of sensations, judgment, "without the which we are pictures or mere beasts" ("Hamlet," IV., v.), and reason, "the perfection of our nature" and the essential distinction between man and the brute world.

"Sure He that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unus'd."
("Hamlet," IV., iv.)

"Discourse" (from *discurrere*) was the consecrated term of the Schoolmen, expressive of man's reasoning powers. Likewise, "thought is free" ("Twelfth Night," I., iii.); and, using a phrase of St. Bernard's, "Our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners" ("Othello," I., iii.).

The science of being, in general, took its starting point from the notions of substance, form, and matter. Being, passing through a series of rigorous deductions, became successively, goodness, unity, and truth. Unity was the common condition of all existences; Truth, the sovereign good of intelligences; Good, the term of all the tendencies of nature and of all wills. The expressions of Scholasticism, "*Omne ens est bonum*," "*omne malum radicatur in bono subiecto*," "*malum non est negatio pura sed privatio boni*," find translation in Shakespeare's line:

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil."
—("Henry V.," IV., i.)

The world, like man, was created by the same First Cause.

"The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom in all line of order."
(Troilus and Cressida," I., iii.)

Omnia in numero, pondere, et mensura, operatus est Dominus. God also endowed the universe with certain laws according to which nature exerts her actions always in the same way. Nor can this uniformity of nature ever be disturbed except when the Author of Nature sees fit to perform a miracle, in which case the law is set aside for the time. Shakespeare, in "All's Well That Ends Well" (II., iii.), has this passage concerning miracles:

"They say miracles are past, and we have our philosophic persons to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence it is that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear."

The examples of terminology and imitations of Scholastic forms to be found in Shakespeare are even more interesting. We find in "Troilus and Cressida" (I., ii.), the expression:

"They say he is a very man *per se*."

In "Julius Cæsar" (II., i.), our word *phantasma* is made use of:

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a *phantasma*."

How vividly does Falstaff saying, "I deny your *major*" ("Henry IV., Pt. 1, II., iv.), recall those disputations of scholars, old and young, standing in the highways discussing, with all the eagerness and animosity of their spirit, each syllable of an essay or discourse! Controversy was the passion of their lives. They spread out arguments like nets, they set syllogisms as ambushes, and by innumerable distinctions and contradistinctions proved and disproved in

turn the same proposition. These syllogisms and forms of argumentation Shakespeare has parodied and imitated through the mouths of his clowns and jesters. A translation of our *secundum quod* and *relate ad* amuses us in this:

"Truly Shepherd in respect to itself, it is a good life, but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well, but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect that it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well, but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?" ("As You Like It," III., ii.)

The last sentence alone, sarcastic though it be, gives proof that imitation has been attempted.

Three well-known Scholastic distinctions are referred to in the following:

"It must be *se offendo*: It cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches: it is to act, to do, and to perform. Argul [Ergo], she drowned herself wittingly." ("Hamlet," V., i.) Reading the premises of this syllogism one is reminded of *actus actuans*; *actus quo quis agit*; *actus aliquid faciendi*.

The following is a perfect syllogism in form:

"The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd. But I seek my master and my master seeks not me. Therefore I am no sheep." ("Two Gentlemen from Verona," I., i.) Here is another, from "Twelfth Night" (I., v.):

"Anything that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue: if that this simple syllogism will serve, so: if it will not, what remedy?"

Finally, in "As You Like It" (III., ii.), there is an example of a polysyllogism, almost a *sorites*:

"Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawst good manners. If thou never sawst good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is a sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a *parlous state*, Shepherd."

In the years following the Reformation, the *ne plus ultra* of condemnation was to brand any thought with the name "Scholastic." New theories were evolved, and even within the Church the doctrines of Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle were given new interpretations, and in an anti-Scholastic sense. But these attempts were failures. Shakespeare gives evidence in his works that he was not touched by these new systems. He is distinctly Thomist in his doctrine of the genesis of knowledge and its objective character; the power of reflection as distinctive of rational creatures; the formation of habits; and the operation of the imagination ("Midsummer Night's Dream," V., i.).

"That man, how dearly ever parted
 How much in having, or without or in,
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection.
 The beauty that is borne here in the face
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself
 To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,
 That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
 Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
 Salutes each other with each other's form;
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there
 Where it may see itself."

—("Troilus and Cressida," III., iii.)

"That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
 Of habit's evil, is angel yet in this
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock or livery
 That aptly is put on.
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature
 And either master the devil, or throw him out,
 With wondrous potency." ("Hamlet," III., iv.)

He "in no way approves" the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of the soul ("Twelfth Night," IV., ii.), which was the butt of Scholastic ridicule; but the teaching of Aristotle was not for the superficial, "whom Aristotle thought unfit to hear moral philosophy" ("Troilus and Cressida," II., ii.).

It would show shallowness of criticism to conclude from these few, perhaps insufficient, expressions and thoughts that Shakespeare was imbued with Scholastic philosophy, and from this to argue that he was a Catholic. If these evidences could be so multiplied and marshalled as to reduce the latitude of the debatable, they would undoubtedly help to determine the truth of Shakespeare's religion. Otherwise, the result is simply curious and interesting that in Shakespeare, although not so exuberant and pointed as in his contemporary, Drummond, who was accused of "smelling of the Schools,"* there are *some* traces of Scholasticism.

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* See E. T. Shanahan on the "Idea of God in the Universe," "Catholic University Bulletin," January, 1898. Since this article was written, further references to Shakespeare's use of scholastic thought are given by Maurice DeWulf, "Philosophy and Civilization in the Middle Ages" (1922), pp. 176-177. For example, in "Hamlet," I., v., there is reference to the "table of my memory," and

"All forms, all pressures past

That youth and observation copied there."

This is an allusion to the "formae et species impressae." Again, it is pointed out, Hamlet uses scholastic thought when he says:

"Sense sure you have,

Else could you not have motion" (III., iv.).

recalling the doctrine that movement presupposes sense-perception.

CATHOLIC SCHOLARSHIP IN MODERN FRANCE

Part II.

"It is precisely because the Christian religion is so exact and true, that it is so eminently favorable to the progress of the sciences, and to the noblest faculties of our intelligence." (Baron Cauchy.)

"**M**EN of science in America," recently wrote Professor Osborn, of Columbia University, in a friendly exchange of scholastic greetings, "unite in sending to their confrères in France, an expression of their gratitude for the inspiration of the men of genius of France of the past and present, for the life and work of Descartes, Lavoisier, Ampère, Buffon, Cuvier, Lamarck, Pasteur, and others too numerous to name."¹ In penning these sympathetic lines, the author of "Men of the Old Stone Age" had certainly no thought of religious discrimination in his mind. His choice of names was dictated simply by the desire to select those most truly representative of French genius and learning. It is interesting therefore to note that, of the scholars mentioned, all were believers, and all, with the single exception of Cuvier, Catholics. It would, however, be unsafe to conclude that the same percentage of Catholic scholarship which marks the group of Professor Osborn's choice, or even as large a percentage as characterized the early half of the nineteenth century, would distinguish its close and continue to hold its own into the twentieth century. With the exception of Pasteur, the men just named belonged to an older school of thought, were representative, in fact, of the old *règime*, but with the dawn of a new century, new sciences, new viewpoints have arisen, in which materialistic concepts figure largely, so that our critics may fairly contend that for the French scientists of the Third Republic quite a new census of religious outlook must be taken. Confronted as we are with the amazing accumulation of prehistoric "finds" and undigested data in the realms of anthropology, paleontology and archeology—data undreamed of a century ago—with anti-theistic theories of evolution rife, and the scientific atmosphere of the day redolent of the dubious revelations of hypnotism and, so-called, psycho-analysis, it is not surprising that some, even among her own children, may have feared lest the Church, handicapped by adverse legislation,

¹ Henry Fairfield Osborn: "For France," p. 308.

should have been unable to keep fully abreast of her opponents in those fields which materialistic science would claim as peculiarly her own. In drawing up our new census of Catholic scholarship, then, it is particularly encouraging to find the author of the lines just quoted sitting as a disciple at the feet of two Catholic archeologists whom he elected as his scientific guides and to whom he has dedicated his well-known work on anthropology.² At the time of the publication of his "Men of the Old Stone Age," Professor Osborn had but recently returned from a scientific tour in company with three distinguished paleontologists, two of whom were Catholic priests, whose warm admirer and pupil he seems proud to proclaim himself. The words of his dedication run:

"To my distinguished guides

Through the upper paleolithic caverns of the
Pyrenees, Dordogne, and the Cantabrian mountains of Spain,
Emile Cartailhac: Henri Breuil: Hugo Obermaier."

A little later, Professor Osborn explains more fully his debt to the two clerical members of this threefold dedication, Abbé Breuil and Father Obermaier. He writes:³ "This work represents the coöperation of many specialists on a single, very complex problem. I am not in any sense an archeologist, and in this important and highly technical field, I have relied chiefly upon the work of (Father) Hugo Obermaier, and of Dechelette in the Lower Paleolithic, and of (Abbé) Henri Breuil in the Upper Paleolithic. Through the courtesy of Dr. Obermaier, I had the privilege of watching the exploration of the wonderful grotto of Castillo in Northern Spain, which affords a unique and almost complete sequence of the industries of the entire Old Stone Age. This visit and that to the cavern of Attamira, with its wonderful frescoed ceiling, were in themselves a liberal education in the prehistory of man. With the Abbé Breuil, I visited all the old camping stations of Upper Paleolithic times in Dordogne, and noted with wonder and admiration his detection of all the fine grades of invention which separate the flint makers of that period. . . . It is a unique pleasure," he continues, "to express my indebtedness to the Upper Paleolithic artists of the now extinct Cro-Magnon race, from whose work I have sought to portray, as far as possible, the mamalian and human life of the Old Stone Age. While we owe the discovery and early interpretation of this art to a generation of archeologists, it has remained for the Abbé Breuil, not only to reproduce the art with remark-

² "Men of the Old Stone Age," p. 1.

³ Preface, pp. ix-xi.

able fidelity, but to firmly establish a chronology of the stages of art development."

On the work of Father Obermaier, as a Bavarian savant, we cannot here dwell. That of Abbé Breuil presents us with a wonderful narrative of scientific achievement, tempered by priestly devotion, which has been charmingly outlined by Dr. James J. Walsh in his "Catholic Churchmen in Science."⁴ The Abbé is, however as Professor Osborn tells us, only one of a long series of archeologists whose labors have shed lustre upon their native land and contributed to obtain for her the high place she holds in archeological discovery. In this series of French scientists, Catholic and even clerical names, meet us with honorable frequency.

For the past fourscore years, Central and Southwestern Europe, notably France, has been, as we know, the happy hunting ground of the anthropologist and archeologist. Those of us who have studied with interest the history of their discoveries know how startling and profound was the impression made, in earlier days, upon the learned world, especially by any discovery involving human remains or any implement supposedly from the hand of man; from the find of the Constadt and Neanderthal skulls to the later and more abundant remains, found chiefly in France; for France has been, and still continues preëminently to be, the land of prehistoric research. Hence, the importance of paleontological studies in that country and the number of scientists devoted to their pursuit. "The history of anthropology, prehistoric archeology, ethnology and ethnography can be traced in France perhaps better than in any other country in the world," write two prominent American professors.⁵

"In the field of prehistoric archeology, France has played the leading part. This is due to some extent to the rich field for archeology to be found in France. It is significant that the current modern name of each of the periods of the paleolithic culture in Europe is a French name associated with a site where typical forms of stone implements were found." "In the history of paleontology," writes Professor Williston, of Chicago,⁶ "there is no nation so rich in memories as France, none held in so great regard by students." Geikie and Haddon attribute the same archeological preëminence to the land of Buffon, Cuvier and Lamarck, the acclaimed progenitors of paleontology. "The caves of France, which are probably more numerous than those of any other country in Europe," writes Pro-

⁴ "Abbé Breuil and the Cavemen Artists": Series 3d.

⁵ A. M. Jozzer, Harvard University, and C. H. Hawes, Dartmouth: "Science and Learning in France," pp. 21 and 22.

⁶ The same, p. 127.

fessor Geikie, "have yielded the most important and prolific results. Cave exploration, carried on through a long series of years by many devoted experts across the Channel, has indeed given rise to a most voluminous literature,"⁷ while Haddon⁸ adds that "to indicate the share which France has had, and maintains, in the elucidation of prehistoric anthropology," it is only necessary to mention the workers and their work, of whom he proceeds to give a series.

In dealing with a science so nationally prominent and having so important a bearing on many Scriptural issues, the Church, with her usual wisdom, has thought it well that a most complete knowledge of facts should be in the possession of her own children, and has sought to equip, especially among her student clergy, a trained body who could furnish expert yet friendly testimony as to controverted facts or doubtful inferences. She has passed no sweeping condemnations, and pronounced few judgments, save where the integrity of Scriptural teaching demanded it. But she has insisted upon thorough and painstaking research with a patient coördination of data as a precursor and prerequisite for dogmatic theorizing. If, as Professor Haddon reminds us,⁹ "the premature adoption of an hypothesis is a sin against the scientific spirit," then anthropology has been a much sinned against science. Against such sinful haste, against an evidently biased interpretation of facts, the Church has protested, but it is a misconception to suppose that because of the extravagant theories of certain extreme and rationalizing evolutionists, the Church has discouraged the pursuit of anthropological studies among her own children or has sought to turn their steps from such hazardous fields into securer pastures. To realize how far she has pursued a directly opposite policy, we have only briefly to review the work of a few more eminent priestly anthropologists and archeologists. It was Abbé Bourgeois who, in 1867, with Abbé Delaunay, defended the human workmanship of the flints at Thenay,¹⁰ whose evidence, if accepted, would have placed primeval man in the Tertiary Period. It was the Abbé de Ville-neuve who, in connection with E. Rivière, M. Boule, and E. Cartailhac explored the caves of Grimaldi, near Mentone, in the South of France, whose history has since become so famous.¹¹ It was the Abbé Bardon with the Abbés A. and J. Bouyssonie, who discovered the human skeleton of the Mousterian Period, in the Grotto

⁷ "Antiquity of Man in Europe," p. 67.

⁸ Alfred C. Haddon: "History of Anthropology," p. 150.

⁹ The same, p. 66.

¹⁰ Zahm: "Church and Science," p. 112. Clodd: "Primitive Man," p. 48.

Haddon: "History of Anthropology," p. 131.

¹¹ Geikie: "Antiquity of Man," p. 70.

of La Chapelle Aux Saintes,¹² in 1901. It is the Abbé Hermet who has "won scientific fame by his investigations in Neolithic France,"¹³ and interest in its prehistoric monuments. It is the Abbé Laville,¹⁴ who has charge of the "Musée Oceanographique" and "Institute de Paleontologie," that truly royal foundation for the study of prehistoric archeology established by the Prince of Monaco, of which Professor Osborn says: "Never was a more fortunate union of genius, opportunity and princely support."¹⁵ Finally, it was the Abbé Guilbert who was the instructor of the young Henri Breuil and who, himself an antiquarian and author of a work on "Origins," was quick to note the bent of his gifted pupil and direct him toward archeology.¹⁶

When we turn to study, historically, the progress of this science in France, we find the credit of pioneer work attributed by all to the Catholic antiquarian, Boucher de Perthes, or more fully, Jacques Boucher de Crevecoeur de Perthes. "It is interesting to reflect," writes Geikie in his "Antiquity of Man,"¹⁷ "that the river drifts of the Somme Valley were the first to attract the attention of geologists and archeologists." This was due to the discoveries made many years ago by an enthusiastic French antiquarian, Boucher de Perthes, to whom must be assigned the credit of having been the first to direct the attention of the scientific world to the occurrence of human implements associated with the remains of extinct animals, in bed of undisturbed Pleistocene [*i. e.*, post-tertiary] gravel and sand. It was not, however, until after cave exploration had convinced geologists of the antiquity of man and his contemporaneousness with the Pleistocene mammals, that the importance of the discoveries in the Somme Valley was realized. Boucher de Perthes was a scion of the lesser French nobility. His father, a distinguished botanist, had come under the notice of Napoleon and received from him the directorship of the "Douâne" at Abbeville. To this post the younger de Perthes succeeded in 1825, having been previously employed by Napoleon on several important missions. After the Restoration, he continued to direct the customs at Abbeville, where he spent the remainder of his life in archeological research. It must be noted here that this pioneer work was undertaken in the interests of religious orthodoxy.

Since the day when the young French nobleman began his excavations, science has, in some important respects, effected a com-

¹² "L'Anthropologie," vol. xix., p. 513. Osborn in bibliography appendix.

¹³ "Science and Learning in France," p. 24.

¹⁴ Same, p. 23.

¹⁵ Osborn, p. xi.

¹⁶ Walsh : Cath. Churchmen in Science," 3rd. p. 159. Cath. Ency., v. 14. p. 644c.

¹⁷ "Antiquity of Man," p. 106.

plete *volte face*. Geology was then in its infancy, and geologists made the mistake of attributing all traces of diluvial submergence to the Noatic Deluge. Such supposed, though mistaken, confirmation of the Mosaic record was most displeasing to the skeptics of the time. Voltaire, for example, absolutely refused to accept the evidence as to the presence of fossil shells of marine crustacea in Alpine or inland valleys. Such discoveries were "deceptive"; the shells were "freaks of nature," *lusus naturae*, in no way indicative of the action of water, until theology took a further step, and propounded the theory of the Ice Age, with its subsequent series of diluvial epochs, when—presto, change! shells lost their obnoxious character, ceased to be *lusus naturae*, and at once took their rightful place as evidences of geologic submergence. Again, in early archeological excavations, all objects found beneath the soil were summarily disposed of as Roman remains, or possibly Druidic remains. It soon became evident, however, that such "finds" were of too great antiquity to be so classified; moreover, they were to be seen in countries innocent of Roman occupation. No theory of Roman remains could apply to the Kitchen Middens of Denmark and Scandinavia; or even to the Lake Dwellings of Switzerland. It was then timidly suggested that such remains might be traces of the existence of antediluvian man. Hence, two of the most important works of Boucher de Perthes, in which he embodies the story of his discovery of flints and other human "artifacts," bear the titles of *Antiquités Celtiques et Antediluviennes* and *De l'Homme Antediluvien et ses Oeuvres*.¹⁸

It required no small courage, however, to face the scorn of the skeptical, and our archeologist waited years before making public his discoveries. In 1838, he submitted some to the "Society of Emulation," at Abbeville, of which he was president. The following year he exhibited some before the Institute at Paris. But it was not until 1858, when he was visited by Sir Joseph Prestwich, Charles Lyell and other distinguished English geologists that he received sufficient confirmation of his views to lead him to publish his "monumental works," which gave the first great impetus to French archeology and first bore witness, on the continent at least, to the existence of primitive man. We say on the continent, since the "first flint implement ever found in unmistakable association with remains of extinct animals," had, a little earlier, been discovered by an English Catholic priest, the Rev. J. MacEnery, chap-

¹⁸ "Recollections of Boucher de Perthes." Lady Prestwich Essays. Also Ency. Brit.

lain of Tor Abbey, at Kent's Cavern, England.¹⁹ Geology now took a still further step, pronouncing the archeological remains found to be of a far greater age than any accepted chronology of Scripture would permit; to belong, in fact, to the Quaternary Period. The term "Antediluvian" was dropped and that of "Paleolithic Man" substituted in its stead, and anthropology became a recognized science.

We have now to trace the history of a close successor of Boucher de Perthes, the Catholic paleontologist, Joachim Barrande. Born at Sangués, in the Department of Haute Loire, in 1799, he was educated at the Ecole Polytechnique, at Paris, and later, chosen by Charles X. to be the tutor of his grandson, the Duc de Bordeaux, also known as the Count de Chambord. Exiled with the royal family, he devoted his life to the then entirely unexplored field of paleontology. His interest was early awakened in the fossil remains of the great Silurian System of Bohemia. For ten years, between 1840 and 1850, he devoted himself to a personal survey of this most interesting region, making frequent tours on foot in detailed examination of its strata. His efforts were attended with success. Quarries were opened and workmen engaged to search for fossils, until, after forty-three years of research, he was enabled to embody the results of his profound labors in his great work, "*Le Système Silurien du Centre de la Bohême*," a work which Von Zittel tells us, in his "*History of Anthropology*," stands almost unrivalled in paleontological literature. His other works include: "*Colonie dans le Bassin Silurien de la Bohême*," "*Documents sur la Faune Primordiale et le Système Taconique en Amérique*," "*Céphalopodes*," "*Études Générales*," and others. He died in 1883, at the advanced age of eighty-four, leaving his valuable collection of fossils and library of natural history to the Museum of Prague. If we may judge of his spirituality by the principles he instilled into his pupil, the Count de Chambord, whose purity and integrity of character is acknowledged on all hands, it must have been of high order.²⁰

We turn now to a distinguished explorer of the caves of southern France, a third representative Catholic paleontologist, Jean Francois Albert du Pouget, Marquis de Nadaillac. A descendant of a noted French family, the young Marquis, not unnaturally, devoted his earlier years to political life, and served, from 1871 to 1877, as pre-

¹⁹ Haddon: "*Hist. Anthropology*," p. 143. We may mention in passing that Mercati, physician of Clement VIII, seems to have been the first to pronounce the stone adzes and axe-heads, regarded in early times as thunderbolts, to have been the weapons of a primitive people unacquainted with the use of metals. Buffon also (1778) declared the same. Haddon, p. 138.

²⁰ Cath. Ency. Ency Americana (1922). Geol. Mag., new series, Dec., 1883.

fect of the Departments of Basses-Pyrénées and Indre-et-Loire. But, retiring early from office, he gave himself up to study and scientific travel. He was early interested in American antiquities, upon which he was at one time a leading authority, his great work on "Prehistoric America" being published in Paris (in French), in 1883, and in New York (in English), in 1884. Later, he took a leading part in the exploration of the wonderful caves of southern France, and especially in the artistic character of their mural decorations, whose discovery caused such surprise both to the scientific and artistic world of the "eighties." On this subject he was probably the foremost authority until Abbé Breuil's own day. But De Nadaillac's interests were still broader. He was not alone the scientist, but the patriot and the Christian as well, as his works show. He studied deeply the relations of science to faith, and was one of the first to warn the French nation of the impending danger of race suicide. Besides such scientific articles as "Tertiary Man," "The Glacial Epoch," "Prehistoric Peoples," "Most Ancient Traces of Man in America," "Progress of Anthropology," "Lacustrine Populations of Europe," "Prehistoric Caverns," and others appearing in *Le Journal de l'Institut* or *La Revue des Questions Scientifique*, he published such works as the "Decline of the Birthrate in France," "The National Danger," "Science and Faith," "Evolution and Dogma" and "Unity of Human Species." To a dignified presence, Nadaillac united, we are told, exquisite politeness and a kind heart. He was a member of learned societies in almost every part of the world, and held decorations from various governments, besides being a chevalier of the Legion of Honor and a correspondent of the Institute of France. His death occurred in 1904, at his family estate of Rougemont.²¹

Jean Albert Gaudry, distinguished paleontologist, and member of the French Institute, who, we are told, "has won enduring fame wherever vertebrate paleontology is studied,"²² stands out prominently among those Catholic savants who incline to the theory of evolution. But it is an evolution which presupposes a Creator and a teleological plan. In an address to his students, Gaudry says of evolution: "It is the hypothesis I prefer, but whether it be adopted or not, it appears certain there has been a plan"; while in the Introduction to "Les Enchainements du Monde Animal" he writes: "How little soever we may be, it is a pleasure and even a duty, to study nature, because nature is a pure mirror which reflects the Divine

²¹ "L'Anthropologie," vol. xv., No. 5, Paris, Sept., 1904. "Am. Anthropologist," Jan., 1905. "Science and Learning in France," p. 24.

²² The same, p. 127.

Beauty." It is well known that many eminent Catholics, of unimpeachable orthodoxy, have embraced modified theories of evolution, while fully accepting the Scriptural account of man's creation. This applies notably to the two great French naturalists of the eighteenth century, Buffon and Lamarck, whom evolutionists of the present day seem uniting to claim as progenitors of their favorite theory. Both Buffon and Lamarck set themselves in opposition to the "fixity of species," as propounded by Cuvier and Linnæus. Buffon proposed his teachings as to racial variations produced by climate, food, and habits of life, while Lamarck developed a theory of transformation, or transmutation of species, which, under the name of Lamarckianism and neo-Lamarckianism, has become the rival of Darwinianism in explaining the efficient causes of evolution.

It may not, however, be fully realized that these great Catholic scientists were primarily led to formulate their theories in the cause of orthodoxy. Darwinism was not yet, and at the opening of the nineteenth century the views of anthropologists were, as we have seen, in important respects, the reverse of present-day pronouncements. Cuvier's great authority had established belief in the immutability of species to such an extent as to cast doubt upon the Scriptural account of man's descent from a single pair. On this point, anthropologists were divided into two hostile camps. The monogenists, who upheld the Scripture record, and the polygenists, who claimed a plural origin for man. "The writings of the encyclopedists, the freedom of thought claimed by Voltaire and Rousseau," states Haddon,²⁴ "together with the classification of species by Linnæus, emboldened the polygenists." Their position was strengthened by the scientific results of Napoleon's Egyptian expedition. The polygenists showed in triumph the bodies of mummied animals, thousands of years old, yet adhering strictly to present type, and pointed to the thick lips and distinctly Negro features of African slaves depicted on the pyramids, arguing with much force that the type which had remained unchanged in every respect since the days of the Pharaohs could hardly have been evolved from the same race as the Caucasians in the short time then allotted for man's existence since the deluge. But, *tempora mutantur*. The introduction of Darwinian views reversed many anthropological verdicts. Yet the traditions of polygenism lingered later in France than we may realize, since it was not until 1895 that Topinard (a disciple of Broca) published his "Elements of Anthropology" to clear the

²³ Zahm: "The Church and Science."

²⁴ Cath. Ency. Evolution. See also "Evolution Restreinte aux Espèces Organiques." Père Leroy, O. P. Haddon: "Anthropology," p. 60, p. 68.

scientific atmosphere of the remaining mists of polygenism and monogenism and diffuse the light of the new ideas of Darwin and Haeckel.²⁵ Truly, *La Scienza, come la donna, è mobile!* and had the Church been obliged to conform to her varying dicta, during the centuries of what President White has been pleased to call "the conflict of science with theology," she must have changed her tenets many times.

But to return to more recent achievements. At the early age of twenty-five, Jean Albert Gaudry joined in the organization of a scientific expedition formed to explore the archeological treasures of Cyprus and Greece. From 1855 to 1860 he resided in the latter country. At Pikermi, he "investigated the deposit of fossil vertebrata and uncovered notable mammalian fauna of the miocene period." In 1853, he had already been appointed assistant to D'Orbigny in the chair of paleontology of the Paris Museum of Natural History. He became full professor in 1872, and, ten years later, was elected member of the Academy of Science. In 1900 he was chosen to preside over the International Congress of Geology held in Paris in that year. His works are much esteemed by geologists, especially in his "Enchainements du Monde Animal dans les Temps Géologiques;" "Animaux fossiles et Géologie de l'Attique;" "Paléontologie Philosophique;" and others on fossil mammalia. His death, in November, 1908, was felt as a loss to paleontology.²⁶

We have now to speak of the work of Edouard Piette, the intimate friend and, until his death in 1906, the fellow laborer of Abbé Breuil, over whose researches he exercised the inspiring and directive influence of an older specialist. M. Piette is preëminently distinguished for his archeological work in the Pyrenées, his investigation of its "painted pebbles" and sculpture and his establishment of the genuineness of its paleolithic cave paintings and etchings²⁷ and, above all, for his excavations in the cave at Mas d'Azil, of which Haddon speaks as constituting a "landmark" in such studies.²⁸ The Mas d'Azil is a little town at the foot of the Pyrenées, about forty miles southwest of Toulouse, on the road from St. Girons to Carcassonne, where the River Arize winds for some distance through a tunnel, laid open by the hand of nature, for the spade and trowel of the paleontologist. The tunnel, with the caves and "galleries" opening

²⁵ Haddon: "Anthropology," p. 41. Both Buffon and Lamarck (see "Lamarck," "Cath. Ency.") expressed their firm belief in the Scriptural account of man's creation. Buffon's profession of belief was solemnly made before the Sorbonne, and there seems no reason to cast a doubt on his sincerity, as is done by Clodd, in his "Pioneers of Evolution," p. 101. Also Haddon, p. 25.

²⁷ Geological Magazine, 1903, p. 49.

²⁸ "Learning and Science in France," p. 23.

²⁶ Haddon, p. 150.

upon it, had long been known to abound in accumulations of the paleolithic, or Old Stone Age, but it remained for M. Piette to dislodge a series of strata, known as "transition beds," forming successive links between the Paleolithic, or Old Stone Age, and the Neolithic, or New Stone Age. As an "hiatus," or considerable interval of time, is supposed by many geologists to separate these two eras (the men of the older age having been swept away by post-glacial floods before the coming of the new race), while other geologists deny that any such "hiatus" exists, testimony bearing upon a "transition" period becomes of peculiar interest.⁸⁰

We have now reached the era of Abbé Breuil's activity, the disciple and successor of Edouard Piette. Henri Breuil was born in 1877 at Mortain in the Manche, of a family of some little prestige in Picardy. His early studies were made under Catholic auspices, at the Collège libre of St. Vincent, at Senlis. At eighteen, he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, at Paris. Here, as we have seen, he came under the guidance of Abbé Guilbert. His marked taste for the natural sciences soon showed itself. He had early taken up the study of entomology, which was to prove itself of service to him later, but only as subsidiary to the great pursuit of his later choice, archeological research. The young Abbé found early opportunity of associating himself with the noted archeologists then working at Paris, Capitan d'Ault du Mesnil, Boule, Gaudry; but above all, with Edouard Piette. These associations greatly strengthened his already well-developed attractions, which, as we have seen, were to deepen in regard to Piette into a devoted friendship and discipleship.

Abbé Breuil's scientific life began with certain publications in 1898, on the chronological status of the Bronze Age. After 1901, much of his time was spent with M. Capitan in cave exploration in the Dordogne. Later, he was called upon by Cartailhac to join him in similar work in the French and Spanish Pyrenées. In the celebrated cavern of Attamira, in 1902, and in those of the Cantabrian Mountains, discovered by Alcalde del Rio. "Of the many important works dealing with special caves,"⁸¹ writes Geikie, "mention may be made of the splendid monograph by E. Cartailhac and H. Breuil of La Caverne d'Attamira; the admirably executed figures and plates of which exhibit the artistic attainments of Magdalenian man in mural drawing and painting." Professor Osborn gives us a detailed chronological list of Abbé Breuil's publications, while his work on

⁸⁰ Geikie: "Antiquity of Man," pp. 294-297; also 269 and 314-316.

⁸¹ "Antiquity of Man," p. 309.

the men of the Old Stone Age is replete with illustrations of the latter's pictorial work.

In 1909 Abbé Breuil was invited by the Prince of Monaco to accept a post in the *Institute de Paleontologie Humaine*, founded by that liberal patron of the sciences, since which time most of the Abbé's work has been published under the patronage, and at the expense, of the Prince. "At the International Congress held at Monaco in 1906, and at Geneva, in 1912, to discuss the whole subject of the Cave Man," Dr. Walsh tells us that Abbé Breuil was considered, by all present, "by far the best informed man on the whole circle of departments of knowledge which have gathered round the subject of this earliest ancestor of man in Europe."⁸² The personal character of the Abbé may be judged from the sense of charm experienced by all who have been brought into personal touch with him, as several of our American scholars, as well as many eminent Europeans testify. They speak of his patient fidelity in work and of his cheerful readiness to impart knowledge, and also of his conscientious performance of priestly duties. Every morning he says Mass; distributing Holy Communion where possible, before donning his khaki for the day's work. At night, he resumes his cassock and recites his office.

The sciences of archeology, anthropology and geology so overlap one another, that the exponent of one of these sciences is often proficient in the others. We turn, however, now to consider a few of those Catholic savants who may more strictly be regarded simply as geologists. Among the earliest of French geologists, was the truly Catholic scholar, Jean-Baptiste-Armand-Louis-Léonce-Elie de Beaumont, who was born near Caën, in Calvados, France, in 1798. His studies were pursued at the Collège Henri IV, and, later, at the School of Mines, Paris. His professor of geology, Brochant de Villiers, chose him as his assistant and paid to him, and his fellow student, Dufrénoy the compliment of inviting them to accompany him on a geological tour through the English mining country, a tour whose experiences they utilized later, in their joint publication of a "*Voyage métallurgique en Angleterre.*"

In 1825, the two young geologists began the preparation of a geological map of France; a master work, requiring eighteen years for its completion, and whose publication established a geological era in France. Successive honors were now showered upon de Beaumont, who continued to direct the geological survey of France until his death. In 1827 he was chosen professor of geology at the *Ecole des Mines*. In 1832 he was appointed to the same chair at the

⁸² Osborne, pp. 515-16.

⁸³ J. J. Walsh: "Cath. Churchmen in Science," Series 3, p. 163.

Collège de France. In 1833 he became chief engineer of mines, finally succeeding de Villiers as general inspector. In 1835 he was admitted to the Academy of Sciences and in 1853, succeeded Arago as its perpetual secretary. His fame extended throughout Europe, resting chiefly on his extensive field surveys and epoch-making work on the age and origin of mountain systems. Elie de Beaumont was, above all, a man of ardent faith and great integrity of character, which manifested itself in all the relations of his life, and his death, in 1874, was felt, not only in the scientific world, but by all who knew and personally honored the man.⁸⁴

Elie de Beaumont's mantle, geologically speaking, may be said to have fallen upon the distinguished French scientist, Gabriel Auguste Daubrée, who, like, de Beaumont, united earnest faith and Christian character with scientific attainment. Born at Metz in 1841, he early entered governmental service and was sent on foreign missions to England, Sweden and Norway, but became finally attached to the department of the Lower Rhine. He was a close observer of geological conditions and profited by every opportunity for geologic and mineralogical study. His writings on these subjects soon at- of brilliant experiments in synthetic geology, which "have made his name famous in the annals of that science." Both at Strasbourg and later at Paris, he made extensive researches as to the artificial production of minerals." Experiments to reproduce rock structure, in the laboratory, have had their origin and development very largely in France," we are told, "the leading part (if we except the most recent work by refined methods) having been taken by Daubrée." "Several minerals have been produced in the presence of water, or water vapor, heated in a sealed tube, by Daubrée, Sarasin, and Friedel."⁸⁵ "Daubréelite," a grayish mineral found in meteoric iron, takes its name from Daubrée.

But the study of mineralogy did not exhaust his activities: he made various experiments to ascertain the action of super-heated, aqueous vapors in the pressure and strain of geological formations. In 1861, he was admitted to the Academy of Sciences, and succeeded Cordier as Professor of Geology in the National Museum at Paris. From 1862, he lectured at the Ecole des Mines, of which he became director in 1872. His career was a long and prominent one, his personal charm of manner and nobility of character "winning him many friends and admirers," among whom must be reckoned Don

⁸⁴ Cath. Ency., vol. 5, p. 385. Ency. Brit., Ellade Beaumont. "Science and Learning in France," pp. 98, 100, 116.

⁸⁵ "Science and Learning in France," p. 116, p. 123.

Pedro, the late Emperor of Brazil.²⁶ Daubr  es death occurred in 1896.

We now pause to consider the work of Charles Sainte Claire Deville, brother of the famous chemist, Henry Etienne Sainte Claire Deville, whom we recall also as the close friend of Pasteur. Although preceding Daubr  e somewhat in point of time, Deville's special investigations may be considered as supplementing those of Elie de Beaumont and of Daubr  e, which bore on the formation of mountain ranges. Born at St. Thomas, in the West Indies, Charles and his brother came early to Paris to study. Charles entered the Ecole des Mines and after graduation, returned to the Antilles, where he made a series of explorations on seismic and volcanic phenomena, which early became his absorbing study. Returning in 1855, three years later, he visited Vesuvius and Stromboli. His theory of volcanic eruption arresting the attention of the learned world, he was made, in 1857, a member of the Academy of Sciences. Later, he became the assistant of Elie de Beaumont at the Coll  ge de France, succeeding him in 1875. A few years previously he had been appointed Inspector General of the French Meteorological Service, a position which gave him the great opportunity needed for the establishment of his seismic theory. Deville inaugurated a series of meteorological stations through France and Algiers, and became first President of the Observatory of Mountsouris, one of the chain. Death found him, at the age of sixty-two, in the midst of his work. He like Dr. Branly, to show the strength and sincerity of his religious passed away in 1876, leaving to others the further pursuit of investigations which have proved so fruitful in their special department.²⁷

We have now reached the era of the activities of Albert de Lapparent, possibly the most distinguished of recent French geologists, who, despite his acknowledged superiority in his chosen science, was obliged to undergo the petty persecution of anti-clericals and convictions by his willingness to suffer on their behalf. Father Gerard, the English Jesuit, in his sketch of De Lapparent,²⁸ quotes a tribute from the scientific journal "Nature," rendered to De Lapparent at his death in 1908: "The loss sustained, not only by geology, but by science at large, by the death of so accomplished a write, cannot at once be fully appreciated. By his death the cause of science has been deprived of one of its most strenuous and successful advocates. He was an eminently religious man, and sacrificed not a little in life for the sake of his convictions. No temptation could

²⁶ Cath. Ency.

²⁷ Cath. Ency.

²⁸ "Twelve Catholic Men of Science" (ed. Sir B. Windle, p. 218).

induce him to abandon the *Institute Catholique*, where from the foundation, he continued to be one of the pillars."

The sun of popularity, however, had early smiled upon the brilliant young student before the advent of these crucial tests, since De Lapparent possessed, in a high degree, those traits of character which disarm antagonism and win regard. Born at Bruges, in 1839, of staunch Catholic parents, he followed the profession of his father, who was an officer of the engineers. At eighteen, young De Lapparent gained admission to the *Ecole Polytechnique* as first of his competitors, closing with the same honorable record. At the *Ecole des Mines* he became attached to the staff of Elie de Beaumont, and a close friendship of enthusiastic admiration on the one side, and warm confidence on the other, sprang up between pupil and teacher. An early "Memoir" of great promise by De Lapparent led to his selection as one of the staff chosen to prepare the "*Annales des Mines*," a yearly summary of scientific results; a work which enabled him to attain a wide knowledge of scientific progress, both at home and abroad. We next find him employed in a series of investigations concerning the practicability of a proposed tunnel under the English Channel—an Herculean labor and immense responsibility to be entrusted to so young man. Over 8000 soundings were taken by De Lapparent in the years '75 and '76, the Cross of the Legion of Honour being finally bestowed upon him in recognition of the value of his services. This task was followed by a geological survey of the district of Bray in Normandy and Picardy, and his memoir on which at once took high rank as "a model of its kind." Hitherto De Lapparent's work had been that of a practical geologist, but towards the close of the year 1875, the chair of geology and mineralogy was offered him, in the then newly organized Catholic University of Paris, and at once accepted by him, he being allowed at same time to continue his connection with the *Ecole des Mines*.

In the anti-clerical crisis which followed, however, this permission was withdrawn, and Le Lapparent was "curtly informed" that he must choose between his "official position as state engineer" and that of professor at the "*Institute Catholique*." Promptly and unhesitatingly, De Lapparent chose the humbler position, taking a step which he was told might "wreck his whole scientific career." Results, however, proved that he had chosen wisely. De Lapparent was now in a congenial atmosphere, and at liberty to devote himself, moreover, to the special forms of geological research to which he felt drawn. In 1880, the very year in which his downfall had been

predicted, he was elected President of the "Geological Society of France." De Lapparent's early work, his share in preparing the map of France, his coöperation with Delesse in the "*Revue de Géologie*," had won for him great practical experience combined with a wealth of scientific data of which he was now to make use, for beyond his mere scientific talents, De Lapparent possessed pre-eminently the pen of a ready writer with the gift of great simplicity and clearness in exposition. His "*Traité de Géologie*," published in Paris, in 1884, won immediate success and rapidly passed through five editions. Both as to matter and style, the new work was felt to come from the hands of a master. "In the space of 1200 pages, the author contrived to distil the substance of countless memoirs in all languages, with a fulness and clearness which left nothing to desire, so that each of his chapters became an encyclopedia of geological knowledge in every branch."⁸⁹

It is true that the time was opportune for De Lapparent's work, since the manuals of geology current in France, in his day, were notably dull, antiquated, and deficient. But to those who sought to minimize the praise due to the author, by this plea, the answer was simple, since the hour had been as opportune for them as for him, yet to De Lapparent alone it was left to remedy the defect, and produce a work which at once took rank as a classic. The "*Traité*" was followed, in 1885, by his "*Cours de Minéralogie*," which won him the presidency of the French "*Société de Minéralogie*" and a prize from the "*Académie des Sciences*." Shortly after this, De Lapparent began a series of conferences at the Catholic University on physical geography. The merit and charm of these conferences was so great that the lecturer was invited to accept the chairmanship of the Central Committee of the Society of Geography and was sent, in 1896, to represent that Society at its International Congress held in London. In 1897 he was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences and, on the death of Berthelot, in 1907, he was appointed to succeed him as secretary of that body. Not the least among Albert De Lapparent's merits was his tireless industry. His pen, his voice, in countless lesser memoirs and lectures, as well as in his greater works, were ever at the service of religion and science. So hard did he work that he himself marvelled he "had not worn out sooner." To him, as Father Gerard adds, might most aptly be applied the words, uttered by himself of L. de Bussy, in 1904, that

⁸⁹ Gerard: "Albert de Lapparent" in "*Twelve Men of Science*," p. 218. Cath. Ency.

"the lives of some men furnish sermons more eloquent than those of the best preachers."⁴⁰ His own death occurred in 1908.

Continuing our record of Catholic scholarships in the line of the natural sciences, we hasten to consider some noted French naturalists, both botanists and zoölogists. Among the first, we meet at the opening of the nineteenth century with the celebrated family of the Jussieu's. Of the five great botanists belonging to this family, only the last two fall within the limits of our discussion. But the entire family, like that of the Becquerel's, appear as a unit in their union, of scientific knowledge and faith, with the added personal characteristics of modesty and genius.⁴¹ What an anonymous biographer said of the second Jussieu, might well be extended to include the entire family. "No one has proved better than (they) how religious feeling can be combined with many sciences and much knowledge." The three elder Jussieu's were brothers and their fame as botanists is well known. They also practiced medicine and were particularly kindly and generous in their ministrations to the poor. Of the two younger members of the family, Antoine Laurent, born at Lyons in 1748, dying at Paris in 1836, was nephew to the three brothers. Adrien Henri de Jussieu, born at Paris in 1797, and dying there in 1853, was his son. They thus represent the progress of their science throughout the first half of the nineteenth century and were jointly the founders of what is now known as the "Natural System" of plants (now universally adopted), in contradistinction to the "artificial system" of Linnæus.

Antoine Laurent Jussieu, trained by his uncle, Bernard, naturally succeeded to the family heritage of scientific prestige, and was early placed in charge of the "Jardin du Roi," and soon after made professor of botany in the medical faculty of Paris, where he lectured until 1826. His earlier studies had, as with the elder members of the family, included medicine. He was already a member of the Academy of Sciences, and therefore in a position to speak with authority of all that concerned Natural Science. This he did in his great treatise entitled: "De Genera Plantarum," in which he developed the ideas of the elder Jussieu's into a comprehensive system and placed them on a demonstrable basis. His work gave great impetus to the efforts of English and German botanists and finally superseded the now obsolete system of Linnæus. At the era of the French Revolution, Jussieu, with other French scientists, had reorganized the Natural History Museum at Paris. In 1808 he was appointed "Counsellor" of the "University of France," into which

⁴⁰ See also "Les Etudes." July 20th, 1908.

⁴¹ Cath. Ency. "Jussieu." Ency. Brit. Larousse : Diet.

Napoleon had merged all the separate national universities. From this time until his death he was engaged in increasingly active investigations of plant life and the publication of their results in the "Annales" and "Memoirs" of the Museum.

He resigned his professional chair, however, in 1826, in favor of his son, Adrien Henri Jussieu, whose life was devoted to the completion of his father's labors. In 1824 Adrien had received the degree of doctor of medicine at Paris. In 1826 he succeeded his father as professor of agricultural botany, and in 1845 was made professor of the organography of plants at the University. Some time before his death he became president of the Academy of Sciences. His *Dictionnaire Universelle de l'Histoire Naturelle* has been translated into almost all the modern languages. The botanical system of the Jussieu's, however, had its own burning question to meet, for we must remember that the theory of variations began with plant life, although the storm centre has now moved farther on. The discussion of these questions was carried on chiefly by Linnæus and Cuvier, on the one hand, and Buffon and Lamarck (aided by Geoffroy de S. Hilaire) on the other.

Lamarck's life work continued on into the nineteenth century by such a narrow margin, he would hardly fall within the scope of this article were it not that his theories of transmutation have obtained such wide circulation at the present day. Jean-Baptiste-Pierre-Antoine de Monet, Chevalier de Lamarck, was born at Bazentin, Picardy, in 1744. By his father, he was destined for the Church, and committed to the care of the Jesuits. His youthful ambition, however, to fight under his country's banner led him to betake himself, at seventeen, to the seat of war. There, in the midst of a battle, he gallantly took the place of a brother who had fallen at the head of his command. Mounting his brother's horse, young Lamarck led the battalion forward. Though decorated for bravery, a serious accident put an end to his military career, and he became instead the famous botanist and zoölogist we know him to have been. While Antoine Laurent Jussieu was writing his "*Genera Plantarum*," Lamarck was composing his "*Flore Francaise*," the first complete account of the flora of France; and while the former was reorganizing the Museum of Natural History the latter was considering the acceptance of the chair of zoölogy offered him then. Lamarck was now forty-nine and his mental activity was at its height. He had already secured his election to the Academy of Sciences, and completed his famous botanical tour through Europe, with the son of Buffon.

It is to the work of the next twenty-five years that he owes his chief fame. It might have continued longer, but in 1818 he was

smitten with blindness and obliged to surrender his lectureship to his friend, the Abbé Latreille. He lived until 1829, but in suffering and straitened circumstances, solaced only by the devotion of his family, especially of his eldest daughter whom Cuvier relates never to have left the house during his father's illness, and by the visits of his faithful friend, Latreille. "Lamarck,"⁴² we are told, "can with more right than Darwin be called the originator of the theory of evolution." To these theories we have already alluded; it only remains for us to add that Lamarck was a conscientious Catholic, adhering to the tenets of his faith, and submitting his views to the authority of Scripture should they conflict. His name is perpetuated in botany by those of many genera of plants called after him. His greatest zoölogical work was the "*Histoire Naturelle des Animaux sans Vétébrés*," in which he was aided in his blindness by the Abbé Latreille. In 1909 a monument to Lamarck was unveiled at the Museum of Natural History in Paris.

Lamarck's friend and fellow zoölogist survived him by but a few years, dying in 1833. As a poor boy left destitute by his parents in 1788, he was cared for by the kindness of the Abbé Haüy, the celebrated mineralogist. The boy studied for the priesthood and was ordained in 1786. He then took up the study of entomology, retiring to Brives, near his own birthplace, for quiet and leisure. From this retreat he was driven by the rude soldiery of the French Revolution and sent in a cart to Bordeaux on sentence of transportation. The fortunate discovering of a rare beetle, "*Necrobia Rufficollis*," obtained for him the intercession of the naturalist, Bory St. Vincent, but several hairbreadth escapes had still to be passed through. In 1799 he was placed in charge of the entomological department of the Museum of Natural History and elected a member of the Academy in 1814. Of his joint work with Lamarck we have spoken. Not until the latter's death in 1829 would he take official possession of his chair. His lesser memoirs and articles are too numerous for separate mention. Among his greater works are his "*Précis des Caractères génériques des Insectes*," "*Genera Crustaceorum et Insectorum*," "*Histoire Naturelle, générale et particulière des Crustacés et Insectes*," "*Considerations sur l'Ordre Naturel des Animaux*," "*Familles naturelles du Règne animal*," and "*Cours d'Entomologie*." Latreille not only added largely to the known number of insectivora, but rendered incomparable service to science by his

⁴² Cath. Ency.: "Lamarck"—"Evolution" (by E. Wasman). "Eloge de Lamarck," Cuvier, 1835.

classification of them. By some, he is considered as the founder of entomology.⁴³

Great service has been rendered to science in another branch of natural history by the work of the two brothers, Louis René and Charles Tulasne, perhaps the most eminent of modern authorities on vegetable fungi, who have collaborated largely with the avowed desire of glorifying God by their scientific work. Louis, a year the senior, studied law at Poitiers, but later turned his attention to botany and worked until 1842 with Auguste de Saint Hilaire, on the flora of Brazil. From 1842 to 1872 he was assistant naturalist at the Museum of Natural History, Paris. In 1845 he was elected to succeed Adrien Jussieu as member of the Academy of Science. Later, retiring from active work, he devoted himself to special research on microscopic and parasitic fungi, a work in which he was largely aided by his brother, Charles, whose earlier medical studies had prepared him to supplement his brother's labors in this field. The brothers lived in retirement in their country home, devoting all their leisure to science, or to labors of love among the needy and unfortunate. On the death of Louis, Dr. Vidal wrote to the President of the French Academy: "You will have at Paris full information regarding the scientific work done by M. Tulasne, but what will never be known is the amount of good he did to those about him."⁴⁴ The two brothers died within a few months of each other, Charles in August and Louis René in December, 1885. Their larger works include, "*Fungi Hypogæ*" and "*Selecta Fungorum Carpologia*," they wrote, in addition, numerous mycological treatises for various scientific institutes and journals. The brothers bequeathed their library to the Catholic Institute of Paris.

Of the Catholic faith of Jean Theodore Lacordaire, brother of the famous Dominican, we hardly need farther assurance than this relationship. His scientific life is full of romantic incident. Hampered as a boy in his scientific aspirations by the stern necessity of earning a livelihood, he later managed to escape from the trammels of mercantile pursuit and roamed on foot through the wilds of Brazil, discovering, if not "*Rivers of Doubt*," at least much valuable insect fauna. His career as an entomologist thus begun, was developed by four successive journeys to South America and one to Senegambia, the intervening years being spent in Paris in the arrangement and publication of his specimens. Lacordaire seems to have been a very knight-errant of science, entering into the adventure and physical

⁴³ *Ency. Cath. Ency. Brit.*

⁴⁴ Brennan: "What Catholics Have Done for Science," p. 166. *Cath. Ency.* "Tulasne."

effort attending his quests with an energy and zest that would have delighted the heart of a Theodore Roosevelt. Yet his light-heartedness and his spirits in no way interfered with his true spirituality which became even more conspicuous in his declining years, which were spent at the University of Liège. His scientific life brought him into contact with the foremost zoölogists of his time, and he was honored by membership in numerous learned European societies. The titles of his numerous entomological works are almost too technical for detailed mention, with the exception of his last great work on which he labored for eighteen years, "*L'Histoire Naturelle des Insectes*," which contains an account of 6000 genera of beetles, in fourteen volumes. Despite the ardent desire of the naturalist's heart to complete this history, he was obliged to leave its termination in the hands of his pupil,⁴⁵ F. Chapuis.

We must now add the name of a missionary priest to our list of Catholic naturalists. Armand David was born at Espellette in the Basses Pyrenées in 1826. Although early attracted to science, religious fervor prevailed and he entered the Congregation of the Missions (Lazarists) in 1848, and was ordained priest in 1862. During the intervening years he had been allowed to devote himself to the study of the natural sciences and to teach the same at Savone, but after ordination he was dispatched on a mission to Peking, China. Here he began the collection of material for a Museum of Natural History, comprising both flora and fauna. At the request of the French government some specimens from his collection were sent to Paris, where they excited the utmost interest among naturalists. He received an immediate commission to undertake a scientific journey in the interests of the Jardin des Plantes. In this, and later journeys, Abbé David succeeded in obtaining an immense number of plants and animals of hitherto unknown species, some so curious and interesting as to create a sensation in the scientific world. In 1866 he made a new departure and traveled through Mongolia and Eastern Thibet, the latter, at that time, a wholly forbidden land which it required no slight courage to enter. In 1872 he made a third journey through China, lasting two years. What Father David's scientific journeys meant to botany and zoölogy can hardly be estimated. His own account of them is given in his "*Journal of Travel in Central China and Eastern Thibet*," "*A Journal of My Third Tour of Exploration in the Chinese Empire*," "*Birds of China*," and "*Plantæ Davidianæ*."⁴⁶ More remarkable, perhaps, than even his scientific achievements, is the fact of which we are assured that

⁴⁵ Cath. Ency.

⁴⁶ Cath. Ency. Ency. Americana. Larousse.

amid all his exhaustive labors, Father David was in no wise forgetful of his religious rule. His death occurred in 1900, in the midst of his labors. David was corresponding member of the French Institute.

We must now draw our present record of Catholic scholarships in France to a close with a brief account of Jean Henri Fabre, the wonderful "Moussu Fabré," so dear to the heart of Provençal France, whose jubilee as the greatest of living French entomologists was celebrated at Serignan, in the April of 1910. Jean Henri Fabre was indeed a great entomologist, but "with a difference"—for while such scientists generally delight to dissect the insect's organs, analyze its functions, and classify their minute victims as to genus and species, Fabre cared for none of these things. His interests are concentrated in the active, living insect, its labors, its habits, its joys and sorrows, its likes and dislikes, and the means it possesses of evincing them. He longs to enter into the "secrets of these little lives." He watches the tasks they set themselves with infinite patience and wonders as to the thoughts and emotions which pass through their tiny minds." Such were the joys of the "sturdy old man" who passed almost the whole of his long life of ninety years (he died in 1915) in the company of wasps and bees, gnats and beetles, spiders and ants—"lesser creatures of the Good God," dear to the large-hearted naturalist as endued by their Creator with marvellous instincts, which their incomparable biographer has recorded in ten most charming volumes of "*Souvenirs Entomologiques*." One can scarcely read this fascinating work, or the biography of its author, by the Abbé Fabre, without a feeling of attraction toward the kindly personality which each so vividly depicts. We see the urchin of the Provençal farm at Malaval, the young student at St. Leons and Rodez; the professor at Ajaccio and Avignon, and, finally, the hermit at Serignan, living happily among his insect family and, in his domestic life, surrounded by those who were his most loving and willing collaborators. Darwin pronounced Fabre an "incomparable observer." Victor Hugo describes him as the "Insect's Homer," while Edmond Perrier, director of the Museum of Natural History, salutes him as "one of the Princes of Natural History." In regard to the first encomium, we may say that, while Fabre always spoke respectfully of the talents of the great evolutionist, he distinctly disagreed with his views, basing his opposition largely on the highly developed instincts of even the lowest members of the insect world. "The eternal question," he writes, "if one does not rise above the doctrine of dust to dust, is, how did the insect acquire so discerning an art?" And again, speaking of the dung-beetle, known as the

"pill maker": "Either we must grant the flattened cranium of the dung-beetle the distinguished honor of having solved for itself the geometrical problem of the alimentary pill, or we must refer it to a harmony that governs all things beneath the eye of an Intelligence which, knowing all things, has provided for all."

To his acknowledged observational and scientific abilities, Fabre added a winning charm of narration, which alone would have won him a high place among litterateurs, and which seems largely the outcome of great simplicity of character and keen spiritual perception. These traits evince themselves in his religious life, sometimes almost startlingly. When questioned, shortly before his death as to his belief in God, he answered: "I do not say merely that I *believe* in God: I *see* Him: without Him, all is darkness. Every period has its manias; I regard atheism as a mania. It is the malady of the age. You could take my *skin* from me more easily than my faith in God."⁴⁷

E. VON RYCKEN WILSON.

(To be continued)

⁴⁷ (Unlike Gaudry, also a "good Catholic," Fabre was strongly anti-Darwinian. Note, p. 8.) "Life of Jean Henri Fabre," by Abbé Augustin Fabre.

THE FIRST MASS

I AM well aware that the Last Supper is commonly regarded as the First Mass. It is the purpose of this paper to show that the first Mass was not celebrated till after the resurrection and ascension of Our Lord into Heaven.

The question is not one of words nor of appearances only. There is question of the reality underlying the words and the appearances. As far as words go, there is identity, though the expression, "Mystery of Faith," which is found today in the form of consecration, is believed to have been added by the Church. As far as that which appears to the senses is concerned, Our Lord was seen to offer Himself visibly in the Supper, while it is someone else who is seen to offer Him in the Mass. And yet, to the eye of faith, as St. Ambrose points out, "Christ Himself is plainly seen to offer in us, since it is His word which sanctifies the Sacrifice that is offered."¹

I say there is question of the reality underlying appearances. The Supper was fundamentally different from the Mass. An indication of this difference is to be found in the fact that the Sacrifice of the Supper was offered once and could never again be offered, while the Sacrifice of the Mass is offered over and over again "in every place, from the rising of the sun to its going down." As it is appointed unto men once to die, "so Christ died once, and being risen from the dead dieth now no more: death hath no more dominion over Him." Our Lord in the Supper was mortal and passible; in the Mass, He is immortal and impassible. And so by a gulf as deep as death and hell, the death He underwent on Calvary and the hell He descended into after death, is the Supper divided and differentiated from the Mass.

St. Thomas says of the Body of Christ that "inasmuch as it was mortal and passible, it was apt matter for immolation."² It was this in the Supper. In the Mass it is immortal and impassible, and therefore not apt matter for immolation. And because it was apt matter for immolation in the Supper, it was there offered to be immolated, *i. e.*, to undergo the Passion and the Death on the Cross. The nature of the immolation is shown by what the matter was apt for. Being passible and mortal the Victim was to suffer and to die. Till He did suffer and die, the immolation was not accomplished, the sacrifice

¹ Comm. on Ps. 38, n. 25.

² 3a q. 48, a. 3, ad Ium

was not finished. It follows that the Supper was but a sacrifice begun, not a completed one. In the Mass, on the other hand, there is offered a finished sacrifice. So, the Supper and the Mass differ as that which is only begun differs from that which is completed. Hence the Last Supper could not have been the First Mass.

Under symbols of wheaten bread and the juice of grape, Our Lord offered Himself in the Supper. In the Mass He is offered as the Bread baked by the fires of the Passion in the ashes of our sin and of His mortality, as the Wine made new in the Kingdom of God by the Beautiful One in His stole Who came with dyed garments from Bosra, treading the winepress alone. As, then, the beginning differs from the end that crowns it, and the materials from the finished product, so does the Supper differ from the Mass.

"The Passion of the Lord," says St. Cyprian, "is the Sacrifice that we offer."³ Upon this also St. Thomas rings the changes. "The Eucharist," he says, "is the perfect Sacrament of the Lord's Passion, containing as it does Christ who suffered."⁴ And again: "It is manifest that the Passion of Christ was a true Sacrifice."⁵ And once more: "Though the Passion and death of Christ is not to be repeated, the virtue of that Sacrifice, once offered, endures forever."⁶ "We do not offer other than that which Christ offered for us, His Blood, namely. Hence ours is not another sacrifice, but is the commemoration of that sacrifice which Christ offered, as we read in Luke xxii, 19: This do for a commemoration of Me."⁷

We offer in the Mass what Christ offered in the Supper, when He said, "Do this for a memorial of Me." He offered all that which led up to and ended in His Death upon the Cross. He offered not His Death only, but His Passion, and every item of His Passion, every pang of the mental and bodily torment which He was about to endure. Even in the Supper the mental anguish began. There weighed upon His soul the treason of Judas, which He made public, as did the denial of Peter. This was part of the price He had to pay for our betrayals and our backslidings—part of the Sacrifice of our Ransom which He offered there. Now, as there was but a beginning of the Passion in the Supper, and as the virtue of the whole Passion and Death is in the Mass, it follows that the Last Supper was not the First Mass.

This follows also from the fact that the Mass is a Commemorative Sacrifice. When Our Lord said: This is My Body, this is My

³ Ep. 63, n. 17.

⁴ 3a. q. 73, a.

⁵ ad. 2um. 5, Ib. q. 48, a. 3.

⁶ Ib. q. 22, a. 5, ad. 2um.

⁷ Comm. on Ep. to the Hebrews, c. 10, v. 1.

Blood, He offered the Sacrifice of our Ransom which was consummated upon the Cross—a bloody sacrifice, for without the actual shedding of blood there was to be no remission of sin. When He said: "This do for a commemoration of Me," He instituted the Commemorative Sacrifice which we call the Mass. He instituted it, I say, He did not offer it; just as He instituted baptism but did not Himself baptize. What is the Mass commemorative of? The Passion and Death of Christ. Did Christ in the Last Supper commemorate His own Passion and Death? Of course not. We keep the memory of what is done and over. The offering in the Supper was but an earnest and foretoking of what is commemorated in the Mass. Therefore the Last Supper was not the First Mass.

The current conception of the Last Supper is that of a Sacrifice other than the Sacrifice of Calvary, and complete in itself. If this were the true conception, the Mass would be the continuation of that Sacrifice, and the Last Supper would have been the First Mass. But the traditional teaching of the Church from the beginning makes the Mass to be the continuation of the Sacrifice of Calvary. St. Augustine says that the Sacrifice of our Ransom was offered up for the soul of his mother, Monica. The inference is plain and necessary that the Sacrifice offered in the Supper was completed on Calvary, since the Mass is the continuation of the complete Sacrifice.

The same is to be inferred from the teaching of St. Paul in the Epistle to the Hebrews. He there sets Christ before us as "priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech," and declares that "by one Sacrifice He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." This was the Sacrifice of Calvary. Hence, according to the Apostle, Christ offered the Sacrifice of Calvary as Priest according to the order of Melchisedech, which He did in the Supper according to the rite of Melchisedech, and only in the Supper. And so Calvary intervenes between the Supper and the Mass, the Supper being the inauguration, Calvary the consummation, the Mass the unbloody continuation and commemoration of the One Sacrifice which redeemed the world.

The Sacrifice of Calvary is operative in the Mass. For the Mass fulfils perfectly the fourfold end of sacrifice: (1) public worship of God; (2) propitiation for our sins; (3) thanksgiving for the sovereign favour of our redemption; (4) impetration of fresh favours. Now a thing must be before it is operative, and the Sacrifice of Calvary was not till Christ died on the Cross. It follows that the Supper could not be the first Mass, for the Supper

came before Calvary and the Sacrifice of Calvary itself did not become operative until it was finished.

The view that the Sacrifice of Calvary stands by itself, apart and distinct from the Supper and the Mass, is untenable for two reasons. The first is that the Sacrifice is made to consist in the Death only, whereas, it consists also in the Passion. The second is that by the positive ordinance of God, Sacrifice comprises a liturgical offering as well as an immolation of the victim, and there was no liturgical offering on Calvary. Indeed, there was no offering there, for to offer is not actually to give or hand over, but to tender or present for acceptance, and this presentation had to be made before the giving actually began, since the Passion of the Lord, as says St. Cyprian, is the Sacrifice that we offer, and every pang that our Saviour suffered from Thursday evening when He reclined at table with the twelve till the afternoon of Friday when He gave up His spirit on Calvary was part of what is known as the Passion.

The Sacrifice of the New Law was prefigured by the sacrifices of the Old Testament, and especially by the great sacrifice of expiation which was offered once a year for the sins of the whole people, and was to be "an ordinance forever." (Levit. xvi.) It is no poetic conceit that the Coming Event cast its shadow before; it is a truth of divine revelation. The rite, therefore, of the New Testament Sacrifice, which alone "blotted out the handwriting of the decree that was against us, "is outlined for us in the Old Testament offering for sin. On the feast of expiation the high-priest first made the ceremonial offering of the victim at the door of the tabernacle of the testimony, then shed its blood, and, last of all, went with the blood into the holy of holies to hand it over there to the Lord. Immediately afterwards he came into the holy place, and on the altar that was there made the offering of the blood, smearing with it the horns of the altar Ib. V. 18. So our High Priest first made the ceremonial offering of His Sacrifice according to the rite of Melchisedech, then shed His Blood to the last drop on the Cross, and after His resurrection went up to the holy of holies in the heavenly places to make there the solemn offering of His Sacrifice, "having obtained eternal redemption." Immediately afterwards the apostles are gathered together in the cenacle, and, as St. Ambrose says in the already cited words, the same High Priest is "plainly seen to offer" in them, for it is of divine faith that He is the Priest of the Sacrifice. There, then, in the cenacle, where the Eucharistic Sacrifice was instituted, the First Mass was offered up, even as it is offered up today, "in memory of the passion, resurrection, and ascension of

Jesus Christ Our Lord.”⁸ Fittingly were these stupendous events commemorated by the apostles in the First Commemorative Passover of the New Testament, for He who suffered, and rose from the dead, and ascended into Heaven, had withdrawn from them His visible presence; and He had bidden them: “Do this for a commemoration of Me.”

ALEX. MACDONALD.
Bishop of Victoria.

⁸ Ordinary of the Mass.

IN NATURE'S REALM

THE SONG SPARROW (*Melospiza Melodia*)

FAMILY AND RELATIVES

THE Song Sparrow belongs to the Finch Family of birds, which is one of the largest groups of song-birds, including as it does the finches, sparrows, buntings, grosbeaks, crossbills and linnets.

Sparrow comes from an Anglo-Saxon word, *spearwa*, and is affiliated with the old Gothic *sparwa*, "the flutterer, or quiverer." The scientific name of the Song Sparrow is formed from the Greek *melos* melody, and *spiza*, the name of some finch mentioned by Aristotle. The genus *Melospiza* contains both the Song and the Swamp Sparrows, of which the Song Sparrow, specifically termed *melodia*, is considered rather the sweeter singer of the two.

There are several varieties of *Melospiza melodia* found in the western and northern parts of America, such as the Gray Song Sparrow, Oregon, Rusty, Kadiak, Hoermann's, Samuel's and Lincoln's.

Melospiza melodia was formerly called *Fringilla melodia*, which will explain the title of Henry Pickering's poem, "To the Fringilla Melodia." Silver-Tongue is one name for the bird.

RANGE AND HABITAT

This plainly colored, but brilliant musician may be found abundantly nearly everywhere, but there is never one too many. He spends his winters in the Middle and Southern States, and the breeding range includes Northern United States and Southern Canada.

The Song Sparrow is a friendly little fellow, and inhabits the gardens, orchards, shrubbery, bushes and roadside thickets, and low, bushy meadows and swamps. He likes to live near water. He will be more frequently found in low trees and bushes, or on the lower branches of larger trees, for he seems to prefer to be near the ground. He may be seen feeding on the ground and gliding through thickets in search of food; being a nimble runner, he is not timid and goes wherever he chooses.

MIGRATION

The neighborly little Song Sparrow is one of the first birds to arrive in the spring and one of the last to leave in the autumn. A few remain in the north all the year. As they can eat seeds, it is not

necessary for them to migrate with the freezing of insect life, and their journeys are comparatively short when undertaken at all. These birds closely follow the Robin and the Bluebird, with whom they are often seen.

APPEARANCE

The Song Sparrow would never take the beauty prize in a bird show, for he is an extremely plain bird. He has no bright colors and has not even a single mass of plain plumage, but, like many of our best singers, what he lacks in appearance he makes up in musical talent. He is reddish brown above, with dark brown streaks and grayish edgings; below, he is white streaked with brownish; his crown is a dull-bay, striped with black and gray; his tail is plain brown, often marked with wavy bands across the feathers. In worn, midsummer plumage, the streaking is very sharp, narrow and black, from wear of the feathers; in fresher feather, the markings are softer and more blended. Usually the spots on the sides of the breast unite at the center front into a blotch, giving the bird the appearance of being clad in a soiled vest ornamented with many buttons. Both birds look about the same. In size they average six and a half inches in length by eight and a half in wing spread. The body is small, but stout; the bill a conical, finch-beak, especially adapted to seed-eating; the wings are short and much rounded, the tail long and nearly even, and the feet are strong, the outside toe being the longest. He hops but does not walk. The flight is slow and rather heavy, but undulating and never very high nor continued very far. He always flies downward, pumping his tail as he flies, or he goes straight along into the bushes. One of his specialties is to dive head first into a bush.

FOOD

Since this bird inhabits the ground mainly, that is naturally where he seeks his food, generally among bushes or weeds. He has a peculiar mouse-like way of running along through the grass when looking for insect food, as though trailing his victims. Being chiefly seed-eaters, they are able to spend the winters comparatively far north, and do not always find it necessary to migrate. In summer they eat insects of all kinds, worms and larvæ and dandelion seeds. They are not fastidious, and adapt themselves readily to all conditions of climate and food.

VALUE OR USE TO MAN

One can easily judge of this bird's value after noting the kind of food he eats. He is a most useful bird, economically, for his vegetable food consists wholly of weed-seeds.

He is not a timid bird, and can always be found near the suburbs.

He will even venture into city parks, and generously treat noise-weary ears to a bit of fresh country music. Cats are the birds' greatest enemies, and for this reason no vagrants should be allowed at large in any park communities.

NEST AND EGGS

The Song Sparrow's nest varies as to location and materials. Often it is placed on the ground, in a pleasant, breezy, dry meadow; but his fancy is just as likely to choose a boggy swamp for the nursery. It may be built in a tree, or bush, or a grass tuft, or in a hole in a tree or stump, or even in a tin can. One bird built in a clump of golden rod before it bloomed. He shows the same haphazard choice of materials; he may make a bulky structure of weeds, leaves, coarse grass, and line it carefully with hair, or he may make a flimsy affair entirely of grass, even to the lining.

Two or three broods may be reared in one season, the pair frequently making a new nest for each brood. Both sexes sit on the eggs, taking turns.

The eggs vary as to color and size. The usual number is four to six; they may be greenish or grayish-white, endlessly varied with browns, from reddish to chocolate as surface markings, and lavender or purplish shell markings, either speckled, blotched, or clouded. Sometimes the egg is nearly plain, sometimes it is so thickly freckled as to cover nearly all the ground color. The size may be .75 x .55 inches, or .85 x .60.

SONGS AND CALLS

As a musician of exceptional ability, this little bird ranks near the head of his family. He sings from morning till night, all the year 'round, and in all kinds of weather. He has been known to sing as many as six songs, all different, and all executed while he perched on a fence in plain sight. One never tires of Song Sparrow music, for there is always something distinctive about the bird's songs. He has his own methods, and follows them as he pleases, and that he is a true artist is shown by the way he handles his motives. He usually repeats a note or a trill several times and then, as if tired of it, he begins another. Often the trill comes at the end of the song, or sometimes even in the middle of it, or it may be omitted, according to the mood of the singer. One never knows what to expect, and that is what makes him so interesting. Mr. Torrey says, "He will repeat one melody perhaps a dozen times, then change it for a second and in turn leave it for a third as if he were singing hymns of twelve or fifteen stanzas each and set each hymn to its appropriate time."

In early spring his song is louder than in late summer, and in

autumn it resembles a soliloquy more than a melody. Dr. Coué calls him "a hearty, sunny songster, whose quivering pipe is often tuned to the most dreary scenes; the limpid notes being one of the few snatches of bird melody that enliven winter."

Sometimes he signs on the wing, but he invariably chooses a conspicuous place, as though he did not wish to muffle his exquisite voice, when he deliberately settles himself for a song service. One day I saw a little fellow singing from the top of a pile of boards near a city street. He was answered by a companion who was perched in a small tree not far away. They seemed to be carrying on a conversation set to music, for each one sang a different melody.

"The bluebird and song sparrow sing immediately on their arrival, and hence deserve to enjoy some pre-eminence. They give expression to the joy which the season inspires, but the robin and blackbird only *peep* and *chuck* at first, commonly, and the lark is silent and flitting. The bluebird at once fills the air with his sweet warblings, and the song sparrow from the top of a rail pours forth his most joyous strain. Both express their delight at the weather, which permits them to return to their favorite haunts. They are the more welcome to man for it."—Henry David Thoreau.

"The Song Sparrow is more sprightly, mingling its notes with the rustling of the brush along the water sides, but it is at the same time more terrain than the bluebird. The first woodpecker comes screaming into the empty house, and throws open doors and windows wide, calling out each of them to let the neighbors know of its return. But heard farther off it is very suggestive of ineffable associations, which cannot be distinctly recalled, of long-drawn summer hours, and thus it also has the effect of music. I was not aware that the capacity to hear the woodpecker had slumbered within me so long. When the blackbird gets to a *conqueree* he seems to be dreaming of the sprays that are to be and on which he will perch. The robin does not come singing, but utters a somewhat anxious or inquisitive *peep* at first. The Song Sparrow is immediately most at home of those I have named. The wind blows strong, making the copses creak and roar, but the sharp tinkle of a Song Sparrow is heard through it all."—Henry David Thoreau.

"The Song Sparrow modulates its simple ditty as softly as the lining of its own nest. . . . Can anything be more exquisite than a sparrow's nest under a grassy or mossy bank? What care the bird has taken not to disturb one straw or spear or grass, or thread of moss! You cannot approach it and put your hand into it without violating the place more or less, and yet the little architect has wrought day after day and left no marks. There has been an ex-

cavation, and yet no grain of earth appears to have been moved. If the nest had slowly and silently grown like the grass and the moss, it could not have been more nicely adjusted to its place and surroundings. There is absolutely nothing to tell the eye it is there. Generally a few spears of dry grass fall down from the surf above and form a slight screen before it. How commonly and coarsely it begins, blending with the débris that lies about, and how it refines and comes into form as it approaches the center, which is modeled so perfectly and lined so softly! Then, when the full complement of eggs is laid, and nidification has fairly begun, what a sweet, pleasing little mystery the silent old bank holds: The Song Sparrow, whose nest I have been describing, displays a more marked individuality in its song than any bird with which I am acquainted. Birds of the same species generally all sing alike, but I have observed numerous Song Sparrows with songs peculiarly their own. Last season, the whole summer through, one sang about my grounds like this: *'Swee-e-t, wee-e-t, swee-e-t, bitter.'* Day after day, from May to September, I heard this strain, which I thought a simple, but very profound summing-up of life, and wondered how the little bird had learned it so quickly. The present season I heard another with a song equally original, but not so easily worded. Among a large troop of them in April, my attention was attracted to one that was a master songster—some Shelley or Tennyson among his kind. The strain was remarkably prolonged, intricate, and animated, and far surpassed anything I ever before heard from that source.” —John Burroughs.

“The song-sparrow’s song is for simple faith and trust.”

—John Burroughs.

When the birds roost on the ground, they often commence singing before they are out of their beds, much like the skylark.

Thoreau, in his year-books of his life at Walden Pond, mentions the Song Sparrow often. He notes that the country girls in Massachusetts hear the bird saying: *“Maids, maids, maids; bring on your teakettle, teakettle-etle-etle!”* He says the birds have two kinds of variations on their strain hard to imitate—*ozit, ozit, ozit, psa te te te tete ter tute ter*, being one, and the other beginning with *chip, chip che we*. He calls the notes of the Song Sparrow “more honest-sounding than most” bird notes; and compares the bird with the robin: “The *chip* of the Song Sparrow resembles that of the robin, that is, its expression is the same, only fainter, and reminds me that the robin’s *peep*, which sounds like a note of distress,

is also a chip or call-note to its kind." He also speaks of "its well-known dry *tchip-tchip*."

CHARACTERISTICS

This gentle, winning little songster is beloved by all for his happy disposition, his continuous music, and his striking originality. He is always neighborly, self-confident, and not troubled with bashfulness, though he is rather shy except during the mating season. He is so common as to be almost domestic.

Song sparrows are very neat birds, and good housekeepers. They bathe often and seem fond of it; the nest and the young are kept very clean.

While one bird is hovering the eggs, the mate will feed it carefully, and if a female is killed the male often raises the family. They are good parents, faithfully guarding their numerous babies and keeping up a constant chatter to them and to each other while doing so.

ANECDOTES

"Sitting near an open window one day last summer, as was my habit, my attention was attracted by the singing of a song sparrow perched upon a twig not far away. Fancying that he addressed himself to me individually. I responded with an occasional whistle. He listened with evident interest, his head on one side and his eye rolled up. For many days in succession he came at about the same hour in the afternoon, and perching in the same place, sang his cheery and varied songs, listening in turn to my whistle."—Cherney.

Often the course of true love does not run smooth in the sparrow's courtship, for a rival is very apt to appear. On one such occasion, the rivals clutched in the air and clawed at each other for a time. But suddenly both fell to the ground with a thud, and were so jarred, or surprised, that they forgot the cause of their trouble and flew away without further ado.

(January 15, 1857)—"As I passed the south shed at the depot I observed what I thought at first a tree sparrow on the wood in the shed, a mere roof open at the sides, under which several men were at that time employed sawing wood with a horse-power. Looking closer, I saw, to my surprise, that it must be a song sparrow, it having the usual marks on its breast, and no bright chestnut crown. The snow is nine or ten inches deep, and it appeared to have taken refuge in this shed, where there was so much bare ground exposed by removing the wood. When I advanced, instead of flying away, it concealed itself in the wood, just as it often dodges behind a wall. Is it peculiar to song sparrows to dodge behind and hide in walls and the like?"—Henry David Thoreau.

(February 2, 1858)—“As I return from the post office I hear the hoarse, robin-like chirp of a song sparrow, and see him perched on the topmost twig of a heap of brush, looking forlorn, and drabbled, and solitary in the rain.”—Henry David Thoreau.

(January 28, 1857)—“Am again surprised to see a song sparrow sitting for hours on our wood pile in the midst of snow in the yard. It is unwilling to move. People go to the pump, and the cat and dog walk around the wood pile without starting it. I examine it at my leisure through a glass. Remarkable that this coldest of all winters this bird should remain. Perhaps it is no more comfortable this season farther south, where they are accustomed to abide. In the afternoon this sparrow joined a flock of tree sparrows on the bare ground west of the house. It was amusing to see the tree sparrows wash themselves, standing in the puddles and tossing the water over themselves. They have had no opportunity to wash for a month perhaps, there having been no thaw. The song sparrow did not go off with them.”—Henry David Thoreau.

A bird-lover describes a concert of song sparrows he attended: “In the swamp, the song sparrows are holding an opera gleefully. One little fellow hopping about in the grass crips sharply, and then bursts into a loud, rollicking, tempestuous melody that almost makes me turn a somersault for very joy; and now, having sung his intermittent trills for a few minutes, he begins to warble a sweet, continuous lay with an andante movement. Another little songster runs over several trills, rising higher and higher until he strikes a high note that is bewitchingly sweet; this he holds for a moment, then drops to a lower note, after which he repeats the process, the high note seeming to be the climax of his song.”

“One day a tragedy was enacted a few yards from where I was sitting with a book; two song sparrows were trying to defend their nest against a black snake. The curious, interrogating note of a chicken first caused me to look up from my reading. There were the sparrows, with wings raised in a way peculiarly expressive of horror and dismay, rushing about a low clump of grass and bushes. Then, looking more closely, I saw the glistening form of the black snake, and the quick movement of his head as he tried to seize the birds. The sparrows darted about and through the grass and weeds, trying to beat the snake off. Their tails and wings were spread, and, panting with the heat and the desperate struggle, they presented a most singular spectacle. They uttered no cry, not a sound escaped them; they were plainly speechless with horror and dismay. Not once did they drop their wings, and the peculiar expression of those uplifted palms, as it were, I shall never forget.

It occurred to me that perhaps here was a case of attempted bird-charming on the part of the snake, so I looked on from behind the fence. The birds charged the snake and harassed him from every side, but were evidently under no spell save that of courage in defending their nest. Every moment or two I could see the head and neck of the serpent make a sweep at the birds, when the one struck at would fall back and the other renew the assault from the rear. There appeared to be little danger that the snake could strike and hold one of the birds, though I trembled for them; they were so bold and approached so near to the snake's head. Time and again he sprang at them, but without success. How the poor things panted, and held up their wings appealingly! Then the snake glided off to the near fence, barely escaping the stone which I hurled at him. I found the nest rifled and deranged; whether it had contained eggs or young I know not. The male sparrow had cheered me many a day with his song, and I blamed myself for not having rushed at once to the rescue when the arch enemy was upon him. There is probably little truth in the popular notion that snakes charm birds. The black snake is the most subtle, alert and devilish of our snakes, and I have never seen him have any but young, helpless birds in his mouth."—John Burroughs.

PLACE IN LITERATURE

The sparrow has had a place in literature ever since the translation of the Bible into English; it is one of the birds of Shakespeare, and is often mentioned by other poets. The "Hedge-Sparrow" of Shakespeare and other English poets is not a member of the finch family at all; it is a warbler, and its more proper name is Hedge Accentor.

Many of the references to the sparrow found in poems obviously pertain to the English, or House Sparrow; the kinds mentioned by name in American poetry are Golden-Crowned, White Crowned, White Throated, Song, Field, Chipping and Vesper Sparrows.

Doubtless many of the references to sparrows are applicable to the song sparrow, though the whole name of the bird is not given, particularly the following quotations from Emerson, Lowell and Bryant:

QUOTATIONS

- "Already, close by our summer dwelling,
The Easter sparrow repeats her song;
A merry warbler, she chides the blossoms—
The idle blossoms that sleep so long."
—William C. Bryant ("An Invitation to the Country")
"A week ago the sparrow was divine."
—James R. Lowell ("Under the Willows")

"I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home in his nest at even—
He sings the song, but it pleases not now."

—Ralph W. Emerson ("Each and All")

"In April, when the robin roused all the sleepers at dawn, the sparrow was among the first to respond, and while yet the sun was below the horizon, assured all the plain Quakers within hearing that he was a good Pres-pres-pres-pres-pres-by-terian."

—C. C. Abott, M. D.

"No omen of spring is more anticipated by the naturalist than the clear call of the song sparrow, and few contrasts are stronger in Nature than when, amid the silence of a breathless snowstorm in March, this hilarious and irrelevant creature interrupts the frozen benediction of expiring winter."—H. E. Parkhurst.

"From a stone wall or bush close by, he will hear, undoubtedly, the strong, vivacious strain of the song sparrow, which, more than any other bird, seems to feel the responsibility as well as the joy of announcing spring's arrival."—H. E. Parkhurst.

"Joy fills the vale,
With joy ecstatic quivers every wing;
As floats thy note upon the genial gale,
Sweet bird of spring!"

—Henry Pickering ("To the Fringilla Melodia")

"And the sweet song sparrow cries, 'Spring! It is Spring!'"

—Celia Thaxter ("The Wild Geese")

"And with thy joy again will I rejoice;
God never meant to mock us with that voice!"

—Celia Thaxter ("The Song-Sparrow")

"Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that, every year,
Sings 'Sweet-sweet-sweet—very merry cheer!'"

—Henry Van Dyke ("The Song-Sparrow")

"While the song-sparrow, warbling from her perch,
Tells you that spring is near."

—William C. Bryant ("Among the Trees")

"When the air is glad with wings,
And the blithe song-sparrow sings."

—John G. Whittier ("Among the Hills")

"and on its banks
The gray song-sparrow sings."

—John G. Whittier ("Birchbrook Mill")

"Bird of the door-side, warbling clear,
In the sprouting or fading year!
Well art thou named from thy own sweet lay,
Piped from paling or naked spray,
As the smile of the sun breaks through
Chill gray clouds that curtain the blue."

—William Cullen Bryant ("The Song-Sparrow")

"The rathe song-sparrow, yesternoon that shook
The elder with his lay, these dells forsook,
Leaving no echo of his voice or wing."

—Lloyd Mifflin ("The Fields of Dawn")

"Oh, the birds cannot tell what it is that they sing!
But to me must the song-sparrow's melody bring,
Whenever I hear it,
The joy of a spirit
Released into life on that dim dawn of spring."

—Lucy Larcom ("The Song-Sparrow")

"I heard the blithe song-sparrows who welcomed the bright day."

—Celia Thaxter ("The Secret")

"For still
The February sunshine steeps your boughs
And tints the buds and swells the leaves within;
While the song-sparrow, warbling from her perch,
Tells you that spring is near."

—William Cullen Bryant ("Among the Trees")

"Where water flows, where green grass grows,
Song-sparrows gently sing, 'Good cheer*'"

—Henry Van Dyke ("An Angler's Wish")

"Climmers gray the leafless thicket
Close beside my garden gate,
Where, so light, from post to picket
Hops the sparrow, blithe, sedate;
Who, with meekly folded wing,
Comes to sun himself and sing."

—George Parsons Lathrop ("The Song-Sparrow")

"Walden is melting apace. A great field of ice has cracked off from the main body. I hear a song-sparrow singing, from the bushes on the shore,—*olít, olít, olít,—chíp, chíp, chíp, che char,—che wiss, wiss, wiss.* He, too, is helping to crack it."—Henry David Thoreau.

"The first song-sparrows are very inconspicuous and shy on the brown earth. You hear some weeds rustle, or think you see a mouse run in the stubble, and then the sparrow flies low away."

—Henry David Thoreau.

MEADOW-LARK (*Sturnella Magna*)

FAMILY AND RELATIVES

SOME bird-lover, writing of the meadow-lark, says that "he is no longer a lark; he has been shuffled all around the scientific catalog of birds, and he may yet be discovered to be no bird at all, but a myth of the meadow."

The term *lark*, as applied to the meadow starlings of America, is obviously objectionable, because incorrect and misleading, but it is apparently ineradicable through the claim of precedent and the force of habit. He is always called "meadow-lark" by people and poets, and will probably always be so-called. Other terms for the bird are field-lark and old field-lark. His correct name, however, is meadow-starling. He does not belong either to the family of the Old World Skylark, or to that of Old World Starling, but to the family of American Orioles, which includes the American blackbirds, the bobolink and the cowbird. All these birds are strictly American, the family not being represented in any other country.

The meadow-lark's name, *sturnella magna*, is two Latin words, the first meaning a *starling* and the *magna* meaning *large*.

RANGE AND HABITAT

Eastern and Central North America is the home of this attractive little bird, and the breeding range is from the Gulf of Mexico to Minnesota and New Brunswick. The winters are spent in the Southern States. Mr. Maynard says that when he visited, in 1871, the famous Indian hunting grounds of Florida, which lie south of the Everglades, there were countless meadow-larks there and that they were very tame.

In the Western United States, from Iowa to the Pacific, is found the western meadow-lark, a bird with paler and duller colors, but with a finer song than the eastern bird. Neither is he so timid, often coming into towns and singing from the roofs of houses.

As the name implies, the bird is distinctly a meadow character, and strictly a ground dweller. He always walks about while looking for food, but when singing may perch on a post, wire fence, tree, or stone.

MIGRATION

These birds are imperfectly migratory, going just far enough south to escape old winter's clutches. The flights are performed by day, and flocks usually travel together, flying above the tree tops. Audu-

bon observes that "at such times its motions are continued, and it merely sails at intervals to enable it to breathe and renew its exertions. When they alight to feed, an old male, now and then, glances around in search of danger; should any be perceived he warns the flock by a loud rolling note, at which the party make haste to depart from that locality."

(March 12)—"I see and hear the lark sitting with head erect, neck outstretched, in the middle of a pasture, and I hear another far off, singing. They sing when they first come. All these birds do their warbling in the still, sunny hour after sunrise. Now is the time to be abroad to hear them, as you detect the slightest ripple in smooth water."

(March 15)—"The note of the lark leaks up through the meadows, as if its bill had been thawed by the warm sun."

(March 26)—"The lark sings perched on the top of an apple tree, *seel-yah seel-yah*, add then, perhaps, *seel-yah-see-e*, and several other strains quite sweet and plaintive, contrasting with the cheerless season and bleak meadow. Farther off I hear one with notes like *ah-tick-seel-yah*."

(April 6)—"The lark is equally constant morning and evening, but confined to certain localities, as is the blackbird to some extent."

(December 23)—"Larks were about our house in the middle of the month."

(December 26)—"I heard the larks sing strong and sweet."

—Henry David Thoreau.

APPEARANCE

The meadow-starling furnishes one of the finest examples of protective coloring. The brown spotted, or mottled, plumage on the back harmonized perfectly with the meadow grass, while the color of the breast is copied from the buttercups, daisies, and other prairie flowers. There is a yellow stripe over the eye and one on the crown, and the male wears a crescent-shaped necklace of rich, jet black over his bright yellow vest front. For this reason, crescent-stare is one of his local names.

A white meadow-lark has occasionally been seen, but, like the white blackbird, is a freak and not a special species.

He is a little larger than the American robin, measuring about eleven inches in length and seventeen in wing-extent. The body is thick and stout. The bill is nearly straight and longer than the head. The feet are especially fitted for living on the ground, being very large and stout, and when stretched to their fullest extent

reach to the end of the tail. Like other birds that frequent the ground, he has extremely long claws on the hind toes. He is a good, active walker. The tail is very short, with narrow-pointed feathers like those of the bobolink and other meadow residents; the outer feathers, being marked with white, are very conspicuous in flight. (Burrough) (18). The wings are short and much rounded. The bird flies in an oblique direction, and the flight, though graceful, is labored and seems to be hard work. The wings are too short and the body too heavy for rapid or long-continued traveling, so he flies as little as possible. He resembles the bobolink in the laborious and awkward way in which it rises from the ground, Shelley's description in his "Ode to a Skylark," "Thou dost float and run," exactly fits the meadow-starling, for when flying he sets sail and uses his wings alternately. When alighting, he selects the main or topmost branches of trees, or reed-tips, for perches.

The young are quite large babies and are covered at first with a brownish-gray down. The beaks are pinkish, and the inside of the mouth is a deep rose instead of yellow. The eyes are closed with a membrane for several days after hatching.

(June 9)—"As I go along the railroad causeway, I see, in the cultivated ground, a lark flashing his white tail, and showing his handsome yellow breast with its black crescent, like an Indian locket."—Thoreau.

"It has the build, and walk, and flight of the quail and the grouse. It gets up before you in much the same manner, and falls an easy prey to the crackshot. Its yellow breast, surmounted by a black crescent, it need not be ashamed to turn to the morning sun, while its coat of mottled grey is in perfect keeping with the stubble amid which it walks."—Burroughs.

FOOD

Feeding on the ground, this bird lives almost entirely on the insects that are found in meadow and pasture grass. Grasshoppers form a large part of their food. They also eat many thousand-legs, cutworms, army worms, beetles—June beetles, ground, blister, click, plant and May beetles—chinch bugs, crane flies, locusts and the hairy larvæ of the tiger moth.

VALUE

"The farmer cannot afford to dispense with the services of the meadow-lark, for it busies itself all summer eating grasshoppers and noxious insects, and when autumn comes varies its diet with rag-weed and other weeds, until in December these noxious plants comprise 25 per cent. of its food."—Dr. S. D. Judd.

Professor Boal, after examining the stomachs of 238 birds, says: "No sprouting grain of any kind was found in the stomachs in summer; the largest quantity was eaten in January when food was scarce."

In South Carolina and Georgia, they swarm among the rice plantations, running about the yards accompanied by killdeer. Sold in Pennsylvania markets, their flesh is valued as little inferior to that of the quail in amount and delicacy, though one wonders how even an epicure can eat such a bright and cheerful songster.

NEST AND EGGS

The nest, which is made entirely of grass, is built on the ground in open meadows, where there is tall grass, or in grain fields. It is placed in a tuft of grass or grain, and so is very difficult to find, especially when the mother broods on it, for then her colors blend so perfectly with the grass around her that she is almost invisible. Frequently the nest has a covered arch or passage several feet long, leading away from it, but the birds usually rely upon their protective colors for concealment. Their worst enemies are field mice, snakes and mowing machines.

The first brood is able to run about by the time the hay is ready to cut, but then the first nest has been disturbed and the birds are obliged to make a new one, the little nestlings are often still in the shell when the mowers come into the field. The second family is apt to meet a tragic end unless the parent birds give warning of their danger and the farmer is a kind-hearted man. Many mowers cut around the nest and so do not hurt either the brooding mother or her babies.

The eggs number four, sometimes five or even six, and are white, speckled with reddish-brown and lilac, chiefly near the larger end. The size is 1.10 by .80 inches.

After the nesting season, young and old collect in flocks, but they do not usually fly in parties as do blackbirds.

SONGS AND CALLS

The clear, ringing, flute-like whistle of the meadow-starling is one of the pleasures of spring-time, and on hearing it, one is instantly reminded of grassy meadows and hay fields. Burroughs says, "It smacks of the soul and is the winged embodiment of our spring meadows." Again, he speaks of the "long, tender note of the meadow-lark comes up from the meadow"; of "the long, rich note of the meadow-lark," and of "the pedestrian meadow-lark sounding his piercing and long-drawn note in the spring meadows."

"The bird among us that is usually called a lark, namely, the

meadow-lark, which our later classifiers say is no lark at all, has nearly the same quality of voice as the English skylark—loud, piercing, z-zing; and during the mating season it frequently indulges while on the wing in a brief song that is quite lark-like. It is also a bird of the stubble, and one of the last to retreat on the approach of winter.”—Burroughs.

“A prominent April bird that one does not have to go to the woods or away from his own door to see and hear is the hardy and ever-welcome meadow-lark. What a twang there is about this bird, and what vigor! It smacks of the soil. It is the winged embodiment of the spirit of our spring meadows. What emphasis in its ‘z-d-t, z-d-t,’ and what character in its long, piercing note. Its straight, tapering, sharp beak is typical of its voice. Its note goes like a shaft from a cross-bow; it is a little too sharp and piercing when near at hand, but heard in the proper perspective, it is eminently melodious and pleasing. It is one of the major notes of the fields at this season. In fact, it easily dominates all others. ‘*Spring o’ the year! Spring o’ the year!*’ it says, with a long-drawn breath, a little plaintive, but not complaining, or melancholy. At times it indulges in something much more intricate and lark-like while hovering on the wing in mid-air, but a song is beyond the compass of its instrument and the attempt usually ends in a breakdown. A clear, sweet, strong, high-keyed note, uttered from some knoll, or rock, or stake in the fence, is its proper vocal performance.”—John Burroughs.

Thoreau records, under date of June 14—“Full moon last night. As I proceed along the back road I hear the lark still singing in the meadow.”

As a songster he is inferior to the song-sparrow and the wood-thrush, but what is more delightfully sweet, after the long winter, than his tender, rather plaintive warble delivered from the fence-post down in the pasture? The song must be heard to be appreciated, for no words can describe the liquid quality of his melody. He sings by curves and slurs which are ornamented with grace notes, and the blending of one tone into another gives the song its characteristic quality. He has several songs, but all are composed after the same pattern, though none are exactly alike. Sometimes he seems to say, “Spring o’ the ye-ar!” and at other times he shouts, “I-I-I-I see your pet-ti-coat!” in the sauciest way imaginable.

Western birds seem to have songs that are particularly original. This, Dr. Coues thinks, may be due to the different acoustic properties of the dry, rarefied air.

Mrs. Miller pays this beautiful tribute to the charming meadow-

singer: "It is the most intoxicating, the most soul-stirring of bird voices in a land where thrushes are absent; it embodies the solitude, the vastness, the mystery of the mesa. He sings his strain several times and then drops to a very low twittering warble, in which now and then is interpolated a note or two of the usual score, yet the whole altogether different in spirit and execution. He ends by a burst into the loud carol he offers to the world."

These two strains are recorded of the bird:

Besides his songs; he has a call—a strange, harsh chatter uttered sometimes as he flies over.

CHARACTERISTICS

The meadow-lark is a shy bird, more often heard than seen, which may be due to his being hunted for food in some parts of the country. Usually one bird in a party serves as sentinel, and his duty is to perch on a tree or fence post and instantly give the alarm should a gunner approach.

After the nestlings are hatched, the father does not sing very much, but from his favorite observation perch he keeps watch for enemies, and should one approach his whistle rings out with a note of warning. The families usually keep together in the same field where the old birds have a watchful eye on the children, and if danger is near they will try to attract attention from the young ones. Major Bendire believed that meadow-larks remain mated through life. They are generally seen in pairs. Both birds assist in the nest building. The babies stay in the nest for about twelve days. Their first attempts at song are said to resemble a small boy's first whistle.

"Though this well-known species cannot boast of the powers of song which distinguish that 'harbinger of day,' the skylark or Europe, yet in richness of plumage, as well as in sweetness of voice (as far as his few notes extend) he stands eminently its superior. He differs from the greater part of his tribe in wanting the long, straight hind claw, which is probably the reason why he has been classed by some late naturalists with the starlings. But in the particular form of his bill, in his manner, plumage, mode and place of building his nest, Nature has clearly pointed out his proper family."—Wilson.

ANECDOTES

"Meadow-larks often pass the winter as far north as Pennsylvania. A man residing in that State relates how, in the height of the severest cold, three half-famished larks came to his door in quest of food. He removed the snow from a small space, and spread

the poor birds a lunch of various grains and seeds. They ate heartily and returned again the next day, and the next, each time bringing one or more drooping and half-starved companions with them, until there was quite a flock of them. Their deportment changed, their forms became erect and glossy, and the feeble mendicants became strong and vivacious. These larks fell in good hands, but I am persuaded that this species suffered more than any other of our birds during that winter. In the spring, they were unusually late in making their appearance—the first one noted by me on the ninth of April—and they were scarce in my locality during the whole season.”—John Burroughs.

“Dr. Samuel Wilson, of Charleston, told me that one of the meadow-larks which he had purchased in the market, with a number of other birds, has been found feeding on the body of a bay-winged bunting, which it had either killed or found dead in the aviary. He said he had watched the bird more than twenty minutes, and plainly saw that it plunged its bill into the flesh of the finch to its eyes, and appeared to open and close it alternately, as if sucking the juices of the flesh.”—Audubon.

PLACE IN LITERATURE

The Meadow-Lark is not as well known in literature as the Bobolink, but he has by no means been neglected. The following story, though originally told of the English Skylark, applies equally well to our own Meadow Starling:

THE FARMER AND THE LARKS

One day in summer, when Mother Lark came home, she found her five children greatly excited. When they saw her they all began talking at once.

“Oh, mother!” cried the oldest and largest. “We must leave the nest at once. While you were gone, the farmer came into the field with his sons and we heard him say, ‘This grain is ready to be cut. I shall ask my neighbors to come tomorrow and help me!’ What shall we do! What shall we do!”

And all the other little Larks cried, “What shall we do! We are so frightened! We are so frightened!”

But Mother Lark said, “There, there children, don’t be alarmed. I know the farmer and I’m sure he will not cut his grain tomorrow.”

So the little birds soon forgot all about their danger, and were happy once more.

The next day, when the mother flew home with food, the babies were twittering with fright. “What is the matter this time, my dears?”

"Oh, mother!" they cried. "The farmer came again, and he says that the neighbors could not come today, but he will ask his cousins to come and cut the grain tomorrow. Oh, we are so frightened! Can't we go away?"

"Don't cry, children," said the good Mother Lark. "The farmer will not cut his grain tomorrow. We can stay a little longer."

And the little Larks stopped crying.

The next day Mother Lark heard her children crying before she reached home. "Oh, mother!" shrieked the littlest Lark, "We surely must go away now. The farmer came again today, and he said his cousins did not come today, so he would have to cut the grain himself tomorrow."

"Yes, my children," said their mother. "We must go at once, for if the farmer is going to do it himself, it will be done tomorrow. Come with me to a nice pasture I found today."

And the next day, when the farmer and his sons came to cut the grain, all they saw was the empty nest on the ground. "I'm glad those little larks were old enough to fly," said the kind-hearted man.

QUOTATIONS

"When the medder-lark is wingin'
Round you and the woods is ringin'
With the beautifullest singin'
That a mortal ever heard."

—James W. Riley

"What cares he how the March winds do blow
O'er the leafless woods and meadows sere?
He oft proclaims that we all may know,
'Tis Spring o' the year! Spring o' the year!"

—Creswell J. Hunt ("The Meadow-Lark")

"One day as I strolled down a green meadow lea,
This bird I happened to note,
And the mischievous creature was laughing at me
As he chuckled and gurgled and swelled out his throat:
'Ho-ho! ha-ha! he shouted in glee,
'Ho-ho! ha-ha! he-he!

I-I-I see-ee your pet-ti-coat!"

—Harriette W. Porter ("The Meadow-Lark")

"Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song."

—Henry W. Longfellow ("The Birds of Killingworth")

"And listened to the yellow-breasted lark's
Sweet whistle from the grass."

—J. G. Holland ("Katrina")

"Your meadow-larks melodiously
'Sweet-o'-the-year' proclaim."

—Henry Johnstone ("Birds of America")

"The meadow-lark whistles his one refrain."

—J. G. Holland ("Words")

"And from the meadow damp and dark
I hear the piping of the lark."

—Hamlin Garland ("At Dusk")

"The meadow-lark lifts shoulder-high
Above the sward; and quivering
With broken notes of ecstasy
Slants forth on unmoved wing."

—Anon. ("In Vacation")

"What prima donna thrills such liquid strains
As yon brown meadow-lark, that, floating, sings
Above her nest on slow-descending wings,
With plaintive sweetness that the soul enchants?"

—Lloyd Mifflin ("The Fields of Dawn")

"And when once more, by Beaver Dam
The meadow-lark outsang."

—John G. Whittier ("The Witch of Wenham")

"The field-lark with her speckled breast."

—Phobe Cary ("Old Pictures")

"The brave brown lark from the russet sod
Will pipe as clear as a cunning flute,
Though sky and sod are stern as God,
And the wind and plain lie hot and mute—"

—Hamlin Garland ("An Apology")

"And de old crow croak: 'Don't work, no, no!'
But de fiel'-lark say: 'Yaas, yaas.'"

—Sidney Lanier ("Uncle Jim's Revival Hymn")

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you that the whirl
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay?"

—Henry W. Longfellow ("The Birds of Killingworth")

"My ear caught the clear, full whistle of the meadow-lark, concealed within the grass of an adjoining field. This cannot truthfully be called a song, but when uttered with all the animation that is crowded into May, it is one of the most encouraging and inspiring calls of Nature."—H. E. Parkhurst.

"The meadow-larks have a *penchant* for open fields, where they are to be found in smaller or larger flocks all day long; but they are inordinately shy, and commonly take to the wing the instant they are approached. Their clearly whistled song of three or four notes, which seems peculiarly suggestive of the freshness and *openness* of spring, often betrays their invisible presence in the grass or grain field."—H. E. Parkhurst.

"The lark on the mossy rail so nigh,
Wary, but pleased if I keep my place—
Who could give a single grace
To his flute-note sweet and high?"

—Edward Rowland Sill ("Field Notes")

"When meadow-larks that on their breast
Carry the dandelions' crest,
Pipe, in the waving grass."

—Lloyd Mifflin ("In the Fields")

"And, at the break of early morn,
The lark's clear note, like bugle-horn."

—Arthur E. Hayne ("The Old Wood-Lot")

"Tis the meadow-lark!
Flinging his morning song against the hills.
Again—again that golden triumph thrills
The quick air of the spring!
The dew gleams yet in cool nooks of the clover,
And still that wild song peals the green hills over—
Thou bird of morning—sing!"

—Faye Marie Hartley ("A Song of Morning")

"The meadow-lark shows flashing quill
As o'er brown fields she takes her flight."

—John Burroughs ("Early April")

"Now pause and mark the meadow-lark
Send forth his call to spring:
"Why, don't you hear? 'Tis spring o' the year!"
Like dart from sounding string."

—John Burroughs ("Arbutus Days")

"And the meadow-larks are singing—a thousand, if there's one!"

—Bliss Carman ("Song of the Four Worlds")

"Only the flute-like note of the lark sounds."

—Hamlin Garland ("The Hush of the Plains—July")

"And the field-lark seen upspringing
In his happy flight afar,
Like a tiny winged star."

—Paul H. Hayne ("Will and I")

"The sparrow and the meadow-lark
And all the winged throng,
Shall drench the woodland and the fields
In floods of joyous song."

—Lewis G. Wilson ("The Hylodes")

"A brave little bird that fears not God,
A voice that breaks from the snow-wet clod
With prophecy of the sunny sod,
Thick set with wind-waved golden-rod."

—Hamlin Garland ("The Meadow-Lark")

"The lark was dreaming of his morning song
In yonder meadow deep amongst the wheat."

—Robert C. Rogers ("Midnight on the Beach")

"Note the meadow-lark strutting all day in the meadows."

—John Burroughs

"The meadow-lark occasionally sings on the wing, in the early part of the season; at such times its long-drawn note, or whistle, becomes a rich, amorous warble."—John Burroughs.

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

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A TYPICAL TRAPPIST

MONTALEMBERT, in eloquent and graphic language, has portrayed in a series of pen-portraits the monks of the West; unfolding to us in historic perspective the grand work they wrought for the Church and Christian civilization. Like every other institution, monasticism has had its periods of youth, maturity and decay; of pristine purity and fervor, when it realized a high ideal of cloistral perfection; of great power and influence when, in its prime, it overspread the European Continent with monasteries in which flourished virtue and learning; and of decadence when the spirit of the world invaded the cloister, leading to inevitable laxity of discipline and a lowering of the primitive ideal, until it was gradually lost sight of and corruption reigned where once sanctity shone with undiminished lustre. But, as Lacordaire assures us, the monks and the oaks are immortal. As old trees that have struck deep root have withstood many a storm, monasticism, that ancient growth of the Church, has survived many vicissitudes, many adverse influences that for a time sapped it at its base; or that internal decadence that entailed temporary sterility. It is a note of the inherent vitality of the Church, that institutions to which it has given birth have within them hidden forces that preserve them from extinction and endow them with a power of recuperation and resuscitation that no other institutions possess. The whole history of the Church is witness to this tendency to renovation. It is of the nature of healthy organisms to recover from the effects of disease, and monasticism, based on essentially sound principles, has recovered from the moral maladies with which external contact with the world infected it and which were not traceable to anything defective in itself. Various reforms from time to time have helped its recovery.

The most notable of these was the Trappist reform. Its founder, De Rancé—the most austere of reformers who once rejected a novice because, in weeding the garden, he pushed aside the nettles lest they might sting his hands—seems, in his overzeal for strict observance, to have overstepped the limits, for certain mitigations of his severe rule and that still more severe one of Dom. Augustin L'Estrange have been sanctioned by the Holy See. But we owe to him the revival of the Cistercian Order in modern times. From La Grande Trappe, which he reformed, have radiated several La Trappes continuing the work he began. In them the Rule of St. Benedict, the great law-giver of the monks of the West, and the ancient usages of Citeaux are observed almost in their primitive rigour. In them the monks combine in prayer, labour, study and teaching the active with the contemplative life. They have made foundations in both hemispheres. In France, where for a time revolution drove them into exile; in England, despite its Protestant atmosphere; in Ireland, which, faithful to its religious traditions, received them with open arms and generous hospitality; in South Africa, where the *auri sacra fames* allures so many speculators; and in America, with its teeming populations engaged in the feverish pursuit of wealth and pleasure, the Trappists present the spectacle of lives lived in austere self-denial. In contrast to the modern social world, self-enamoured and self-indulgent, intent on remodelling human society on a basis antagonistic to Christian ethics, they give the inspiring example of the religious life as it was led in what are called the ages of faith, of mediæval Catholicism in the midst of the twentieth century.

It will serve to point a moral and adorn a tale to recall the life of a typical Trappist, Anne Nicholas Charles Saulnier de Beauregard, known to his religious brethren as the Rev. Father Dom Anthony, first abbot of the restored La Trappe de Melleray in France. The son of an eminent French lawyer who held high and responsible official and judicial offices under the old régime, and whose mother, whose maiden name was Mary Martha Bazin, a member of a family as distinguished by their piety as their pedigree. He was born on August 20, 1764, in the Burgundian town of Joigny. As was then customary among the higher classes in France—a custom sometimes more honoured in the breach than in the observance—he was in the domestic counsels designated a candidate for the priesthood. Coincident with his reception of the tonsure at the tender age of seven, he was provided with a small benefice, the Chapel of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, called *des Porchers*; so named after its founder Stephen Porchers, who cherished a great devotion to

that unique distinction bestowed upon the Mother of the Word Incarnate, the "woman above all women glorified, our tainted nature's solitary boast." The incident seems to have made an indelible impression on the mind of the young aspirant who was to be noted for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and who years afterwards, when the doctorate was conferred upon him, took the oath required by the faculty of theology, to defend all his life belief in the Immaculate Conception. It was the time when these collations to young clerics were recognized by Canonists, when abbacies and other ecclesiastical benefices were held *in commendam*, and the spiritual functions discharged by deputies. It has long since happily ceased to be tolerated and may be traced back to the concordat between Francis I and Pope Lee X, which accorded to the French sovereign the privilege of nomination to all the higher offices in the Church in his dominion, whereby, with results disastrous thereto, they became the appanage of the aristocracy. This was the genesis of the strained relations between the clergy and the people dating from the French revolution when the Church and the monarchy shared the same fate and became obnoxious in the eyes of the masses, an estrangement between priests and people which bred the anti-clericalism so rampant in our time. The Abbé De Rancé, the reformer of La Trappe, expiated all his life the fault of his parents, who, when he was only twelve years old, procured for him benefices of the pecuniary value of 30,000 francs, and his own fault in retaining them, selling his patrimonial property and distributing the price among the poor and the hospitals.

Young Saulnier first studied in the college of his native town. After finishing his rhetoric course at fourteen and when in minor orders he was nominated a Canon of Sens,¹ where he impressed the other members of the Chapter by his tender piety. He next spent five years in the Seminary of Saint Firmin, destined to be the scene, in 1792, of one of the sanguinary episodes during the September massacres. From this he was transferred in 1788 to the College of Champagne, called Navarre, on the Montagne Sainte Geneviève, founded in 1304 by Queen Jeanne of Navarre, wife of Philip the Fair, which rivalled the Sorbonne by its theological learning. He himself was later made a doctor of Sorbonne, after receiving the diploma of licentiate in theology. In the stormy epoch of 1789 he began a course of law under the Abbé Sarête, who recognized in him the possession of great talents. He had as fellow students the sons of M. d'Aligre, first President of the Parliament of Paris, who,

¹ The Archbishop of this ancient see was entitled Primate of Gaul.

struck by his astonishing facility in speaking the Latin language, spoke of him as a second Cicero, and nominated him Clerical-Counsellor of that Parliament. But the revolution, which was progressing with great strides, was soon to deal with that assembly as Cromwell did with the Long Parliament.

On April 11, 1789, Easter eve, Mgr. Jean Baptiste Merondot-Dubourg, titular Bishop of Babylon, was invited by Mgr. Camille Louis. Apollinaire de Polignac, Bishop of Meaux, to perform the ceremony of ordination. It was then that the Abbé Saulnier received the priesthood in the Chapel of the Episcopal Palace of Meaux. The Church in France was no longer, from the human point of view, what it had been. The priesthood was no longer the threshold of a career in which honours and fortune were to be gained at little cost. The priest had nothing to look forward to but persecution, exile, or death, when ecclesiastical institutions were destroyed, the ministers of the altar pursued and dispersed or had to face martyrdom if they remained, as many did. The Church had to pass through the red sea of a revolution that overthrew throne and altar and to drink deep of the chalice of affliction; when many saintly souls expiated by their sufferings the faults of those unworthy priests who had made a certain type of typical French abbé, half cleric, half layman and whole worldling a by-word. The old order was changing and about to give place to a new one, but before the new arrived mob-rule, that worst of tyrannies, and a dreadful reign of terror had to be endured. The Abbé Saulnier was witness in Paris to one of the first murders that preluded many others, when, before his eyes, an unfortunate baker of the Place de Grève, accused by the infuriated populace of having accumulated a quantity of corn in order to increase the price of bread, was hanged on one of the street lamps; thus inaugurating a series of crimes which was to give a kind of sanguinary consecration to that phase, "*à la lanterne!*" which meant death! Warned that all the priests, and particularly those who had not taken the Constitutional oath,² would soon be arrested in the capital—caught, as it were, in a vast net—the Abbé Saulnier did not wait for the gates to be closed but made his way to Belgium. He thus escaped the September massacres in which in the Church of the Carmelite Fathers, the Seminary of Saint Firmin and the Abbaye, so many distinguished ecclesiastics and venerable prelates perished.

The clergy, secular and regular, had to take the road of exile. One who had been intimate with the Abbé Saulnier wrote: "At the epoch of the oath, which we all refused, I, as a member of the house

² The civil constitution of the clergy.

of Navarre, occupied a room alongside his, which gave me the opportunity of meeting him frequently during the day. If the times had been quieter, they would have been the happiest in my life, but the régime of the Terror forced us to separate. Then he decided to leave France." Thrown upon his own resources, he willingly accepted the position of tutor to the children of M. de la Bourdounaye de Blossac, a refugee in Brussels, in which city he remained until a second invasion of the republican forces made him, along with the family, remove to the small town of Duisbourg on the Rhine, and shortly after to London, where he thought of establishing an educational institute for young men.

It was during his sojourn in the English metropolis he first heard of the Trappists, then at Lulworth, in which some of the Cistercian monks from Val Sainte had taken refuge after their dispersion. It decided his vocation to the cloistral life. Feeling interiorly moved to join them, he no sooner yielded to the impulse and formed his resolution to embrace monasticism, than he at once broke with the world. It was remarked that on the eve of his departure in June, 1795, he had never been more amiable and light-hearted, charming everyone by his conversation. So this precipitate and unexpected retreat greatly surprised the various social circles among the *émigrés* in which he was always received with the greatest pleasure and delight. The French bishops then in England were equally upset on account of the important services which a man of such rare merit could render to the Church when Providence should enable them to return to their own country. But his resolution was inflexible. At the age of thirty he prepared to assume the cowl and become a monk.

Some outsiders may imagine a Trappist monastery to be a kind of religious reformatory or penitentiary in which only great sinners expiate by rigorous penances the misdeeds of their past lives. It is not so. The monks come from various classes and are of various types. They include fervent souls, intent on scaling the heights of sanctity, who may never have forfeited their baptismal innocence, and others, fearful of sustaining the greatest and most irreparable loss that could befall a man, have forsaken

"a world where strong temptations try,

And since 'tis hard to combat, learnt to fly."

"The spiritual life," wrote Georges Sand, "is a sublime life; but it is difficult and painful. It is not a vain precaution to put between the contagion of the world and the reign of the flesh ramparts of stone and grilles of brass." Others, too, have abandoned proud positions and brilliant prospects when "the still small voice within"

called them to the higher life, preferring the obscurity of the cloister to the glare and glitter of evanescent allurements, electing to ignore and be ignored by society, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." They found therein "the peace that surpasseth all understanding." "From the experience I have had of them," wrote Dom Antoine, "of a hundred religious in La Trappe, ninety-nine would not give up their austere life for an empire's."

The superior of the Lulworth community, a strict disciplinarian, did not admit him to the novitiate without subjecting him to the long and severe probation required by the Rule of St. Benedict. The Patriarch of the Monks of the West required of postulants three particular dispositions: if they are seeking to fulfil the will of God with great purity of intention; if they are zealous for the proper recitation of the Divine Office; if they are amenable to obedience, humiliations and affronts. (Chapter lviii of the Rule.) The already well-known merits of the young French canon did not suggest a sufficient reason for dispensing him from the customary trial the commonest subjects had to undergo. On the contrary, they considered it right to take precautions proportionate to the novice's extraordinary talents. A thousand difficulties were raised. They wanted to persuade him that he could never endure the lengthy recital of the Divine Office. But nothing could deter him; and by dint of repeated solicitations he obtained a favor of which, nevertheless, he confessed himself unworthy: he received the habit he so ardently desired, and with it the name of Brother Anthony. Drawn into the cloister by the same spirit that had animated the Anthonys and Pachominses in the Thebaid, one thought was uppermost in his mind, to rise to the level of his vocation and follow in the footprints of the St. Bernard of Clairvaux, on whose feast he was born. During the years of his novitiate he gave multiplied proofs of uncommon fervor, and was to all the members of the community a perfect model of edification. At its close when he presented himself before the Chapter, the austere superior asked him why he ventured to offer himself as a holocaust to the Lord and what good works he had done to pretend to such a great mercy. But the humble subject, although long prepared for such self-oblation, replied with these few words: "It is true, Reverend Father, I have never done anything in my life to deserve this favor; but I hope from this moment to my last breath, I shall only live to do penance for my sins." His biographers add: "His tears and his sobs did not allow him to say more. All present wept; he through humility, the others through edification."

After his profession he filled successively almost all the offices within and without the monastery, cooking in the kitchen or digging and delving in the grounds, taking his share of the hard work of bringing a not too rich soil under cultivation. It was a rude contrast to the easy life of a Canon of Sens. So, years afterwards, when in the presence of his French friends, he spoke jestingly of the manners of his former confrères, they reminded him that he himself had acted likewise; whereupon he replied: "It was on that account I became a Trappist."

He was very happy in his new sphere of life. He described it in a letter to his father in which he wrote: "Don't accuse me of indifference or forgetfulness, if I have let such a long time pass without giving you news. Religion consecrates and ennobles filial piety; far from weakening or sundering ties, it draws them closer. But perhaps you know the strict silence to which our state of life binds us. Isolated, entirely separated from the world, the dearest, the most sacred communications are forbidden us. It needed, father, nothing less than such an insurmountable barrier to hinder me from telling you of my happiness and hearing from you what your position was, how my good and affectionate mother, my brothers and sisters and the rest of my family who will always be dear to me, were. The Father Abbot, in making an exception to the common law on my behalf, has done me a favor for which I am grateful; it is at your solicitation, and hence to you and not to me he has granted it. I avail of it eagerly to give you details of my present state which cannot but interest you greatly. I was in Holland when I wrote to you last, at the beginning of 1793. Various events, which it would be long and needless to relate, led me back successively to Flanders, then to Holland, and thence to England, at the commencement of 1795. I was five months in London when the good God gave me the grace of calling me in a very particular way to the holy state which I have had the happiness of embracing. Want and distress have had no share in my vocation. You know my heart too well to think I would let myself be led by such motives. Besides, through the little talent I owe to the excellent education you have given me, I got two young persons belonging to people extremely respectable in every respect to educate, and with whom I was for nearly a year, and, in addition to my lodging, meals, etc., I had at my disposal for my own keep five hundred livres, a considerable sum at the present time. But, in the midst of all that, I was not happy; distance from my family, separation from all my friends, made me see the dreadful void in my heart, which the dissipation of an entirely worldly life hindered me from appre-

ciating, or, at least, penetrating. A house of Trappists had just been formed in England. I had—shall I say by chance or a very particular disposition of Providence?—an opportunity of meeting, in an abbey in Brabant, the superior of that house. I no longer hesitated, I obtained his consent, and, after writing you a farewell letter, I entered here on June 1, 1795, and pronounced my vows on the 15th of June of the year following.

“What shall I say to you, father? For nearly six years I have the happiness of being a religious, and those six years have, in every respect, been, without any kind of comparison, the happiest moments of my life, although I have by no means the virtues of the good and holy brethren who have deigned to admit me. With them I am content and tranquil, and I see the years pass with a rapidity that surprises me. During my novitiate I have not had a single moment of weariness or of distaste for my condition; and since I have had the happiness of making my vows, it has become dearer to me every day, and that is so true that, paradise for paradise, I would not change my position for all the most attractive and agreeable that the world offers. Don't think from that that I am a man very advanced. Oh! no. I am the least of all my brethren; that will enable you to judge how happy and contented they are. This penitence, which externally only presents before the eyes of the world what is austere and repellant, is internally full of consolation and sweetness. *Crucem vident, unctionem non vident*. It is an orange, the rind of which alone is bitter. That is so true, that I am as well with our fasts and our poor nourishment, and as gay with our rigorous silence as you have ever known me. And that is not saying enough; for, in the midst of all the pleasures the world offered me, I felt, despite myself, decadence; I was compelled to see the contrast between what I was and what I ought to be, and that thought poisoned every moment of my life. Here, miserable as I am, no pain afflicts me; and the confidence I have in the infinite mercy of God impels me rather to desire than to dread the end of my life. All that I had so long idolized, wealth, ambition, all that is nothing more to me than folly and child's play. How good has God been to me! What gratitude I owe Him for having caused the scales that covered my eyes to fall, after having saved me from the smoking ruins of my unfortunate country! Oh! my good and loving father, if for so long my mouth has been mute for you, my heart has not been silent. I don't think I have passed any days without praying for you to the Father of mercies that he would deign to pour out His graces upon you and, above all, make you realize the nothingness and vanity of earthly things. You are already in the

decline of life; in a few days, perhaps, for you eternity will begin. Redeem by abundant alms what in your past life may excite your regrets. There is no surer and more powerful way of touching God's heart. Your children will be always rich enough if they have the fear of the Lord. If I had remained in the world, you know the sacrifices you were disposed to make in my favor; regard me now as living near you in the persons of the poor; give them what you had destined for me; these funds will be placed in the most useful and meritorious way, and will do no wrong to your other children. Give yourself wholly to God, father; you will be happier in time and eternity. I have only one desire, but it is very keen and very true, it is to find myself, in a few years, reunited forever to what is dearest to me on earth: there is no happiness but that; and this thought alone soothes all the pains and bitterness of life. All I say to you, father, I beg my good and tender mother to share; it is to her as well as to you I am writing. Permit me to offer my kind and respectful regards to my uncles and aunts. I embrace with all my heart my brothers and sisters; above all I don't forget my good Emilie. A thousand respects to all my other relatives. My dear and respectable father, give me your blessing and receive the assurance of my profound respect."

Considering the sentiments expressed in this letter, it is not surprising to learn that Dom Anthony, even before he was elected superior, had already a reputation for holiness and wisdom which led to his being consulted whenever any good work was to be undertaken. English bishops begged him to become the confessor-extraordinary of several communities of nuns. He had given proof of his talent as a spiritual director for the Lulworth superiors and the Trappistine sisterhood of Stap-Hile^{*} were enchanted with the good spirit he had infused into that community and the exemplary piety he had caused to flourish there.

The Lulworth monastery was founded by Mr. Thomas Weld, father of Cardinal Weld, one of the Welds of Dorsetshire, an old Catholic family, one of those ranked among the untitled nobility of England. He was a fine type of Catholic, a man of strong faith who heard Mass daily, went to Holy Communion three times a week, and recited the breviary like the priests. Possessed of great wealth, of which he made good use, devoting more than half of his income to the relief of poor Catholics for whom he founded several

^{*} A house, about twenty miles from Lulworth, attached to the Jesuit mission, given to them by Lord Arundel. It was governed by Mother Augustin de Chabannes who, in 1818, when her monastery was burning, saved it from extinction by throwing a little reliquary of the true Cross into the flames which were immediately extinguished; the reliquary being afterwards found undamaged.

chapels, making at the same time provision for the priests who served. He was also the founder of the celebrated Jesuit College of Stonyhurst and of several communities of women. In his house at Lulworth he was often visited by George III who held him in high esteem. Though a stubborn old Protestant he respected Mr. Weld for his virtues. One day at dinner in presence of a large number of Anglican archbishops and bishops, addressing Mr. Weld, he said: "I am, as you know, the head of the Church in my Kingdom; I have the best clergy in the world; but give them the fleece of the sheep, and they would willingly let the flock go to the devil." The king wished to raise him to the peerage, but Weld replied: "Your Majesty, I would much prefer to be the richest of squires than the poorest of lords."

The house he offered the emigrant Trappists was only a provisional retreat. The little monastery was only a house hurriedly erected, and for another object. It was but to last seven years. Nevertheless it was still standing in 1810, when Mr. Weld unfolded to the Abbot his design of transferring him and his religious into an old abbey near Dorchester. This plan was to be carried out on his return from a projected visit to Stonyhurst, where he often went to keep the feast of St. Ignatius. "Be very careful," said Dom Anthony, "you know the prophecy." "I am not afraid," he replied, "my heirs are sufficiently numerous; and, besides, I am buying it for the Church and not for my family." This abbey had belonged to the Cistercians up to the time of Henry VIII. At the great pillage, an old lay brother, seeing his monastery about to fall into the hands of Protestants or avaricious speculators, uttered this terrible prediction: "You are robbing and pillaging our monastery, but remember, it will be to no one's profit, for none of those who shall possess it will leave heirs male"; a prophecy which had been verified to the letter. Still, Mr. Weld would have bought it and annulled the curse, if Providence had not disposed otherwise. He set out, as customary, to celebrate the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola at Stonyhurst, where he received Communion along with the numerous students whom he edified by his devotion. Afterwards in the midst of a lively conversation he was suddenly stricken with a brain malady which obliged him to take to his bed. He asked to be bled, but no one there could do it, and he soon succumbed. He was a fruit of holiness ripe for heaven, and his sudden but not unprovided death, in 1810, in the midst of the sons of St. Ignatius, closed a life spent in well-doing. He did everything for the love of God and God's servants. When Father Anthony wished to give him some tokens of gratitude for his bounty, he promptly replied: "Be silent, Father,

we must let the good God act by Himself: I lose nothing in giving for His love; for if I stretch out one hand to distribute some little alms, the other is soon filled with an inheritance I receive somewhere." His son and heir, the future Cardinal,⁴ continued to bestow on all his father's foundations the same beneficences; the poor Trappists of Lulworth being the special objects of his affectionate solicitude. It was the mother house of Melleray in France, Mount Melleray in Ireland and Mount St. Bernard in England.

Fifteen years after he entered the Order he was elected superior of the Lulworth Monastery; his predecessor, Dom Maurus, in 1810, when on his deathbed and after receiving the last sacraments, having designated him as the fittest successor. Like St. Stephen Harding, the third Abbot of Citeaux in the twelfth century, who, on account of the frequent deaths among his religious, was doubtful if their austere rule was pleasing to God and ordered one of his dying brethren to ascertain the will of Heaven, which was manifested to him by a subsequent apparition, confirmed by the arrival of a numerous accession of subjects. Father Maurus's mind, when dying, was disturbed by a similar reflection; for since thirteen years, with the exception of some postulants, including Father Anthony, none had sought admission to the noviciate, or at least they had not persevered. Father Anthony, without being discouraged, did not hide his own anxiety, and the worthy superior, in selecting him as his successor, seemed to foresee the growth of the Lulworth house under his government. "My children," said he, before he drew his last breath, "have confidence in the God you are serving; He knows your needs. While leaving you in the world, I shall not abandon you; when I shall be in the presence of God, I shall conjure Him to remember you and send you novices; and it is by this sign you will know if He has been merciful to me." Dom Maurus had hardly been interred when God blessed the new superior and his community by sending them in a few months the postulants they had not received for several years.

Three years after his election Father Anthony was solemnly blessed by Dr. Poynter, Vicar Apostolic of the London District, as first Abbot of that monastery which, until then, had been a simple priory. Its future seemed assured; everything was prospering. But clouds soon darkened the horizon. A dislike and distrust of the extraordinary life of the Trappists was aroused by calumnies to which English Protestants lent a ready ear. The rigid self-denial

⁴ He was then married, but after his wife's death, entered the Church, was nominated coadjutor of the see of Kingston in Canada, and was raised to the purple by Pius VIII, March 15, 1830; the first English Cardinal since Pole. Died in Rome, April 10, 1837.

of these cenobites was a tacit condemnation of the lives of sensualists and free-livers. The English mind ever since the Reformation, and particularly since the campaign of calumny that preceded and accompanied the dissolution of monasteries, was obsessed with a false idea of monks and monasticism. The monk personified to them all that it was in the interests of the Reformers to get them to reject and despise. Pens and pictures have been extensively employed to propagate this tradition. In the beginning of the nineteenth century it was more rampant than nowadays, when all that is most intelligent in English life tends to discard worn-out prejudices against Catholic institutions. It was quite otherwise in Dom Anthony's time. When it was insinuated that the Lulworth monks were imposters and hypocrites who, under the veil of a feigned penitence hid a love of good cheer, that they were a community of parasites addicted to the pleasures of the table, there were not wanting gullible people to believe it. When visitors to the poor convent kitchen pretended that they found, hidden under cabbages and turnips, meat joints, it was accepted as proof that their fasting was only make-believe. It was objected that their religious habit was not in harmony with modern costumes and recalled those mediæval manners and beliefs that had been discarded when England received "the new learning." Their vows, it was said, were illegal; they were forbidden to receive novices, or receptions were only tolerated if the vows were only binding for three years. They were regarded as fanatics or as spies of the French government; for in those days there was no *entente cordiale* between England and France. "To cast the odium of those accusations and stale cavillings on the English in general," observe his biographers, "would be on the part of the Trappists an impudent falsification, black ingratitude, and wanting in truth as well as in gratitude. They love to declare that they have found on English soil charitable and benevolent souls who have striven to favour and support their establishment. But Providence, which disposes of all events for the sanctification of its elect, made use of the enemies of its most faithful servant so as to cause the manly and courageous virtue of the worthy superior of Lulworth to become the more striking."

His invincible constancy in resisting the innumerable attacks made upon him by the enemies of the Catholic Church was illustrated by another incident. Like St. Paul who had to endure "perils from false brethren," Dom Anthony had to suffer from the calumnies and opposition of an apostate monk of his order. After publicly making his recantation in a Protestant church and exciting the heretical clergy against his former superior by his impostures, he

denounced the whole Lulworth community in a communication to the Prime Minister, the most rabid enemy of the Catholics; bolstering up his lying accusations by forged documents, solemn protestations and false oaths; accusing them of crimes, the least of which involved the death penalty. The maligned superior was obliged to go to London where he was twice received in audience by Lord Sidmouth, with whom also Lord Clifford, Mr. Weld, the Bishop of Uzès and some others had conferences, as well as the Marquis of Ormond, British Ambassador in France. Dom Anthony demanded to be acquitted of all the calumnious charges made against him and his community. Lord Sidmouth had no difficulty in recognizing the falsity of these accusations and said he regarded the Abbot of Lulworth as an upright man and his calumniator as a disreputable person. The accused demanded boldly to be confronted with his accuser upon whom he had conferred benefits of all kinds; but the latter dared not face his benefactor. Abandoned in the town where he had made his abjuration by those who had listened to his recantation; rejected as a candidate for the Anglican ministry; he took shipping and during his voyage, to cap the climax of his infamy, wrote a pamphlet against the monastery that had received him full of lies and venom. But avenging justice awaited him. He fell ill on board and ended his miserable existence without recognizing his fault or receiving the ministrations of religion. But the English government of the day held that the Abbot and his community had misinterpreted their intentions which were only to give a temporary refuge to French religious *émigrés*, and not to prolong their existence in England. Despite all the arguments to the contrary adduced by Dom Anthony, he had to undertake to return to France as soon as the peace of that country was assured and his own affairs permitted; otherwise the English government would adopt measures, the consequences of which the Minister would be unable to retard. The pious and hospitable English gentleman, who had provided them with a refuge from the revolution that dispossessed them, regretfully consented to their departure, undertaking to continue his munificent help to his favorite *protégés*; Dom Anthony, undertaking on his and his brethren's part to always regard Mr. Thomas Weld and his heirs as the first and principal founders and protectors of the monastery he projected establishing in his own country.

The time was opportune and circumstances favored it. Legitimism was in the ascendant. The Restoration had succeeded the first Republic and the first Empire. The Trappists returned to France on the pressing invitation of the minister of Louis XVIII; the chief navy officers being commissioned to arrange for their repatria-

tion. Fifty-seven monks embarked at Weymouth on July 10, 1817, in the French frigate *La Revanche*, reaching Nantes on the 20th. It was with tearful eyes the good country folk of Dorsetshire witnessed their departure and with joyful greetings their fellow countrymen received them with open arms.

It was in the ancient abbey of Melleray, which had belonged to the Cistercian Order since the time of St. Bernard he purposed re-establishing his community. Some time before the arrival of Dom Anthony in Bretagne, Dom Augustin de Lestranges had already taken steps to acquire it, but Providence had decreed otherwise. Founded by English, it was to again be peopled by English religious who were to be its restorers. On February 8, 1817, Dom Anthony signed the deed which made him its owner; while an old lady, Madame de Meilleraie, who at the time when Church property was being sold, to prevent the complete pillage of the abbey lands, had purchased two small farms near her château, conveyed them, free of expense, to the Abbot. The monastic colony that landed at Nantes, the chief city of the Department of the Loire Inférieure, included many distinguished Englishmen from the neighborhood of Lulworth and elsewhere. He left it on July 24 for Meleray, where one of the first novices he received was a poor sailor who had crossed the Channel with them and who was led by the very appearance of the religious on board to become a Trappist. The installation of the Abbot took place on Thursday, August 7, 1817, when the Abbé Bodinier delivered an eloquent discourse in which he said: "After many years of tribulations and afflictions, a generous and hospitable nation received you in its midst. The lofty protection it accorded you, the lively interest and even respect it testified, acquired for it claims upon your gratitude. You have discharged that sacred debt in giving it a sublime idea of the Roman faith and examples of all the virtues to be imitated. Pious and faithful souls of that celebrated island which had the happiness of so long possessing you, will also long remember the holy exercises in which you delighted; those divine chaunts that animated your solitude, that profound recollectedness which had something heavenly in it, all the fervour of those good religious under your careful direction, of whom you were less the head than the father, that heroic penitence they saw daily renewed before their eyes, and which they never tired of daily admiring. Even our separated brethren, who could not withhold their esteem and whom you astonished by so many austerities, will speak of you with affection; and the touching remembrance of so many virtues they witnessed, so many pious observances with which they were impressed, so many practices they learnt to know, will

not soon be lost upon them. It will be perpetuated from generation to generation; and perhaps one day this precious memory, in leading to salutary reflections upon a religion capable of inspiring such great sacrifices, will move their disturbed minds and awaken in their hearts the first longings for a return to unity." The Abbot, in reply, said: "It is not without a sweet emotion that after having quitted that land you so justly call hospitable land—that land which, for twenty-five years, with an unwavering kindness and generosity has protected us, has provided for all our wants, has kept us in peace during those dark days, those days of horror and confusion—it is not, I say, without a sweet emotion we find ourselves back in France, in our own country, in that land which had banished us and which we always loved; in one of its finest provinces which receives us with alacrity and kindness, and in one of those antique monuments of the faith and piety of our fathers, which Providence seems to have snatched from those destructive hands that took a pleasure in overturning all the abodes of religion and virtue, to prepare for us a tranquil dwelling place. We bless it, that Providence, always admirable in its works, for having led us, as by the hand into one of those monasteries of St. Bernard, in one of those houses of the Cistercian Order, formerly so celebrated both through the sanctity of their founder and the piety of those who inhabited them. And we, too, glory in being Cistercians, in belonging to that family so illustrious in the Church which has trodden so closely in the footsteps of its first fathers. It is only the decadence of morals and the degradation of our times that makes our life seem extraordinary. We are only distant followers of the examples our teachers have given us; our Constitutions are not recent, and our holy reformer, the celebrated Abbot De Rancé, has not, in reuniting us, imposed new laws, he has only reproduced ancient practices and removed the rust with which time had insensibly covered them. We are nothing, then, but a reunion of sinners and penitents, clothed in the habit of penitence. Disillusioned of the world, its allurements and its follies, and penetrated, on the other hand, with the great truths of religion, we come to seek rest in retreat and silence, to meditate on those sublime truths which alone can procure for man some solid consolation in this life, while ensuring his happiness in the other. Elevated on the holy mountain, far from whirlwinds and storms, we feel, by our own experience, what happiness it is to serve Him who said 'my yoke is sweet and my burden is light.' The greatest interests that move men, ambition, avarice, cupidity, jealousy, are banished from our cloisters; we only form one single family of brothers who, assembled under the same roof, and united by ties of

the tenderest charity, say with the king-prophet: *Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum!*"

Although the origin of the French monastery of Melleray in Brittany is involved in some obscurity, traditions the most worthy of credence ascribe its foundation, in 1145, to religious sent by Foulques, Abbot of Poutron in Anjou, a house of English origin, situate at some distance from the city of Angers and an offshoot of the abbey of Loroux established in 1134. It is a singular conjunction of events that English monks should found a house near Nantes, and that seven centuries afterwards, French monks, long exiled in England, should return with religious of that nation, to reoccupy that very abbey. According to tradition the Poutron monks went to Citeaux to get orders from their superior to form a new house. It is well known that these religious always sought by preference solitary places. When they arrived in the woods of Melleray their selection was fixed; it only remained to find a suitable site. Failing to obtain food or shelter from the country folk, they sought shelter under a great tree in the midst of which wild bees had made their hive and a honeycomb. A pretty legend traces to this the genesis of the name Melleray—*mellis alvearium*. The lives of the saints of Brittany contain some references to the abbey of Melleray, the first abbot of which was installed in 1132 by Alain, seigneur of Maidon (now Moisdon); the abbatial church being consecrated fifty years later, in 1183, by Robert, Bishop of Nantes, and Guy Hende, Bishop of Vannes, in presence of the then abbot, Geoffroi. An almost complete list of the successive abbots and the time of their government was preserved in the archives of the States of Brittany up to the revolution of 1793. It is believed that St. Bernard visited this abbey, which was partly renewed and often reconstructed, but was still in a bad state when Abbot Anthony Saulnier became its restorer. Twelve years after he had crossed the Channel with fifty-seven religious, the community, composed of French, English, Irish, Spanish, Belgians, Piedmontese, Scotch, Swiss, etc., had increased to ninety-two. His happiness consisted in governing them like a good father; and his rule, at once firm and mild, soon formed them into a patriarchal family. His personal influence effected many remarkable conversions. He was not only a contemplative, a man of prayer and meditation, but a worker. At Lulworth he had developed a talent for agriculture and was regarded by the people as one of the best farmers in the country. Seeing himself at the head of a numerous colony for whose wants he had to make provision, he recalled the laborious lives of the first solitaries and how much France in particular was indebted to the monks for immense clear-

ances, and, following in their wake, introduced improved methods of agriculture and industrial pursuits which, while keeping the religious safely employed, added to the revenues of the house and, what he valued more, enabled him to increase his alms. Not only the stables, the fields and the meadows showed evidence of his untiring activity, but the gardens; several rich land-owners sending their young men to the abbey to acquire a better knowledge of gardening. On arriving at Melleray, after traversing the almost sterile sandy soil and the woods that surrounded the monastery, one wondered at suddenly seeing a kind of oasis, or rather a terrestrial paradise. Almost all the agricultural societies deemed it an honour to count the abbot among their members; the government wished to recompense the author of so many notable ameliorations; and through the intermediary of the Duke de Doudauville, twenty-four pupils were sent to Melleray to receive object lessons in the best methods of agriculture and horticulture. This convent, active and silent, although assembling a little world of workers, was directed by a word, a gesture from the Superior who governed it without any effort and with his wonted kindliness. It had become the Clairvaux of later times, in which strangers admired, as of yore in St. Bernard's monastery, a profound silence, broken only by the noise of the instruments of labour and the voices of the monks chaunting the praises of God.

Although the Trappists never leave their monastery to mount the pulpit, at the urgent request of the Knights of St. Louis and the Bishop of Nantes, Abbot Anthony, on March 22, 1820, preached the funeral oration on the Duke de Berry, a scion of the elder branch of the Bourbons, then looked upon as "the hope of France." He had been assassinated as he left the opera house when, turning to his wife, he said: "Menagez vous, ma chère, pour l'enfant que vous portez." The child she then bore was the late Count de Chambord, to whom French legitimists did homage as Henry V, and who was called "the child of miracle." On June 30, 1828, the widowed Duchess visited the monastery. It was not the first time he had done the honours to royalty, for, in 1814, Princess Charlotte, then twenty-two, had visited the Trappists at Lulworth, when she was sojourning at Weymouth; repeating the visit in 1815. On the first occasion the visit was almost incognito. Dom Anthony, despite his respect for members of the royal family, and as yet unaware of the favour accorded to princesses of penetrating with their suite into the interior of monasteries, felt constrained to accord her a reception not quite to his liking. But on the second visit advantage was taken of the

old privilege granted to female royalists by the Popes; and, although she hesitated at the threshold, she was persuaded to pass beyond the enclosure; too honoured, she said, to find herself in a place where, before her, no woman had entered. Shortly after, on her return to Weymouth, she sent the Abbot a munificent gift with a letter full of expressions of esteem. In receiving the Duchess de Berry, he said: "The severe austerity of our rules is relaxed in your presence; at your voice, our doors, closed to all others, open, and our barriers are moved to give free passage to the daughter of Kings. Under your auspices this renascent community should, like the lilies, flourish and grow. In that you will imitate many illustrious princesses to whom you are akin much more by the splendour of your virtues than by the blood which flows in your veins: Blanche of Castille, Jeanne of Navarre, Anne of Brittany, Anne of Austria and many others, who have regarded as the greatest appanage of their grandeur and the noblest use of their power to found, multiply and perpetuate these religious monuments, as necessary in the immoral age in which we live, which serve at once as retreats for the repentant and refuges for the innocent; under the shadow of which ravens as well as timid doves come to seek and find tranquillity and peace."

But the tranquillity and peace of Melleray was soon to be disturbed and the cross of suffering and exile reimposed on the monks. By an appropriate coincidence it was preceded and foreshadowed by the gift of a memento of the august exile, Pius VI, the *Peregrinus Apostolicus* of the St. Malachy legendary prophecy. This was the mantle which that Pontiff, exiled by the Revolution in 1798 and imprisoned at Valence, gave to François Trouard de Riollès of Pont-à-Mousson, and which was transmitted to Dom Anthony by the Bishop of Rochelle.

The sudden uprising in Paris in July, 1830, the dethronement of Charles X and the accession to power of Louis Philip, "the citizen King," together with the expansion of the liberalist movement, enabled him to foresee impending disaster. In casting about for a place of refuge for the foreign religious who formed a portion of his community, he decided upon a foundation in Ireland. Writing to the Archbishop of Dublin, he said: "The events which have taken place in France for some months, which your Lordship knows as well as I do; those which still threaten this unfortunate kingdom, and which are not less directed against religion than against the monarchy, have made me seriously think, in the presence of God, of the preservation of the precious and interesting colony He has been pleased in His goodness to confide to my care, despite my weakness and unworthiness. I have cast a terrified glance over all

Europe; for almost everywhere I have found insurrection and discord in a state of ferment. Ireland has appeared to me, at this moment, one of the countries the most immune from revolutionary movements. The greater portion of its inhabitants are Catholics, their attachment to the religion of their ancestors is well known; the emancipation they have so long and so justly claimed has been at length accorded to them, and seems to guarantee the tranquillity of that country which, moreover, in its spiritual needs, is governed by prelates whose zeal is equal to their piety. Finally, my Lord, a decisive consideration is that in our house composed, at present, of nearly 180 religious, choir religious and lay brothers, there are about 80 of Irish nationality. One thing alone, my Lord, stopped me; it was the lack of pecuniary resources. Most of the brethren who have joined us, have only brought us their good will. The repairs and additions to be made to the abbey of Melleray, of the Order of Citeaux, which we have been obliged to purchase, and the maintenance of a numerous family, had exhausted our slender means and none remained to send a portion of our brethren to lay the foundations of a new monastery in a foreign land. But the good God, rich in mercy, and whose Providence has constantly watched over us since the first troubles in France, has, at this moment, given us a new proof of it, which is not less touching, not less visible than those which its goodness has already bestowed upon us. Some pious Irish Christians of both sexes, particularly very respectable persons of your diocese, offer to contribute, and display the greatest eagerness and the liveliest desire to see a Trappist monastery established in Ireland. By this spirit, my lord, I have recognized the worthy descendants of those men who formerly covered Ireland with their pious foundations and who, above all, testified such interest in the monks of Citeaux, in the children of St. Bernard. I have felt it my duty to respond to such a generous appeal; but what has confirmed me in this resolution has been the assurance given me that their lordships, the Bishops of Ireland, your Lordship in particular, would see such an establishment made with the liveliest interest, and sustain it with their high and powerful protection. It is that which has determined me to send at once the Rev. Father Ryan, for several years prior of our abbey of Melleray, and the Rev. Father Malachy, religious and guest-master of the same monastery. The Father Prior, my Lord, will have the honor of explaining to you our position, our designs and the offers made us, details of which cannot be compressed into a brief letter. I beg your friendly and good offices for him, and doubt not that, under your auspices, this undertaking, which, in the last analysis, has

no other object but the glory of God and the salvation of souls, will prosper and bring forth abundant fruits. May our wishes be realized, my Lord! May, by this happy concurrence—for your worthy co-operators, the respectable missionaries either assembled in the capital or dispersed throughout your diocese, and even in the rest of the kingdom, seem to take the same interest in it—may, I say, Ireland, once more present the spectacle of that fervour, that piety which has distinguished it among all the Catholic nations of the world! May, in these latter times, in these days of mourning and general apostacy, the children of St. Bernard and the venerable Abbot de Rancé, repeople again your solitudes, and console the Church for the losses it daily deplores, and which seem leading us to those unhappy times when our Divine Master announced faith would no longer be found on earth!"

The dispersion of a large portion of the community took place in 1831, in consequence of malicious misrepresentations made to the Government by misguided persons. In a paternal letter to his religious confined in the General Hospital of St. James at Nantes, the Abbot wrote: "My beloved brethren and children, I share in your affliction and sufferings most sympathetically; I wish it was in my power to offer myself to suffer in your stead. But take courage; remember what the Gospel we read yesterday of the feast of all the saints of Our Order says: 'Blessed are those who suffer persecution for justice sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.' I thank God from the bottom of my heart for the fortitude and courage with which you endure this unjust and severe trial; but continue to place all your confidence in Him. It is very glorious for you now to bear the illustrious and honourable title of confessors of the faith; make yourselves worthy of such a grand name by your entire submission to the holy will of God. Bless those who persecute you, far from cursing them; remember that all that is fleeting is light, and that the tribulations of this life bear no proportion to the glory that is prepared for you. I do not know if I shall be so happy as to see you again, to clasp you in my arms, in this land of affliction; but I have the firm confidence in God that, through the merits and sacred blood of our Divine Master and Redeemer, Our Lord Jesus Christ, through the protection of our good and loving Mother, the glorious Virgin Mary, and under the guardianship of all the angels and saints, we shall soon be reunited in that everlasting dwelling in which we shall love, praise and adore God for all eternity. It is in these dispositions, my dear and beloved brethren and children, that with a heart rung and with the tenderest affection, praying God to bless you, I give you my sincerest and most paternal benediction."

Through the medium of a letter to a Nantes paper, *l'Ami de l'Ordre*, dated November 21, 1831, he publicly thanked the large number of distinguished persons who had shown sympathy to his religious and showered gifts upon them. "Victims of the most odious denunciations," he wrote, "these gifts are at once a recognition of their innocence and a public tribute of esteem and respect. All classes have joined in offering them; they honour both the hand that gives and that which receives." When, later on, he was urged to try and bring about the restoration of his house, he listened gratefully to the advice, but, having pondered over it, replied in the words of Job: "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away: praise be to the name of the Lord!" Being somewhat advanced in age at the time, it was a blow that might have broken down his health or led to his death. But his strength of soul never left him for a moment. So when, after seven years of trials, he had the happiness of being able to reunite his brethren still dispersed in several parts of France, he was seen to suddenly regain his old vigor; he seemed to renew his youth like the eagle; and, up to the eve of his death, this venerable old man did not show the slightest sign of intellectual or moral feebleness, as often occurs in the aged who have been long tried by troubles. He became, on the contrary, more exact than ever in all the exercises of the community; his happiness was in finding himself at the head of his brethren, and sharing with them the fatigue associated with the duties of their holy state.

After having, by their sufferings, moved the sympathies of the whole Catholic population, from whom they received abundant help of all kinds, on the 19th of November, 1831, they were put on board the corvette *Hébé*, where they had to wait until the 28th for a favorable wind to sail for Cork, which they reached on the 30th, without having been allowed any communication with the land during the delay. Father Vincent, an Irish Trappist, as already noted, had been sent to Ireland in 1830, to seek an asylum for his fellow countrymen of the same Order. Ireland, whose monk-missioners from the fifth to the eighth century had founded the Church in that ancient Catholic nation, for which their virtues and learning had earned the glorious title of "the island of the saints and scholars," longed to see once again monasticism, to which it owed so much, flourishing in a land studded with monasteries, priories and convents before it was ravished by the Danes or the ruthless hands of the Protestant innovators had demolished them.

After leading a somewhat nomadic life and overcoming several obstacles, they were enabled, through the help of a Protestant gentleman, Sir Richard Keane, who invited them to settle on his estate,

placing 600 acres of uncultivated mountain land at their service, to make a permanent foundation, the first in Ireland since the dissolution. It was at the base of the Knockmaeldown mountain range, not far from the banks of the beautiful Munster Blackwater, called the Irish Rhine:

“Where Cappoquin hath woodlands green
And Abhainn-mor’s^b waters flow.”

Everything had to be done on this barren wasteland, and the monks at once set to work to do it. All they found there were a few wooden huts hastily constructed on a hillside; from whence, fortunately, flowed an abundant water supply. Only six persons at most could be lodged in each of these cabins: they enlarged them, made a garden; dug the foundations for a church and monastery, and marked the limits of the land, leased to them by the landlord at a nominal price. They soon had helping hands to share and lighten their labours. Peasants, skilled and unskilled labourers and artisans volunteered as unpaid workers to assist them. They came from all parts; labourers with their pickaxes, masons with their trowels, carpenters with their saws and hatchets. As many as 1500 of these volunteers, headed by their priests, marched to the site, followed by 12 carts laden with provisions. Priests and people joined hands with Cistercians in establishing this monastic colony; while more than 600 women quitted their cottages to fetch their meals to the workers. Over 30 masons aided the monks in building their church. When, in conformity with their Rule, the religious at times suspended their labours for a few moments to raise their thoughts to God in prayer, the workmen fell on their knees and joined them, much to the edification of several Protestants present. This was the origin of the famous Abbey of Mount Melleray, long familiar in the mouths of Irish Catholics as a household word, and now known all over the world, for in its guest house have been hospitably received hundreds of visitors from all parts of the world.

The *Complete Catholic Directory and Almanac* for the year 1838, referring to the state of the Catholic religion in the County of Waterford, says: “Who would not be struck with astonishment in seeing a magnificent temple and all the dependencies of an immense regular abbey, erected in the midst of a solitary country, and surrounded with sombre and sterile mountains that seem to look down with wild admiration at the glorious and most profitable works carried on at their feet! What surprise must the traveller experience on learning that a small number of men, without any means, could

^b Pronounced Ow-ing-more (ow as ow in cow).

metamorphose an immense stretch of uncultivated and sterile ground into meadows, fields and gardens, which contrasts with a still larger extent of the same ground covered with eternal heathers and presenting the appearance of nature at the dawn of creation, when the brilliant rays of the day star began to drive before them the shades of night. It is incontestibly the greatest phenomenon of our time. Admiration increases more and more when one enters into the details of the immense advantages this heroic enterprise produces; when one sees new farms constructed, commodious dwellings raised, and on all sides, even at a great distance from the abbey, works and industries established."

M. de Feuillide, who published his impressions of a tour in Ireland in 1839, wrote: "Munster has always been, since the invasion of Henry II, the bulwark of nationality, as since the forcible introduction of the Anglican religion, it has been the bulwark of Catholicism, that second nationality of old Erin. So it is that Munster has produced the two most recent representatives of that double nationality—a man and an institution. The man is Daniel O'Connell, the institution is the Trappist convent of Mount Melleray. . . . By its situation, by the hospitality it invariably dispenses to the poor and to travellers, Mount Melleray recalls those hospices that Christian charity has placed on the snowy summits of our Alps. By the schools to which it invites all the children of the poor and where it teaches the old Irish language it recalls those abbatial and cathedral schools in which, in the West, primitive Christianity saved from destruction sacred science and human knowledge. Thus, in association with the Liberator of Ireland, the regular clergy, at once workers and teachers, help, by education and labour, the preachings of the secular clergy. So, after so many centuries of darkness and barbarism, Catholicism marches to the conquest of Irish civilization by the same ways it followed in the middle ages to reconstruct in Europe society broken up by the irruptions of the barbarians."

A short time before his death Dom Anthony received at Melleray a visit from a foreigner whose pusillanimous outlook was thus expressed: "How happy you are, sir, in having no one in the world in whose lot you are obliged to interest yourself! What most dismays me is not to find myself in embarrassments, but it is the dread of one day seeing my family in want. Think of me, the father of several children!" "What!" promptly replied the monk. "You think I am happy because I have no children, you say, like other fathers. Do you make no account of the grief in which I was plunged in 1831 when, by one blow, I lost a portion of my family, a hundred times more numerous than yours? Are not the ties of

friendship and religion equal to those of flesh and blood? Pardon me, sir, if you see me no longer so sad; it is because my children are today very happy; and this thought is more to me than the fortune you dread losing."

As to the important establishment founded in Ireland, he took as much interest in it as in the parent house; he renounced governing it as superior, it is true, but in the very interest of the new monastery, delegating it to Father Vincent, then simply Prior, but who became its first Abbot when, in 1835, Mount Melleray was erected into an abbey, receiving the abbatial benediction from Dr. Abraham, Bishop of Waterford; the first conferred in Ireland since the Reformation. This foundation which struck deep root in congenial soil, has since produced two vigorous offshoots—New Malleray in Dubuque, Iowa, founded in 1849 by Abbot Fitzpatrick, and Mount St. Joseph, Roscrea, founded by Count Arthur Moore, a zealous Irish Catholic land-owner, whose first Abbot, Dr. Beardwood, was inducted by Mgr. (afterwards Cardinal) Persico, Papal Envoy to Ireland in 1887.

During his lifetime Dom Anthony Saulnier had the happiness of seeing, in 1837, the foundation of Mount St. Bernard, at Coalville, Leicester, for which Mr. Ambrose De Lisle, a very devout English Catholic, furnished the site and funds; Lord Shrewsbury contributing about £3000 for its enlargement; and a Trappistine convent at Stap-hill, Wimborne.

Dom Anthony's death was worthy of his life. It was the fitting close of a laborious and fruitful career. His days had been long in the land; but his old age was exempt from those physical disabilities, from those mental and moral maladies, that usually accompany senility, from

"The darkness that covers the eyeball, the dull ear that's deaf to the song."

He did not suffer from the least diminution of his intellectual faculties; his mind was clear and unclouded to the last. During the short space of time that preceded his death—Saturday, January 5, 1839, eve of the Epiphany, a day specially consecrated to devotion to the Blessed Virgin, whom he so tenderly loved—he had not felt the slightest uneasiness until seven o'clock in the evening, when he painfully prostrated himself on his poor pallet. He had assisted at all the offices of the day; his eyes had lost nothing of their wonted brightness, his step of its customary activity; he spoke with his usual facility, and his conversation was as entertaining as it was edifying. Towards evening a neighboring priest had visited him and he led him to the door of the abbey. For seven years he had

quitted the general dormitory through obedience, and because the obligation of sleeping on bare planks like the other religious had become incompatible owing to weakness in the loins. He, therefore, slept in a separate room for fear of introducing some laxity into the community. A few minutes after seven o'clock he was attacked with violent cramps in the stomach, the pains of which extended to the extremities. He was alone and no one had any suspicion of the state he was in. Even if he could make it known, he would perhaps have said nothing about it, as often happened in similar eventualities. Always intrepid, he struggled energetically against the malady for an hour, when, according to usage, they brought him a light to go to Matins. He rose without saying anything of his sufferings and was proceeding to the church when, his strength being exhausted, he fell in the corridor, unperceived by any one. All the religious had already assembled in choir. He would have died in that spot of pain and cold, if the sound of his fall had not been heard by a monk who had by chance been passing below the corridor. Stretched on the floor, suffering acute pain, and seeing he was about giving up his soul to God without the succors of religion, without the prayers for the agonizing recited at his bedside by his brethren, he made a last act of contrition and of complete submission to the divine will; resigned, in all humility, to die in that total abandonment. But he whose life had been so edifying was to crown it by presenting the spectacle of a truly Christian death. Raised up and carried to his cell, his first thought was to ask for his confessor, although he had been to confession the day before; after which he received the last sacraments with a faith, a piety and a fervour that drew tears from all present. Those tears, mingled with those the dying monk shed when he wept over all the self-imputed faults of his life and asked pardon for whatever scandal he may have given them. When they begged his last blessing, he asked: "Why do you wish for the blessing of a sinner?" He hesitated for a moment and then gave it at their urgent entreaty. They talked to him of the Melleray he had restored, and reminded him of the many mercies the Lord had vouchsafed to him. "Farewell, my children," he said; "don't forget your father. I am going to Purgatory. I can't speak any longer to you; but, once more, forgive me." Three religious remained with him, and lavished upon him all the care he needed. As often happens to a dying person, he seemed to himself to have regained some strength; he asked to be helped to get up and taken to an old armchair. He was hardly seated when, this last remnant of strength being exhausted, he begged to be replaced on his pallet, which was done, when he thanked them affectionately. They had drawn aside

and were preparing something for him, when one of them, going near his bed, found him at the last gasp. A moment afterwards, without a struggle and without any agony, Dom Anthony passed peacefully away. Then was verified in his person what was said of La Trappe: "If it is hard to live there, it is sweet to die there."⁶

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⁶The three Trappist Congregations of the Grande Trappe and Sept Fons in France and Westmalle in Belgium were, in 1894, united by Papal decree under the designation of the Order of Reformed Cistercians. They have increased and multiplied sending out numerous offshoots. A recent publication states that the Order now numbers all over the world 59 houses of men and 18 of religious women.

HEWERS OF STONE

THE building of a great Church is rightly to be called a national event, because it is one that affects, not this generation only or the next, but uncounted generations to come; its influence may well be at its height a thousand years hence; its power is not to be calculated and scarcely to be over-rated. For by what the eye sees is the mind moulded and the heart possessed. Inevitably, too, a national Church will be, among the people who set it up, a standard and a type of religious art, by its visible permanence it becomes a lesson, repeated at all times and to all men. Now the Church-builder of today is beset by a problem unknown to the early architects,—he must choose a “style” among those of the past. Much to our misfortune, much perhaps to our shame, we have no style that we can call our own. Gothic and Byzantine, Romanesque and Baroque, Saracen and Lombard—we must pour over these recorded visions of the dead, and choose by which of them we shall light the living. Having chosen what we conceive to be the “best,” we are apt to call the rest “bad,” even immoral and “unchristian”; our choice, it may be, merely begins a new chapter in the despairing history of “taste.” But let us look back—rapidly—over the story of architecture. Seeing what men have done, or tried to do, and the bitter criticism that has beset them, we may then come to a pause, and ask ourselves whether art may not properly fulfil itself in many forms, and whether “one good custom”—even our own—would not inevitably “corrupt the world” by leaving it stifled and lifeless.

Men must have houses for themselves and their gods, whether wattled huts or palaces of stone and marble. Based on the science of building comes an art, that of architecture, slowly growing, deep-rooted, dealing with matter under complicated forms, so dealing as to impress upon it the “pattern of the mind.” Now the pattern of the mind is not merely utility, not merely intelligibility, but beauty. “Well-building,” wrote old Sir Henry Wotton, a humanist of the seventeenth century, “hath three conditions, commodity, firmness, and delight.”¹ In his recent book, “The Architecture of Humanism,” Mr. Geoffrey Scott endeavours to isolate the element of “delight,”

¹ “Elements of Architecture.”

spoken of by this old writer, to disentangle it, that is, from other interests, historical, literary and scientific, that have gathered round it to set forth what, in its purity, he conceives the essence of architecture to be when taken precisely and narrowly *as an art*. Whether he succeeds in the constructive part of his book is open to grave question, but his earlier chapters are undoubtedly distinguished by an acute and original criticism. It is very well, in Dr. Johnson's phrase to "clear the mind of cant," that mass of otiose incrustated opinion that gathers, so quickly and imperceptibly, about all the subjects that really interest man. There was much architectural "cant" to be cleared away. We may admit, then, to the satisfaction of Mr. Scott, that our views about an architectural style may be unjustifiably coloured by our opinions about the men who used it. Gothic architecture—for example—has been held to express the ideas of "ignorant and monkish barbarians," as likewise of the (much idealized) Goth, "firm in his faith and noble in his aspirations." It has been praised as the architectural image of *primaeva* forests, and on the other hand, as the lucid expression of constructive mathematics; it is said to denote "rude energy" as well as "dreaming piety." It can hardly "express" all of these things at the same time. We may admit further, that architecture is not beautiful because it is of good construction, and displays that construction with an obviousness that has been gravely described as "truth." For all the pressures of a Gothic spire—to take an instance—are downwards, whereas its much-applauded merit is that it appears to "soar"; and a dome is held to be beautiful, although the chains that bind it into shape are not only unseen by the spectator, but their very existence is usually unsuspected. Moreover, the definition of architectural beauty as "truthfully displayed construction" applies with perfect aptitude to many of the factories and railway stations that deform our towns. There has been also in the criticism of architecture an "ethical fallacy" which led many excellent persons to look as it were for architectural guidance in the Book of Lamentations, and to enlist the opinions of the prophets, more eloquent perhaps than precise, on the buildings of Palladio. The description of a style as "in its moral nature corrupt," as "base, unnatural, unenjoyable and impious, pagan in its origin, proud and unholy in its revival,"² seems to lay upon stone a significance that does not belong to it.

It must be held, then, I think, that neither literary, scientific, nor moral values suffice as a standard whereby to judge any art; the pertinent "value" here is the aesthetic one. We ask of architecture

² Ruskin: "Stones of Venice," v. iii., ch. 2, para. 4, and v. viii., ch. iv., para. 35.

to give us beautiful buildings, and if the rather recondite beauty proper to this art—it has been called “frozen music”—requires a well-disciplined taste for its appreciation, that need not surprise us. There is beauty scattered broadcast in the world, to be seen of all men and “understood of the people,” but there is another beauty to be grasped only by the elect, the artist and the connoisseur of art, and the “elect” in this sense are necessarily the few. But, as even Mr. Scott admits, great art is distinguished from that which is merely aesthetically clever by a “nobility which in its final analysis is moral, or rather the nobility which in life we call moral is itself aesthetic.”³ There is, in fact, a true *analogy* between ethical and aesthetic values, and the Mass, Space, Line, and Coherence that are the language of architecture have qualities that easily suggest certain of the values we attach to life. Moreover, no one will deny that good construction, when fitly displayed, affords a satisfaction of its own; still less will it be disputed that the historical, literary, and romantic associations that gather round the various “styles” greatly enhance for us their interest. If we love Greek literature, we shall probably have a tenderness for the “Orders.” We do not, in fact, look with “equal minds” upon a Greek temple and a Gothic Church; our view of architecture is partly encumbered, but also partly enriched, by the manifold associations that gather round this great art. So much concession as this must be made to the wrong headed persons criticised, with a great deal of justice, by Mr. Scott. Let us now, the ground being largely cleared, proceed to our task.

European Architecture goes back through Rome to Greece, and if Fergusson⁴ be right, we must seek an eastern and non-Aryan origin for all our art. However, this may be, we begin our consideration with Greek architecture and with the Doric Parthenon. In Greece we have the purest and most intellectual style ever devised, and in the Parthenon that building which is the special glory even of Greece. Many a reproduction has made us all familiar with its aspect. The vast entablature, built of great blocks that reach from centre to centre of the shafts, is made almost delicate to the eye, in spite of its gigantic size, by its clean-cut mouldings and clear outlines; and the shafts, elastic and vigorous, carry their burden with a kind of vital ease, their strength, closely taxed, is plainly seen to be abundant. This is not the place to describe the subtle devices—curving of “straight” lines, deflection of “vertical” ones—by which the Greek builders obtained, in spite of the laws of perspective, effects that satisfy the eye. The undertaking was so difficult and needed

³ G. Sedt: “Architecture of Humanism,” p. 161. (London, 1914.)

⁴ “History of Architecture,” v. I.

such exquisiteness of calculation and adjustment, that only a people with phenomenal fineness of vision could have carried it through. But when we speak of lucidity, design, proportion, harmony, subtle restraint, of the perfect ordering of parts to the whole, we seem to be analyzing the *form* "Greek"; for Mass, Line and Space, as used by Greek artists, were invested with these qualities. The result was a beauty properly called intellectual, and by a true analogy, moral. No doubt the conception was purely aesthetic, but the interpretation of it carries us, by analogy, almost into the religion of the cardinal virtues. Of Greek colour, variety and splendour, we have less notion than is desirable; for we have but the faded ruins of the past, grey ghosts of temples once radiant, vacant streets once filled with shimmering life,—the gold is dim, the blue and crimson have lost their fire, but we know that the Greeks touched even marble with colour, and we can guess what colour must have been in the incomparable atmosphere of Attica. Are we to say that Greek architecture is all achievement and monotonous perfection—"faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null"; that it expresses no aspiration and is unfit for Christian use? Such things have been said. But we may ask—can it be that any beautiful building is unfit for Christian uses, and can the special character of that beauty which seems to express—albeit analogically—the calm of assurance, the conviction of ideals and of their permanent validity, be alien to the Christian mind? Aspiring to Heaven, Christianity is mightily concerned with man upon this earth. Now Greek thought made man the measure of all things. It was preoccupied with the perfection of his body, and the endowments of his mind. Greek art, with its noble forms, was perhaps part of the preparation of the world for the Incarnation. Greek religion built temples for the dwelling of God, in human form, with man. It has often seemed to the present writer that there are aspects of Christianity best realized through a study of Greek art.

The ancient, non-Aryan, Etruscan race left indelible traces on the art of Rome—massive building, incomparable strength. In bridge, drain and aqueduct, the Romans used the arch which the Etruscans had bestowed; to their solid construction they added later such of the Greek ideas as appealed to them. For when Carthage had been laid low and Greece overrun, Greek artists came to Italy, and there was, under the early Emperors, a building-period unsurpassed anywhere for fertile energy. Roman architecture has been greatly underrated—to Fergusson it seems little less than "a gorgeous and melancholy catastrophe"—and Roman art has been widely despised. But it seems unlikely that an art that satisfied Michaelangelo and

Raphael can be really "a catastrophe." Bishop Hurd's words are to the point: "If you judge Gothic architecture by Grecian rules, you find nothing but deformity; but when you examine it by its own rules, the result is quite different."⁵ So here. Grecian rules are not for Roman art. The Romans, however, must not complain if they are often judged by their own words. When a man like Cicero⁶ can say that he heard only by chance of the famous sculptors, Myron and Polyclitos, whilst he was in Sicily hunting up evidence for a lawsuit, and wonders that the Greeks should take delight in the things that "we" despise, he is witness to an incredible lack of culture in Rome itself, where such sayings could be even tolerated. But we have a right to protest when we are told that Roman architecture "daunts us by its sheer size and strength, the endurance of its iron concrete, the insolent display of its brilliant and showy decoration, but that it stands for "Rome's lack of lucidity and logic, Rome's dullness of inward vision, and vulgarity of soul."⁷ Let it be granted that Roman art is not the art of the "golden mean," of restraint and intellectual coherence, as the Greeks understood it. Neither is Gothic, and yet it is not, on that account, to be cast into outer darkness. No man—not even Phidias—is pure intellect; *a fortiori* the mass of men are not so made. But the Roman was, *par excellence*, the man who could deal with men, whether barbarian or civilized; the fabric of the Empire was his main achievement, and no Empire is built by "lucidity and logic." Is there, then, to be no art of power, strength, and magnificence? These enter into the "pattern of the mind," as conceived by the Romans; in this sense they dealt with Mass, Line and Space, impressing upon them qualities that can still awe the most modern of minds—if unbiased by handbooks. The Colosseum may be "lacquered" with inappropriate Greek orders—does that really detract from its rhythmic grandeur of line? The Pantheon confronts us, sombre and splendid with its columned facade; within, its dome has the space of the very sky itself; it is one of the noblest works of man. Piranesi's sensational engravings of classical Rome, as he saw it in the eighteenth century, give as nothing else seems to do, the atmosphere of a city as solid as Egypt, as gorgeous as Assyria, devastated, but not dead, keeping even in its ruins, a darkened beauty and a sombre pride. Nor are we to forget that Rome took from Greece—and perfected—the Corinthian capital, inventing no less than fifty varieties of it, and in sculpture, it was Roman

⁵ "Letters on Chivalry and Romance." (Dublin, 1762, p. 36.)

⁶ In Ver. II., l. iv., c. 60.

⁷ "Works of Man." Lisle March Phillips, p. 130-1. (London, 1914.)

artists who conceived the beautiful and melancholy type of Antinöus. Christianity is neither a philosophy nor an aesthetic sentiment; it is a vast, organized, hieratic power, set to deal with men and nations. Founded on sheer miracle, it fulfills itself in undeniable law; based upon spiritual authority, it has all the "materiality" of an earthly empire. The Roman Empire was, in some ways, a prototype of the Catholic Church. Roman Architecture, then, has its innate congruousness with a religion that governs, and was meant to govern, the people of the earth. The visitor who lingers long in Rome, comes to realize in what sense St. Peter's—the central Church of Christendom and called by the name of its first earthly ruler—is the heir of the Pantheon and the Judgment Hall of Constantine.

The austere and delicate Rome of the early Church traces its descent from the house of Pudens, which St. Peter consecrated as a place of Sacrifice. Building for themselves, after the freedom of the Church, Christian architects took the Basilica or Judgment Hall as their type—its nave aisles and apse are repeated in almost all the early Churches. Not that we are to conceive of the Christian architects as beginning where the Pagan left off. It was rather that the ideas and needs of Christianity were, all along, modifying architecture, so that the reign of Constantine merely marks a striking moment in a transition practically complete. Rome itself was, of course, the centre of Pagan power, the dying faith clung to the Imperial authority and urged it to savage excesses in defense of hearth and altar. It was only the Edict of Milan, in A. D. 313, that put an end to persecution, and let Christians feel that they had a share in the daylight. But in the provinces—in Gaul and Africa and Syria—where comparative freedom had been gained much earlier, we find the true "Basilican" style used for Churches long before the era of ecclesiastical building could begin in the Capital itself. The recent discovery in Rome of a Basilica near Porta Maggiore, underground and dating probably from the first century,* proves this, at least, that the fitness of this style for certain religious purposes was early recognized. For the Roman Temple was not fitted for all the uses of Christianity, providing as it did only a dwelling for the god and a place of sacrifice. Christians needed besides, a place for preaching, as well as a spacious building where men could meet for all sorts of ecclesiastical business. In the apse of the Basilica therefore, where the Prætor and his assessors had been wont to sit, the Bishop—and in Rome the Pope—was enthroned in the midst of his clergy. The altar before the

* It seems more probable that we have here a Pagan building.

apse, whereon the pious Pagan had poured libations before and after business, became the altar of Divine Sacrifice; the space around and behind it, railed off from the nave, was a "presbytery" or sanctuary. We have lost the finest of the early Basilicas. By destruction and by fire, old St. Peter's and old St. Paul's, with their immemorial glories, perished, but there remains to us Santa Maria Maggiore, Sant' Agnese, and San Lorenzo *fuori*, with many a smaller Church, to show us the true Basilica construction. In Rome, after the Edict of Milan, the temples of faith grown grey and shrivelled were boldly pillaged for the adornment of Christ's new Churches. Antique columns that had stood, perhaps, in some temple of terrible rites, were gathered together and set into new ranks; cornices that had frowned in an evil weariness from their high places, were brought into new service; the new apses were spread with mosaic of gold and colour, the floors gleamed with carpets of precious marbles. It is with pride and tenderness that the sojourner in Rome looks back, and sees the young Church, who had dwelt so long in darkness, clothing herself with the garment of beauty that of right belonged to her. But in spite of the force of fresh ideas and the flowing of new life, the "Romanesque" style in the West scarcely reached a due development, and it is to Ravenna and the East that we must turn to see it expanding and beginning to learn both harmonious proportions and lovely decoration. The design of the mind, however, was not fixed. We seem to see men groping, taking what comes to hand, using what instinct told them had a true significance, but simple rather than broad in their view of what was fitting to be done, influenced now by Greek tradition, now by that of the East, and presently answering the call of their own Roman blood. Mr. Hillaire Belloc⁹ insists that the Roman Empire never "fell," in the sense of Gibbon, but underwent slow internal transformation. In the same way, Roman architecture did not "fall," but received, during many centuries, ever fresh infusions of a new spirit.

But it was in the Eastern Empire that there sprang from the earth a sort of miracle of architecture, fit to rank with Greek Parthenon and Roman Pantheon, the Church of the Holy Wisdom—*Sancta Sophia*, as we say—in Constantinople; and from A. D. 530, the date of its building, it had, for another thousand years, no peer, not even a rival. Constantine's great new Capital was made, in many respects, in the likeness of Rome. Justinian, the builder of *Sancta Sophia*, was a typical imperial ruler, but the "Romans" of the Eastern Empire had the good fortune to be, in

⁹ v. "Europe and the Faith."

many cases, of good Greek blood, and Constantinople itself, built on the site of a Greek colony, was full of Hellenic Culture. Now the builders of Romanesque in the East before 530, had accepted far more thoroughly than their Western brothers the use of arched construction. In their building of round Churches, they had experimented with the dome—thus was preparation made for the “sudden miracle” that followed. Mr. Lisle Phillips¹⁰ looks upon the Sancta Sophia as a formal criticism, by Greek minds, upon the structural ideas of the whole Roman era—perhaps he is right. At any rate, we have in Justinian’s Church with which, as he said, he had conquered Solomon” a work of pure genius. The Romans had used arch dome and vault, more as structural features than as structural principles. Their domes and vaults of concrete cannot, of course, be regarded as arched *construction* at all. But the builders of Sancta Sophia, seizing upon the structural nature and manifold possibilities of the arch, used it with amazing ease and fertility of ideas. Without many diagrams, it is impossible to give an idea of the perfection with which the principle of the arch—including in that phrase the dome and the vault—is carried out through every part of the building. In unfolding curves, from small domes, semi-domes, and sections of domes, the design mounts in perfect rhythm to that deep central cupola, swung with such airy lightness over the wide spaces of the Church, that it seems, as Procopius wrote, to be suspended from heaven by a golden chain.

In Sancta Sophia for the first time, the arch principle is developed with Greek insight into its essence, with Greek sense of unity in the design to which it is the key, and with results of power and beauty that recall the radiance of Periclean art. The Greek mind, after a thousand years, is reborn eternally the same, its appeal is always to the finest faculties of man. Strip this Church of its precious marbles and mosaics—its essential beauty would be even more apparent. But Sancta Sophia stands alone—the latter Byzantine buildings are not its legitimate heirs.

St. Mark’s, Venice, the type of these, makes its potent appeal less to the intellect than to the senses. This huge cave, hollowed with all its vaults out of dull gold, dim and smouldering with Eastern colour, has a structure which is passive, almost inert, heavy piers and flat concrete domes in place of Sancta Sophia’s leaping curves and floating cupola. It is Roman structure fused with Eastern sentiment, solemn in effect, powerful, obscure, its melancholy seems of the senses, its assuagement is assuredly of the imagination. Through these it appeals to the emotions—to those complex facul-

¹⁰ “Works of Man,” p. 135.

ties that have their life in awe and delight, in foreboding and in love, that respond with incredible swiftness to the mystery of colour and of darkened splendour. The Catholic Church, neither Pagan nor Puritan, but full of a great humanism, has always been ready to admit these influences, and to use them to her own ends.

Romanesque was to expire in giving birth to Gothic, but the process needed five centuries of tentative effort and struggle. Perhaps we may say that the reign of Pope Gregory the Great—the end of the sixth century—marks roughly the transition from Romanesque to something that may be called Pre-Gothic. In France, and especially in a series of Provincial towns beginning with Avignon and ending with Arles, we can watch a progress from debased Roman forms, to a natural style, rich and exuberant, classic in structural features, but full of what we can recognize as a "Gothic" spirit. In Italy, this spirit invaded the North. The South, roughly speaking, followed the Byzantine tradition; Rome, as might be expected, stood like a rock in the midst of shifting tides—unbreakably Roman. Suggested, it may very well be, by structural exigencies which it enabled the builders to meet, the use of the pointed arch caused a revolution in architecture. No change could be well more striking, than that from composed Romanesque to eager Gothic. The arch—say the Arabs—never sleeps, and Gothic pointed architecture is, literally, strength continually in action; "less a style"—says Mr. Lisle Phillips, "than a fight!" There is truth in this. Look at any Gothic Cathedral, and consider how each portion of the structure is really in furious action. The ponderous weight of the roofs, swung sidewise by the thrust of their vaults, threatens to tear the whole structure asunder and is only checked by the pressure of other vaults bearing in an opposite direction. The side Chapels and aisles bear heavily against the forces of nave and chancel. The lofty flying buttresses encounter other thrusts as high, it may be, as the very eaves of the roof, guiding them downward until they meet the earth. The Gothic builders let loose gigantic forces, and dealt with them in broad daylight, without a thought of concealment. Many a Gothic Church seems to be—and is—surrounded by a forest of props. Inside, in a lofty nave and soaring choir, a complexus of stone lines literally *underlines* the structural values of the style. The whole system of sharp divided mouldings, clustered shafts, and vaulting ribs serves to convey to the eye the sense of motion and vitality which are really there, and result from the unquenchable energy of the arch. Towards the end of the twelfth century in England, but earlier in France, there begins the creative epoch of the Northern peoples. We come into the brave, gay, robust life

of the Middle Ages, new nations, new tongues, crusades, chivalry, guilds, the feudal system, the free towns, the preaching Friars. Now the word Gothic is said by recent writers to convey nothing as to the origin of the Gothic style. I believe, on the contrary, that it conveys a great deal—that is if we chose to translate it in the old way by the word “barbarian.” For where the barbarian blood ran strongly, there this great “barbarian” style flourished, and where the ancient “civilized” blood of Rome flowed, there the new style could get no root. This is not to depreciate the glories of Gothic—York and Rheims, Lincoln and Amiens are, of course, supreme achievements—but it is to point out a “difference” in glory. The energy of Gothic structure, the candid imagination of its sculptures, the pure splendours of its painted glass, all these things seem to have upon them the stamp of youth. Now youth, passionate and romantic, cannot properly be said to think—it feels and acts instead. The arch that “never sleeps” is the fit symbol of the northerner who, as the Latin races say, is “never old,” whose blood calls perpetually for some fresh adventure. The cult of the pure idea is not Gothic, still less the contemplation of it. The “golden mean” seemed, in the spare North, merely a confession of poverty. We must not look to Gothic for an appeal to “pure” reason, but we find in it what neither Greek, nor Roman, nor Byzantine can give us. Born of action, it is a call to action; its beauty is—so to speak—dynamic, as of some noble being walking swiftly in the fulness of strength. Is Gothic “Christian”? Undoubtedly it was set up by Christians for Christian uses; but if there is no more than an analogy between the “values” of architecture and those of life, there can be but the shadow of analogy when it comes to a question of the supernatural. Faith, hope and charity are not to be expressed in “high embowered roof and antique pillar massy proof,” though in the pictorial arts—associated with Gothic sculpture and glass—we may find abundant evidence of the devout minds of their makers. By analogy, the dynamic beauty of Gothic structure may suggest to us human striving; we may—if we so chose—go on to think of the soul’s supernatural warfare; but let us beware of pressing such points as these, as they have been pressed, to absurdities.

So far then we have come. We have followed, in thought, the great classical tradition, and seen it break under the onset of the new and vigorous Gothic. It seemed for a time that the old civilization of Europe was to be superseded by another. But Europe was full of Roman blood, the Catholic Church had its centre in Rome; after the long and many-coloured dreams of the Middle Ages, Europe awoke among the currents of the Renaissance. It was a

natural awakening, a natural return to the springs of the ancient culture. If the soil had but lain a little deeper on the Roman ruins, we might have seen the genius of the Latin race working out a style that would have had in it nothing of imitation, however closely akin to that of the classic past. As it was, Renaissance architecture was held in certain bonds; the fervour of the humanists for the "Antique" led, in many directions, to a literal reproduction of it. We may deplore the fact, we may regret that, at this time, Greek influence was not more in the ascendant, but we can afford to ignore these drawbacks. What is of real account in the Renaissance is its cult of ideas, its disinterested passion for art, its science of life, its aim at universality. Men became again, in a noble sense, humanists. There ensued one of those building-periods that seem to come upon the world like the springing of a rich harvest from unsuspected seed, and the centre of all this activity was—Rome. Renaissance Architecture has, essentially, the same qualities as classical architecture, the classical "spirit" being here weaker, there stronger, and of course, everywhere mingled with other influences. The architecture of the first period, that of the Counter-Reformation in Rome,¹¹ from about 1560 to 1625, is one of fine proportions and austere adornment. In 1568, Vignola built, for the Jesuits, the famous Church of the Gesu, and it became a type and model for innumerable others. Structurally, it consists of an extremely wide nave, covered with a barrel vault. In place of aisles are rows of side-Chapels, intercommunicating; the apse is very shallow, and so are the transepts; a dome rises over the point where nave and transepts intersect. It is sober, Roman design, directed to practical needs. Churches were urgently required, and it was desirable that the people should be able to hear sermons, and follow the Liturgy with ease—hence a noble spaciousness, and an altar readily visible from all parts of the edifice. On every available space of apse, dome, and wall, pictures were painted, for the more vivid teaching of religious truth. But, following on this rather Puritan art, came that of the seventeenth century—Baroque. It is a great period, full of original power, full therefore of extraordinary interest. Pope Sixtus V, austere reformer though he was, devoted untold wealth to building; Paul V, Urban VIII, Innocent X, Alexander VII, with more than imperial munificence, "patronized" the arts; to be a competent artist was a passport to their highest favours; in their eyes no splendour was too splendid for the adorning of the "Alma Urbs." There arose a strange new architecture, in which some have seen an

¹¹ Almost all Counter-Reformation Churches were decorated later in the Baroque manner.

attempt to unite northern sentiment with classic thought, which was practised enthusiastically by great men—Bernini, Boromini, Pietro da Cortona—which delighted an age and people steeped in the finest artistic traditions, which had even been called “the architecture of architects,” so great its technical merits. But it has had the misfortune not to please Mr. Ruskin, and is usually judged by standards to which it never tried to conform, and by principle it did not acknowledge. Nevertheless, it was to this music, so to speak, that the Church, now triumphant after the catastrophe of the Reformation, sang her new song, and it behooves us to understand at least what that music was. The Catholic visitor to Italy, above all other men, should endeavour to look at Renaissance art with unprejudiced eyes. Unhappily, if English-speaking, he has, as a rule, taken his opinions wholesale from Ruskin, a bitterly Protestant and fanatically “Gothic” writer, who can find no tolerance at all for the Church who accepted the Council of Trent with one hand, while she put up Baroque buildings with the other. The “foul torrent of the Renaissance,” as he chooses to call it, ruined forever, in his opinion, both art and religion, as well as most other things and people.

Baroque may be named the “architecture of taste,” in this sense—that it founded itself on sheer design. By preference, it used dynamic design, that is, it suggested through its architecture and sculpture, a sense of overflowing vigour and exultant strength. Now design is a matter of rhythm and harmony, that harmony and rhythm which in architecture is well likened to “frozen music.” Construction was taken for granted by the Baroque builders, they did not insist that it should dictate the lines of their symphony; utility was secured, but not the price—so to speak—of an inharmonious chord. Their architecture was vigorous and stable and looked so; but they considered the question of fact and appearance separately. Hence their facades—often marvels of design—which they treated after the fashion of “reredos,” and raised high above the roof of the building whose “front wall” they are. Hence their curves which delight the eye by their grace and variety; hence, too, the “false” windows and imitation of materials. It is the merit of the Baroque architects that they saw clearly the independence of design, and carried to logical conclusions principles really latent in every style. It is probable that few people realize the extent to which they have been admiring what is not admirable, except on “Baroque” principles. The spire of Salisbury Cathedral and the dome of St. Peter’s are examples. The spire, charged with exquisite vitality, springing in long eager lines, tapering to an intense point, delights us by its soaring grace. What is it in reality? An extremely heavy mass of stone, bearing

inertly on its supports, and ultimately on the earth. Every suggestion, conveyed by the design, is contradicted by structural facts. The powerful dome of St. Peter's that so affects us, when seen against a sunset sky, as being the very image of self-contained majesty—what are its structural conditions? The powerful mass is, in reality, weak; it would fall apart, like a ball of earth, were it not pulled violently into shape by the six titanic chains that gird it. We need not elaborate the point. The Baroque builders imitated materials, imitated structures, as in the placing of "false" windows in a facade—and are therefore charged with a singularly evil deceit. Anyone who examines Baroque decorations will feel no doubt of their preference for rich and splendid materials, but with characteristic courage they often refused to spoil a good design for lack of the ideal means to carry it out; nor did anyone, in that age, expect that they should do otherwise. If, for an effect of colour, I require the hue of lapis lazuli, and not having any lapis lazuli, use blue paint, my poverty may be matter for regret, but my artistic purpose may be as well fulfilled. If, to complete the harmony of a design, a window is needed, and a real window is inconvenient, my "false" window answers the purpose I have in view—a finely ordered facade. Truth is largely a matter of convention, but it may be doubted whether any rational person was ever deceived by a "false" window, any more than by the "sham" stone ceilings of vaulted Gothic, which have no connection with the roof. Baroque art, following further the lines of Hellenistic sculpture, wrought marble into the likeness of ecstasy, seized upon drapery as an aide to this, penetrated into the subtleties of motion, arrested and returning—and is abused for not producing the "calm" of the earlier Greek work. It is possible, I think, to see in the life and writings of St. Teresa a powerful influence on the art of the following century, for this art was eminently Catholic, a saint—and preferably a saint in ecstasy—was usually its central conception. Undoubtedly, the Baroque artists were led into excesses that no one is likely to defend, they were under the same temptations as the French "flamboyant" builders; but it is one thing to deplore excess, quite another to deny that there is a legitimate practice. Finally, Baroque art is abused as "Pagan"—a difficult word to deal with. Perhaps the North will always accuse the South of paganism, and will be dubbed in return "barbarian" and "puritan." Perhaps there is always some truth in accusations that are widely made—and therefore in these. But it is worthy of the consideration of Catholics that God chose to plant his Church at a centre of classic Paganism and of Latin culture. Possibly, the dangers arising from its proximity to these are less deadly than

those to be encountered from Northern colds, the chill of Puritanism, and—at least constructive—Jansenism; at any rate it ill befits the Catholic to deplore the plans of Providence in this matter. Rome has spoken—in many a fashion. The main currents of civilization and religion are Roman. Other contributions, Oriental, Gothic, Celtic, enrich, but do not—perhaps never can—constitute the main stream.

The history of Architecture, from about 1625 until well on in the eighteenth century, was simply one of expansion; the Roman style—Baroque—spread over civilized Europe, taking on, of course, local colour and special characteristics, according as it journeyed North or South. Perhaps the easy flamboyance, the flourish and *élan*, of the style provoked a reaction; perhaps men's minds had changed. At any rate, we come to Neo-Classicism; to the beginnings of the Gothic revival in England; to attempts at fusion—"Ancient Architecture restored and improved by a great variety of grand and useful designs, entirely new in the Gothic mode," and "Gothic Architecture improved by rules and proportions."¹² We come to the Romantic movement, which spoke Gothic—alas! with a "revived" accent; finally to the welter, confusion, chaos of taste—any of these words are suitable—that is still with us, and is the occasion of this article.

We have no longer a style, we must choose one. Having chosen one, we must then "reproduce" something or other in it, trying to think with borrowed ideas, and to utter them in a language not native to our tongues. The human race has wandered far. Now, by the rivers of commercialism, it may well sit down and weep, when it remembers—if it ever does remember—Sion. At any rate, it is certain that the "songs of the Lord" cannot be sung in this strange land of our sojourning. So there is but one wisdom open to us—humility. Looking back on the long past, to those days when the vision had not failed and the light was still given, to the creative epochs whose story we have glanced over so hastily, we can recognize that each had its singular beauty; its peculiar fitness as the expression of that eternal truth with which art deals; its own analogical reference to life; moreover its own power over the men who then lived. For Architecture is not only a powerful expression—the most strong and permanent we have,—but a powerful agent also. Building a Church, therefore, we are letting loose a force that will play upon an unmeasured future. We, who have no art, must make profit of our "historical methods"; if we see the style we have

¹² Titles of successive editions of a "Treatise on Architecture," by Batté Langley, an English architect of the 18th century.

chosen in the perspective of history, and in relation to other styles, we shall be saved from the narrowness that believes only in its own preferences. Greek intellectualism, Roman magnificence, Gothic energy, Baroque joy—we need them all. It is our happiness to know, our privilege to understand—if indeed we are still capable of understanding—the sounds of their “frozen music.” There is but one God, but He has many prophets.

MARY G. CHADWICK.

THE CATHOLIC APOLOGIST

V

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST

HAVING firmly established that the New Testament narrative can only be considered as authentic history; we must now pass in review the leading character in that narrative. The whole theme of the New Testament is to tell us about a Man named Jesus Christ. Now it is impossible for the thoughtful student of human nature and human history to overlook Jesus Christ.

Nay! I will say more than this, Jesus Christ is One Who must of necessity arrest the attention of the most careless and casual observer of human events. We must give up the study of humanity altogether, or we must perforce take into account One Who has influenced the course of human history incomparably more than any other amongst the greatest men that have ever lived. It is quite impossible to ignore One Whom thousands of millions of the human race have adored as God! He must be accounted for somehow.

Now, that which before anything else strikes us about Jesus Christ is precisely that He claims to be God. Of this there cannot be the faintest shadow of doubt. When he asks his disciples whom they think him to be, St. Peter answers, "thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God" and Jesus replies to him "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father Who is in Heaven." He says of Himself (John x., 30), "I and the Father are One." Again (John xiv., 9), "he that seeth Me, seeth the Father also." "Do you not believe that I am in the Father and the Father in Me?" Again (John x., 58), "Amen, Amen, I say to you, before Abraham was made, *I am.*" His disciples recognized this claim and adored Him as God (Matt. xiv., 33). "And they that were in the boat came and adored Him, saying: Indeed, Thou art the Son of God." (John xx., 28.) Thomas answered and said to Him: "My Lord and my God." He accepted their adoration. His enemies recognized the claim and sought to kill Him for making it. (John v., 18.) "Hereupon the Jews sought the more to kill Him, because He did not only break the Sabbath, but also said

God was His Father, making Himself equal to God." Again, (John x., 33), "The Jews answered Him: for a good work we stone thee not, but for blasphemy: and because that thou, being a man makest thyself God." Finally they crucified Him for it (John xix., 7). "We have a law and according to our law, He ought to die, because He made Himself the Son of God."

It was scarcely necessary to cite these quotations, for Christ's claim to Divinity is manifest in almost every page of the New Testament. Indeed if we attentively peruse the Gospels we perceive that the entire pose of Jesus Christ is incompatible with anything short of the clear assertion of Deity. There is simply no getting away from the fact that He made clearly and emphatically that tremendous claim.

Now! a man who claims to be God, whereas he is not God, must be one of two things, i. e., either a blasphemous imposter, or else a crazy fanatic, or possibly a combination of both. In our estimate, therefore, of Jesus Christ there are three choices open to us, either he was God, or an imposter, or a visionary. Those who would have it that Jesus was a great and good man, but that he was not God are most ludicrous persons. The man who by an awful blasphemy succeeded in imposing his yoke upon countless millions of his fellow men was certainly great, but the very reverse of good. We may just as well manfully face unavoidable alternatives: if Christ was not God, he was the most impious enslaver of the human spirit that the world has ever known. There is no middle way possible, we must either accept Christ at His own Valuation or repudiate Him altogether.

A study of the character of Jesus Christ as portrayed in the Gospels renders it impossible for us to think that a man who led a life of such unapproachable sanctity, who taught a doctrine both ethical and speculative of such unparalleled sublimity, could conceivably have been an imposter. While the perfect mental balance exhibited on all occasions, even the most trying, a self-possessed calm which remains unruffled before the judgment-seat of Pilate and on the Cross itself, precludes altogether the notion that He was a deluded visionary. The character of Mohammed, the false prophet, cruel, lustful, egotistical and ambitious is quite consonant with, nay! is suggestive of a man in whom was blended the imposter and the fanatic. Not so that of Christ.

Nevertheless, before we render assent to a claim so awful, carrying with it consequences of such tremendous import, we may well demur. We are justified in requiring the surest guarantees. Christ supplies us with them, nor need we do other than point out the credentials to which He Himself appealed.

The first is the argument from prophecy, "Search the Scriptures, for it is them that give testimony of Me." (John v., 9.)

In the long series of the Old Testament prophecies, the dominant note running through the whole harmony is to tell us of the coming Messias.

In the very beginning of Holy Scripture, One is promised who shall reverse the sad work of Adam's sin (Gen. iii., 15).

He will be of the Seed of Abraham (Gen. xxii., 18).

Of the tribe of Judah, to appear soon after the sovereignty shall have definitely passed away from that tribe (Gen. xvi., 10).

Of the house of David. (Eccli. xxiv., 34. Jerr. xxiii., 5. Is. ix., 6-7. Is. xxiii., 6.)

That He should spring from the House of David after that family had fallen from its high estate, accounts for the apparently contradictory prophecies that He should be of royal blood and yet poor and in labours from His youth (Ps. xxxviii., 16).

Moses definitely points Him out as the god-given teacher Whom all must hear (Deut. xviii., 18). Isaias likewise speaks of Him as God's Witness to the people (Is. lvi., 4).

He is to be born of a Virgin (Is. vii., 14).

At Bethlehem (Mich. v., 2.) this prophecy gives us a marvellously clear statement of His divinity "And thou Bethlehem Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda: out of thee shall He come forth unto Me that shall be the ruler of Israel: and His going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity." A child to be born at Bethlehem yet Whose going forth is from eternity. The same stupendous truth is inculcated by the prophet Baruch, who after speaking of the greatness of God and His wonderful created works, concludes, "Afterwards He was seen upon earth and conversed with men." (Baruch iii., 38.) Indeed one of the names given to Him is Emmanuel, "God with us." (Is. vii., 14.)

He would be heralded by a marvellous forerunner. (Mal. iii., 1; Is. xl., 3.)

He would be a great healer and a great teacher; showing a special predilection for the poor and simple. (Is. lxi., 1.)

He would ride triumphantly into Jerusalem, sitting upon an ass. (Zach. ix., 9.)

He would purge the Temple. (Ps. lxxviii., 10.)

He would be betrayed. (Ps. xl., 10.)

And sold for thirty pieces of silver (Zach. xi., 12), the ultimate destination of that thirty pieces of silver is indicated, "Cast it to the potter" ((Zach. xi. 13).

He would be scourged (Is. 1., 6)

And mocked (*Ibid*).

He would be put to death upon the Cross: the circumstances of His death by crucifixion being foretold with minute exactness. (Ps. xxi., Wisd. ii.)

He would be buried in a rich man's tomb. (Is. xi., 10.)

He would rise from the dead. (Ps. xv., 9-10.)

And ascend into Heaven. (Ps. lxxvii., 19. Mich. ii., 13.)

The series of prophecies is like, as it were, an artist painting a portrait, the first few strokes are vague and uncertain, but as the details are gradually filled in the likeness comes out clearer and clearer, until there is no mistaking whom the finished work represents.

These prophecies foretelling far-distant events, which depend not upon iron mechanical laws but upon the free turn of the human will, could only proceed from the Cause of Causes, God Himself. They exactly sketch out the earthly origin, career and end of Jesus Christ; they fit Him and none other. They are, therefore, God's witness to Him as the teacher whom we must hear.

The second guarantee with which Christ furnishes us as to the truth of His teaching, is the proof drawn from His miracles, the last clinching proof being that miracle of miracles, His own resurrection from the dead, which He foretold beforehand. Indeed, He shows all through that He possessed the clearest detailed knowledge of the things that would befall Himself. To these miracles He appeals in proof of His divine Mission, "Though you will not believe Me, believe the works: that you may know and believe that the Father is in Me and I in the Father" (John x., 38). And His final sign "Destroy this Temple; and in three days I will raise it up" (John ii., 19). His enemies evidently clearly understood His meaning, for after His crucifixion they say to Pilate, "Sir, we have remembered that that seducer said, while He was yet alive; after three days I will rise again." (Matt. xxvii., 63.) And yet despite their precautions, He did rise again.

Now! a miracle is a work above or contrary to the accustomed laws of nature performed by God for some specific purpose. Obviously the Creator will not interfere with the natural laws which He Himself has made except for some very good reason. There is a difference between "above" and "contrary to"; it is contrary to the laws of nature that a man four days dead should be called back to life; it is not contrary to the laws of nature that water should become wine, for it is done every year: but it is above the laws of nature that the lengthy process which begins in the roots of the vine and ends when the most has fermented, should be abridged in a moment by a simple volition of the human will.

The Gospel narrative simply teems with mighty miracles wrought by Jesus Christ in testimony of the truth of His word: He caps them all by Himself rising from the dead, thereby visibly demonstrating that He is Supreme Lord of life and death. Here we have clear and unmistakable the witness of God. The unbelieving Jews said that He was a "deceiver" (Matt. xxvii., 63) and that He was "mad" (John x., 20). They were perfectly logical, for no possible alternatives are left open to those who will not believe that He is God. But a deceiver does not lead a life of superlative holiness, and a madman does not always maintain a perfectly balanced mind. Moreover, a deceiver or a madman does not fulfill prophecy, does not work miracles and does not rise from the dead.

I do not mean to say that we can believe in the Divinity of Christ without an act of supernatural faith; but I do maintain that it is an act of faith grounded upon a most solid basis of reasoned conclusions. Whether a man believes or not, he cannot deny, in fact no sensible person ever does deny, that the arguments on which a Christian rests his faith are of prodigious weight. Those who effect to sneer are only empty-headed scoffers who have never studied the question.

The assertion that miracles are impossible is frivolous; that which has happened can happen; if anyone says that the miracles of the New Testament did not happen, that implies that the Evangelists lied wholesale, and then you refer your opponent back to the argument of the previous chapter.

More commonly he will say that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. Then he will proceed to give some other possible interpretation to one or two of the Messianic prophecies, and a possible natural explanation to one or two of the miracles. We will grant that some of the prophecies may have a more immediate, as well as a more remote, interpretation, though many of them, perhaps most of them, could refer only and solely to Jesus Christ. We will likewise grant that some few of the recorded miracles might conceivably have a natural explanation. We could drop them without seriously affecting our proof. The strength of our argument consists in the cumulative weight of all the prophecies plus the cumulative weight of all the miracles. We are not dealing here with chain argument at all. Chain argument is when the conclusion of one piece of reasoning forms the premiss of the next; these lectures are an example of chain argument, though they have also a certain cumulative weight inasmuch as revelation corroborates natural religion. But the arguments with which we establish the reasonableness of yielding assent to the tremendous claim of Jesus Christ is cumulative, one

indication of its truth is added to another until the accumulated weight is overwhelming.

It is like a number of straight lines converging to a single point; the elimination of one or two lines would not seriously weaken its force; rather we should say that so many other converging lines gives a presumption in favour of the one or two more doubtful ones.

If it be urged that there are other religions that lay claim to miracles besides the Christian religion; I would answer first of all, it would be necessary to examine the testimony which can be adduced for them. If this be found sufficient, we may then ask whether there be any good reason for us to suppose that God has intervened by a miracle; St. Thomas Aquinas cites as credible the story of the Vestal Virgin, who, in proof of her chastity, is narrated to have carried up to the Capitol a bottomless pitcher filled with water; the great theologian argues that, although a pagan, there was sufficient reason for God to come to her aid by a miracle to save her honour and her life. If there be no sufficient reason let us remember that we are warned that as God works miracles in support of truth, so it is not beyond the power of evil spirits to produce signs and lying wonders in support of a lie.

We have seen, then, that the proofs adducible in support of Christ's claim that He is very God are amply sufficient to convince the believer and to condemn the unbeliever.

Whosoever believes, experiences that ultimate subjective proof, without which all other arguments, howsoever logically conclusive, are mere matters of the intellect and of themselves alone spiritually valueless. The subjective evidence for the believer is final, he finds that Christ and He only meets the needs of the human soul, it is "the Spirit testifying to our spirit that we are the Sons of God." But this last argument, so conclusive to the believer, can only affect the unbeliever as a psychological phenomenon of which he has no interior experience.

VI

ON THE NATURE OF REVEALED TRUTH

By the elimination of the only other two possible alternatives we have established that Christ's claim to be truly God is a valid claim supported by divine testimony amply sufficient to afford conclusive evidence. We shall henceforward argue from the standpoint of the believer who admits that claim, and to whom therefore the word of Christ is the word of God.

It is necessary at the outset to pass a few remarks anent the nature of revealed truth; what is implied in the bare notion of a revelation

from God, concerning which so much lamentable confusion of thought seems to exist in our own country.

If we examine our own mental equipment we shall perceive that vastly the greater portion of it rests on nothing else but human testimony. All our knowledge of ancient history and nearly all our knowledge of current events has no other foundation whatever. The same with most of our knowledge of the earth's surface; we have no doubt whatsoever that certain places exist, although we have never been there ourselves. Even with regard to the exact sciences it is mostly the same. I wonder how many people have calculated or could calculate for themselves the velocity of light, or the distance of the sun from the earth; yet we accept without demur the figures given us by those whom we deem competent to make such calculations.

How many of those who scoff at divine faith ever reflect that nearly all their own knowledge is mere natural human faith resting upon human testimony?

With regard to matters of knowledge resting upon human testimony, two possible elements of doubt can enter in, the one is wilful deception, the other is honest mistake; a man may be lying or he may believe himself to be telling the truth, while all the time he himself is in unconscious error.

If we can find an authority from which these two possible sources of doubt must of necessity be removed, the statements of this authority are infallibly certain. Such an authority is God, Whose infinite sanctity precludes the possibility of falsehood, and Whose infinite Wisdom precludes the possibility of mistake. Once we are assured that God has spoken, we accept His Word without cavil or criticism; God has said it, therefore it must be true, however far removed from our comprehension.

We have seen in the foregoing chapter that we must admit Christ's claim to be very God; to the believer, therefore, the words of Christ are the words of God, true with the immovable certainty of the Eternal Truth.

We cannot too earnestly insist on this: revealed truth is not a discovery of our own, it is the statement of God: as such it does not admit of opinion or compromise, it must either be accepted or it must be rejected; it is something radically indivisible. you cannot dissect it and say "this I will believe, that I will not believe," if you reject an iota of it, you thereby repudiate the Authority on which it rests: you might just as well reject the lot, it would be far more reasonable and consistent.

We find now-a-days many well-meaning persons who would have

us confine our attention to the moral teaching of Christ and leave the controversial, speculative teaching alone; they rather pride themselves on this attitude and call it being broad-minded: the term feeble-minded would, I think, be more appropriate, for nothing could be more patently absurd. I believe Christ to be God and I accept His word in all things whatsoever as the word of God. How do these no doubt well-intentioned but deplorably incongruous persons look upon Him? Do they think He was God when He said "love your enemies," but not God when He said over bread and wine "This is My Body—This is My Blood." If I did not believe that Christ is God, as I should not accept His speculative teaching, so neither would I submit to His moral code. Why in the world should I? Indeed towards this total rejection of the teaching of Christ, their only logical conclusion, the non-catholic world is steadily drifting. Lutheran Prussia, with no long-standing Christian heredity in its fibre, has already reached the goal; the pace is retarded in protestant England by long centuries of Christianity, which have entered into the very bone of Englishmen; but the tendency is always towards greater and greater emancipation from the yoke of Christ. Perfectly logical! if anything He said was not true, then He was not God, and why on earth should we bow to His yoke?

It must be steadfastly borne in mind that Christ came to teach us religion, that is to say to teach us about God and our relations with Him, how we are to serve Him, what aids He gives us to prosecute that service, what are the rewards of obedience and the punishment of disobedience. He did not come to teach us earthly politics or natural science; about such matters, therefore, we shall only expect of Him the phraseology of His time. Furthermore, with regard to matters of religion, He does not teach us everything that we should like to know, He teaches us as much as He sees it expedient that we should know: we must expect, therefore, to be still confronted with many mysteries which will not be solved in this life.

So far, then, examining the essential qualities of revelation, we perceive (a) that it is sure as God is sure; (b) that it is radically indivisible, being rooted in nothing less than the veracity of God: we cannot pick and choose out of it, we must take it or leave it as a whole; (c) its subject matter is God and our relations with Him to the extent it has pleased Him to reveal them.

It is, furthermore, evident if we examine the words of Christ that He intended His revelation to be for all men whatsoever, and for all future time; He promises everlasting happiness to those who believe and practise His teaching, He threatens with eternal misery those who wilfully reject it.

Now! see what this implies. It is for all men whatsoever, He must therefore have left it upon earth in such a manner that it must be easily accessible to all, whether they be learned or whether they be altogether illiterate, whether they have leisure for research or whether they lead lives of unremitting toil; it must be "a straight way, so that fools shall not err therein." (Is. xxxv., 8.) Secondly, He must have devised some means for preserving it intact and uncorrupted to the end of time. Thirdly, it must be quite clear-cut and definite; if it contains the means whereby I am to obtain everlasting happiness, it must be given me to know quite clearly what those means are, that I may be able to put them in practice: whilst manifestly it would be most unjust to threaten me with eternal damnation for not believing, if I cannot be absolutely sure as to what I have got to believe. An indefinite revelation is no revelation at all, we might just as well be without it, and as for punishing with eternal damnation those who do not believe an indefinite revelation, the notion is simply preposterous: how can you believe, when you do not know what is proposed for your belief?

By analysis, therefore, of revelation in general and the Christian revelation in particular, we perceive six outstanding essential qualities of revealed truth:

- (1) It is infallibly sure.
- (2) It is radically indivisible.
- (3) It concerns directly God and our relations with Him, and only indirectly questions of natural science or politics, etc., insofar as these may encroach upon the domain of religion.
- (4) It must be easily accessible to all sorts and conditions of men.
- (5) It must be preserved incorrupt to the end of time.
- (6) It must be quite clear-cut and definite.

VII

THE CHURCH

We now see the problem which confronted Jesus Christ. He had delivered a revelation to mankind, the fulfillment and completion of the earlier and imperfect revelation of the Old Testament. This new revelation was to constitute from henceforth mankind's true religion, their way of salvation. By this they could escape from the thralldom of sin and secure for themselves spiritual perfection and everlasting happiness in the world to come. It was to be a world-wide religion, to be proclaimed to men of every race, "going to teach all nations." Whosoever determines on an end must employ means proportioned to its attainment.

Christ had, therefore, firstly, to devise a means for securing His revelation from corruption for all time to come, according to His definitely given promise that His word should not pass away; and, secondly, to fashion an instrument for its dissemination throughout the world. Here was a problem which would baffle the resources of any mere man, however great: He, being also God, infinite in wisdom and power, had at His command resources capable of performing the seemingly impossible task.

Let it be remembered that God, acting in human affairs, acts in a manner consonant with human nature; the more so when having assumed a created Manhood, He lives as a Man amongst men. What, then, would appear to ourselves the best way of solving this problem if there were put into our hands limitless power for the execution of our design?

Obviously the only possible way to secure the world-wide dissemination of His religion was the commissioning of emissaries who should act as His ambassadors; this we have proof that He did, saying to them, "He that heareth you, heareth Me, and He that despiseth you, despiseth Me" (Luke x., 16); that is to say, He commissions them to speak in His name and with His authority; indeed, the greatest of His missionaries claims for himself the title of Ambassador of Christ. "For Christ, therefore, we are ambassadors, God, as it were, exhorting by us." (II Cor., v., 20.)

No doubt He might have preserved incorrupt His revelation by placing in the hands of His emissaries a written formula containing that revelation in the simplest possible manner, something after the fashion of a catechism: although it is extremely questionable whether it would be possible to devise a formula so clear and simple as to leave no loophole for misinterpretation by the perverse ingenuity of the human intelligence. Certainly He did nothing of the kind. The only command to commit anything to writing recorded of Him is when, after His ascension, He appeared to St. John in the Isle of Patmos, and said, "What thou seest, write in a book." (Apoc. I-II.) If it be argued that He inspired all the writers of the New Testament, I answer that, although this is undoubtedly true, nevertheless, we cannot assume it at this stage of the argument; and even so, they are not by any means simple catechetical instructions, but on the contrary, often extremely difficult. Experience shows from the almost countless opinions and sects, which are based upon the written word of the New Testament, that these books of themselves alone are not a sufficient vehicle of the divine revelation, they require an interpreter.

The only other possible means by which Christ could have pre-

served His revelation incorrupt to the end of time was by the constitution of a sacred society or Church, which could always pronounce on any question of revealed truth with a living and infallible voice. This is the means most consonant with the customary method of procedure adopted by man: no body of law is left to be interpreted by each individual of the community in the manner most pleasing to himself, chaos would be the result; a set of men are appointed to interpret and administer the law; we are even by a *fiction juris* obliged to assume infallibility, even though we know that mere human judgments cannot be altogether infallible: nevertheless, in the matters in which disputes may arise we are obliged to appoint an umpire, a referee, or some final court of appeal, the decision whereof settles the question irrevocably: it is a sort of legal shadow of infallibility. We cannot confer infallibility, but we have to feign it somewhere or else disputes would be interminable.

If we consult the New Testament we shall perceive that Christ acted in precisely the same manner as we ourselves act under more or less parallel circumstances. We should expect Him to do so; being Man, He will act as men act; being God, He will be able to go further and really confer infallibility, where we can only feign it.

He constitutes a sacred society or Church, appointing in it one of His apostles as the repository of final authority, the last court of appeal, the ultimate decisive voice. "And I say to thee that thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. xvi., 18.) Christ spoke Aramaic, in which tongue the name Peter and the word rock are identical, "thou art Kepha and upon this kepha I will build My Church," even as it is rendered in Greek or Latin the play upon the words is too significant to bear any interpretation but one. There is simply no getting away from it, that either Christ made a calculated misstatement, or else He (a) built a Church, (b) built it on Peter, (c) built it to last for all time. I will say no more on this point here, as my next chapter will be devoted to the question of the Papacy.

To this Church Christ promises the gift of the Spirit of Truth to abide with it for ever: "And I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete that he may abide with you for ever. The Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not nor knoweth him: but you shall know him; because he shall abide with you, and shall be in you . . . But the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you." (John xiv., 16, 17, 26.) Now, I

ask: if this definite promise of the Spirit of Truth abiding with His faithful followers for ever, bringing to their mind all things whatsoever He has taught, does not imply the conferring upon His Church infallibility to preserve it from error in the teaching of His revelation, what does it mean? Can it mean anything else?

Furthermore, the first essential quality of truth is that it is One, concerning anything whatsoever, the colour of a ribbon, the weight of a stone, the breadth of a table, you have a limitless choice of errors, but only one truth; as the poet says "truth is one and error manifold." The Church of Christ, therefore, the accredited custodian of His revelation, must in the nature of things be One: "One Lord, one Faith," and such He promises that it shall be: "And not for them only do I pray, but for them also that through their word shall believe in Me: that they all may be one, as thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me, and the glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given to them: that they may be one, as we also are one: I am in them and Thou in Me; that they may be made perfect in one: and the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved Me." (John xvii., 20-23.) Here we have a distinct, definite and unconditioned promise that His true followers shall be One, with a visible organic unity modelled on the divine unity itself, a unity so apparent and so marvellous that it shall be a living testimony to the divine origin of the Church.

Let it be steadfastly borne in mind that these are the promises of Incarnate Deity, Who will not promise what He does not intend to perform, and Who is able to perform what He promises. Not like the promises to the Jews of old which were conditioned, to be fulfilled if they were faithful but to give place to the most awful chastisements if they proved unfaithful; these promises which Christ makes to His Church are clear, definite and unconditioned.

As the duly accredited custodian and exponent of the revelation delivered by Jesus Christ, we have, then, to look for a Sacred Society or Church, which bears the following characteristics:

(a) It must be His Church. Any church of which you can point out the founder subsequent to Jesus Christ is discredited.

(b) It must be built on Peter.

(c) It must be world-wide in name, in aspiration and in fact. Any church, the name whereof indicates that it was founded as a local or national institution is hereby discredited.

(d) It must claim infallibility in matters of revelation: speaking with the authority of the Spirit of Truth.

(e) It must be visibly and organically one body holding one faith.

(f) It must be living and indestructible.

This, therefore, is the middle term or term of comparison given us by Jesus Christ by which we may know His true Church: His own foundation, built on Peter, Catholic, Infallible, One, Indestructible.

Very well! Of any church except the Catholic and Roman Church, I can name a founder subsequent to Jesus Christ: everybody knows which is the Bark of Peter, no church but the Roman Catholic ventures so much as to claim the title: no other church is in the same sense Catholic in name, in aspiration and in fact, to be found everywhere, embracing, as it does, men of every race and colour and tongue and clime: no other church, unless perhaps it be the Greek Orthodox, dares to claim infallibility for its dogmatic decisions: the Roman Catholic Church is indeed visibly and organically one body, holding One Faith: after twenty centuries of existence not all the power of the Gates of Hell have achieved its destruction, it is with us today in unimpaired vitality, active and vigorous as ever.

Twice in a newspaper controversy, I put the matter thus: if Christ did not found the Roman Catholic Church, then someone else did, I challenged anyone to name the founder, as I could name the founder of any other church they liked to mention: again, if the Roman Catholic Church were not the Church builded by Christ on Peter, to endure for all time, then some other was, would anyone point it out to me. If anyone would do these two things I promised at once and on the spot to transfer my allegiance. But I was not prepared to give the lie direct to Incarnate Deity by implying that He did not build upon Peter an infallible and indestructible Church.

Like the oysters of "Alice in Wonderland," "Answer came there none."

REV. P. M. NORTHCOTE.

(To be continued)

MORENO, THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT OF ECUADOR

II

THE people of Ecuador, indignant at the conduct of Urbina in causing the exile of Moreno, at once elected him to the Senate. Urbina was far from relishing the idea of the new Senator's return from exile and taking his seat, but when Congress convened, Moreno entered the Senate chamber and was immediately arrested, in spite of the law forbidding the arrest of a Senator while the Senate was in session. Urbina cared very little for the laws of his country as long as he held the reins of government, so Moreno was conducted to the coast, and placed on a ship bound for Peru.

After spending some time in exile, and seeing no immediate prospect of a change of conditions in his native land, Moreno sailed for Paris. Here, he devoted his time to his favorite studies, natural sciences, to the practice of his religious duties and to watching the course of events in Ecuador. These events were far from encouraging, as Urbina's tyrannical sway was rapidly producing the only results that could be expected—a lawless administration of affairs, an empty public treasury, and a down-trodden and suffering population. Of course, the Church was Urbina's greatest stumbling block, and availing himself of an old and unfounded charge against the Church and the Religious Orders, and making a pretense of the insufficiency of accommodations for his soldiers, he found the most convenient way to remedy their condition was to expel the regular clergy and transform their monasteries into barracks for his soldiers. The secular clergy fared little better, as their seminaries were invaded and an attempt was made to secularize them by the forced introduction of radical professors. The protest of the University at government interference, unlawful as it was, resulted in its being immediately invaded, and some of the chairs conferred upon incompetents favorites of the tyrant.

It may be asked how such a state of things could be tolerated in a country under a constitutional government, but we must not lose sight of the fact that the members of Congress were not the representatives of the people, but the paid tools of Urbina, made after

his own image and likeness, while the press of the larger cities was openly and shamelessly subsidized.

As the time for a Presidential election drew near, it became known that Flores was in Peru where he had organized a large army and was contemplating the invasion of Ecuador. Urbina realized his danger, and began a persecution of all citizens suspected of favoring the cause of Flores. The aged, the soldier, the general, the citizen, all sorts and conditions of men were ruthlessly taken from their beds at night and sent to prison or into exile.

In spite of all his intrigues Urbina was defeated at the next election. Before retiring from office he published a report in which he set forth all the *benefits* he had conferred on his country. These "benefits" were summed up by a Chilean orator as follows: "Nothing but revolutions; civil and foreign wars; men fighting one another for the spoils of their victims; continued persecution of the Church and the sacrilegious usurpation of its property; the proscription of its ministers and the profanation of its temples; the banishment of its best and most loyal citizens; the nation's bankruptcy and its commerce destroyed; public instruction transformed into corrupting poisons; every form of vice committed openly and unblushingly; in a word, the reign of iniquity in all its terrors."

Everything seemed lost, but God Who invisibly directs the affairs of men, came to the rescue.

Urbina's unhallowed administration came to an end, and he was succeeded by Roblez, who one month after his election yielded to the public clamor and repealed the edict of exile enacted by his predecessor. A "safe conduct" was guaranteed to Garcia Moreno, and his long and painful exile of three years enabled him to return to his native land and to the bosom of his family. His entry into Quito was hailed with the greatest joy and enthusiasm. Honors were heaped upon him; he was immediately appointed alcalde, an office equivalent to that of judge of the highest court. Next, he was made President of the University, an office which involved no little responsibility, as he had to undo the work of his predecessor, remove incompetent and undesirable professors and replace them by competent and honorable men, and the changing of the curriculum from a radical and infidel one into one recognizing the moral law.

Garcia Moreno realized that a change in the government was an absolute necessity if Ecuador was to hold an honorable place in the sisterhood of nations. The approaching Congressional elections opened a way in that direction, and he felt it his duty to offer himself as a candidate for a seat in the Senate. After a fierce contest with the followers of Urbina, in which every right of the voter was

violated and troops placed near the polls to intimidate the voters, on the 15th of September, 1857, Garcia Moreno took his seat in the Senate chamber amid the enthusiastic applause of his fellow citizens.

When President Roblez's term expired he issued a grandiloquent manifesto in which he reviewed all the benefits which his administration did *not* confer upon the country. This was followed by a noisy session of the National Assembly, after which it was hoped things would settle down and that the good-natured and easy-going public would return to its normal and sleepy condition, prepared to suffer any act of oppression that might be visited upon them. But the new Senator did not belong to the sleepy class. He immediately set about remedying existing evils to the best of his ability. The poor Indian was relieved of the oppressive taxation which had kept him in continual poverty; the rights of the Church were restored as far as circumstances permitted, because it must be remembered that Ecuador was sorely beset by the interference of secret societies which infested its borders from Peru and Colombia.

Moreno spent the next fifteen years in battling for the cause of justice. Amid the storms of civil and foreign wars he served his country by his work, his pen and with his sword. In 1861, after a stormy campaign, Moreno was elected President of Ecuador. "Nothing succeeds like success," and the news of his election was hailed throughout the land with the most enthusiastic applause. His religious sentiments were recognized as on the feast of Our Lady of Mercy, the Republic was placed under her patronage.

The new President was anxious to give his country a Christian and Catholic constitution, as the only means of suppressing vice and political abuses; he wished to give a solid education to the rising generation; to protect the religion of the ancestors of his people and to re-establish honorable relations between his government and that of neighboring nations.¹ But prudence told him that it was not wise, under existing conditions, to antagonize incompetent legislators who were incapable of appreciating his designs, so he contented himself with liberating the Church from the burdens which weighed upon it. He obtained from Congress the reorganization of the financial system; the proper conduct of public instruction and the construction of a suitable public highway between Quito and Guayaquil. He also succeeded in removing from public offices all unnecessary employes and in the enactment of laws calculated to place the country on a firm financial basis. The settlement of the financial question was an item that met with no little opposition on the part of

¹ Message of 1861

those who had been accustomed to living at public expense and doing nothing in return for their salaries, but they were obliged to submit.

The country, for years, had been groaning under the sway of militarism. The army had, up to this time, monopolized everything within its reach. This, too, had to be reformed. "An army so constituted," he said, "is a canker which eats into a nation. I shall reform it or I shall abolish it," and he accomplished his purpose in a most summary manner. Revolutionists sought to oppose him and to conspire against him, and, as "desperate cases require desperate remedies," he did not hesitate to use them in dealing with both high and low. "Shoot me," cried the infuriated Ayarza, "an old general is not to be scourged." But Moreno's reply was: "Powder and shot are not to be wasted on traitors." At the solicitation of some of his friends Moreno remitted part of the punishment, and when his sincerity was commented upon, he replied that it was time for the civil law to replace the law of militarism. "My head may be nailed over the gates of the city, but the army must be reduced to order and cease plundering honest and industrious people." Subdued by this iron will, the army was soon brought to order.

The government and the army were made to realize that abuse of power and profiteering were no longer to be tolerated. Moreno now found himself in a position which enabled him, in a measure, at least, to lay the foundation of the Christian constitution he had long desired to give his country.

The prime object of the revolutionists had been to secularize and un-Christianize education, and we know what that means here, in our own country. Moreno lost no time in making education Christian, as we have already shown in the first part of this article, and his appeal to the religious orders for their assistance in this work, as well as in the case of hospitals and prisons, was most pathetic. Public roads across the mountains opened up means of transportation and facilitated the commerce of the country from one extreme to the other.

This is no time to tell of the numerous plots for the invasion of Ecuador, planned by Mosquera and his "pal," Urbina, of the successful frustration by Garcia Moreno and finally of the excommunication of Mosquera, who came to realize, at last, the words of Holy Writ: "Terrible is the judgment of those who abuse through power." Nor can we dwell upon the various revolutions which for years reddened the soil of the South American Republics and so seriously impeded the progress of Ecuador.

Let us take a glance at the history of Ecuador from 1869 to 1875. When the Presidential election of 1869 was approaching,

Moreno decided to withdraw from public life, feeling that no effort on his part could convince the stupid irreconcilables that he was working for the benefit of his country, and not for his own ends, as they had been doing.

A delegation of the friends of true liberty waited upon him and besought him not to lay down the reins of government. They appealed to him as the only man in the country who could save it. They implored him not to abandon the cause of justice and of human rights. Moreno held out for a time, and finally, with great reluctance, yielded to their solicitations and consented to run for the Presidency.

In spite of the machinations of the Orient, when election day came Moreno was re-elected by a large majority. On assuming office for the second time, Moreno determined to realize his idea of Christian civilization. He had to face a shameless, an unappreciative opposition and he had the courage to do so. He accepted the office thrust upon him with the firm purpose of restoring the Kingdom of God and His Justice and give his country a Christian constitution, and he realized that, in order to do this, he must lay the axe at the root of the baneful institutions planted by his infidel predecessors. On the 12th of February, only a short time after his inauguration, he suppressed the University of Quito which had long been the hot-bed of the "liberal" doctrines which were the ruin of the souls of the students. In his message to the people he declared that under his predecessor, this institution had been "the cause of the perversion of the youth of Ecuador." By another decree he closed the college at Cuenca, "another pest seat of immorality." The Orient, he thought, when in power, were anxious to destroy Christian education, and logically, it could find no fault with him for making education Christian. The liberals had succeeded in having all cases regarding the clergy placed under the jurisdiction of the civil courts. Moreno believed that a "free church was a pure church," and restored the jurisdiction of ecclesiastical affairs to the control of the Bishops.

So decided a change in the national government could not fail to disconcert, and it was followed by an attempted revolution under General Ventimilia, a bosom friend of Urbina, and the inveterate enemy of Moreno, but it was soon suppressed and Ventimilia's life paid the penalty of his temerity.

In a message to the Assembly Garcia Moreno, after stating his position, declared that "civilization, the fruit of Catholic teaching, becomes degenerated and decayed in proportion to the manner in

which it alienates itself from sound Catholic principles. From this follows the weakening of character, the real and endemic malady of our age. Happily, we have, until now, recognized the fullest freedom of opinion, the sole bond that a nation divided by party interests, and by races and provinces, but this recognition, purely nominal, leaves the door open to all attacks against the Church. Between a people prostrate before the altar of the true God and the enemies of our holy religion, we must erect a wall of defense, and it is this that I propose to do as an essential step toward the reformation in our projected new constitution," and he did it.

When his term of office came to an end, and he declared his intention to retire into private life, the Assembly would not listen to the idea of his withdrawal. Under existing conditions, they argued, to refuse the chief magistracy was to incur the responsibility for all the evils and misfortunes this refusal would entail upon the nation. Such a course was no longer a virtue but a grievous error. Moreno realized all this, and also that the revolutionists would charge him with breaking his word to retire, as it was impossible for them to understand the meaning of patriotism and self-sacrifice.

All the same, on July 29, the Convention assembled in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers and after assisting at a Solemn High Mass, proceeded to the election of a President of the Republic. Garcia Moreno was unanimously elected, with the exception of one vote.

It was thought that Moreno would yield to this national demonstration of confidence in his administration, but Moreno was inflexible, and the Convention was equally so, "inasmuch," it maintained, "that his services seemed indispensable in consolidating order and peace and in launching the Republic in the way of real and lasting progress."

Carrajal, the chairman of the Convention, communicated to Garcia Moreno the decision of the Convention, and he was obliged to recognize the fact that "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" Thus it came to pass that on July 30, surrounded by the civil and military authorities of the Republic, the new President repaired to the Cathedral and before the altar of God took the oath of office.

The first efforts of the new President were employed in drafting a new constitution providing, among other things, for the manner of electing future Presidents, fixing the term of office at six years. A second term was permitted, but no more. The civil and religious affairs of the country were clearly defined, their rights fully recognized, but the one was not to infringe upon the other."

In spite of the efforts of this model President to raise his country

to the highest degree of civilization, there was always, as in our own country today, men seeking the overthrow of all law and order. In 1869 the revolutionists conceived the idea of an insurrection to be followed by the assassination of the President, and in the early part of December a party of misguided youths under the leadership of one Manuel Conejo, planned an uprising and the murder of Garcia Moreno. Providence interfered, and their plans failed. One of the conspirators, conscience-stricken, betrayed his associates, a number of whom were arrested and dealt with according to their merits. Conejo, unfortunately, escaped to Peru where he published a number of scandalous pamphlets against Moreno.

Notwithstanding the stormy days which masked his administration, Moreno was not to be diverted from his long-cherished designs.

Among the first cases of the President was to provide for the abject poverty of a large number of his people. Among the unhappy conditions prevailing in Ecuador was the abject poverty, the absolute pauperism of many of its people, resulting from overtaxation, militarism and frequent revolutions which paralyzed commerce and agriculture. Add to this the natural indolence of the people, and we can understand a poverty so degrading as to lead to vice and crime.

Moreno set to work to ameliorate the conditions of the poor, and his first attention was given to its innocent victims. The orphan, deprived of home and parental care, must be provided for, and two orphan asylums were opened at Quito, followed by others at Guayaquil and Cuenca. Houses of the Good Shepherd opened their doors to unfortunate and misguided girls. These institutions, we shame to tell, after the death of Moreno, were invaded by lawless men and the inmates liberated and urged to resume their dissolute lives. Much-needed reforms were effected in the condition of the prisons and in the treatment of the prisoners. On one occasion Moreno visited the Hospital of the Lepers. The inmates complained to him that their food was not what it should have been. The President inquired into the merits of the case and instructed those in charge to remedy the cause of complaint. On a subsequent visit, braving all thought of contagion, Moreno sat down at the table of these unfortunates, shared their meal with them and assured them that his own private table was not so well supplied as was theirs.

The condition of the poor Indians did not escape the President. Near the Brazilian frontier, some 200,000 were living in the forests. They were, for the most part, nomads; some gentle and simple in

their habits; others cruel and warlike. These and other thousands of poor Indians were placed under the care of the Jesuit Fathers, who were to evangelize, to open schools and colleges at suitable times and centres, and to bring idolators into the fold of Christianity.

In 1864, Father Pizzaro, S. J., Vicar Apostolic, had, with his band of missionaries, evangelized the people dwelling along the banks of the Napo, when one day, the accomplices of Maldonado, Jaramilla and other miscreants who had been banished from Ecuador for their conspiracies and plottings against law and order, invaded this peaceful region, fell upon the Jesuit mission houses, put the missionaries in chains, assaulted them, destroyed their chapels, desecrated the sacred vessels, and committed other outrages that an honest pen refuses to record. The missionaries were driven to the Peruvian frontier, dragging their chains after them and forced into canoes which were to take them to their destination. The frightened Indians looked on in terror and amazement, and with tearful eyes besought the parting blessing of the holy men who had been their benefactors.

But events like this did not dampen the zeal of Garcia Moreno. Missions were established in all parts of the Republic, schools and colleges provided for the education of the aborigine as well as for the youth of his conqueror, and an iron hand was laid upon all who attempted to deprive him of his legitimate rights. The progress of civilization and religion became such that Garcia Moreno could say, "God blesses us, for our country progresses with real progress; we see on all sides reform in morals, due to the work of the Jesuits, Dominicans, Redemptorists, and other Orders who give valuable aid to our zealous secular clergy. Countless is the number of the faithful who, during the past Lent, attended to their religious duties.

It is not to be supposed that the temporal interests and progress of the republic were in any way lost sight of. After ten years of persevering struggle the President gained the ascendancy. Defeated at Guayaquil, Quito and Cuenca, the revolutionists realized the fact that the people joined the government in exterminating anarchism, and their leaders took the road to Peru and New Granada, awaiting until the time became more favorable for the machinations of the Orient.

In Ecuador, as in other lands, our own not excepted, there is a class of people who beguile themselves with the idea that the revolutionist is progressive, and that religion is a drawback, but the progress of education made at Quito and other parts of the republic,

has demonstrated two facts : First, that during half a century of missions the revolution succeeded in accomplishing nothing, neither in the way of elementary or high schools: Secondly, that during six years of his administration Moreno succeeded in lifting his country out of the most profound intellectual darkness to the most resplendent light. More significant still is the fact that after the assassination of the President who had done so much for his country, the Revolutionists, when again in power, plunged the country into its primitive chaos. The Jesuits of the polytechnic school were forced to carry their learning and experience to more appreciative lands, and it was not long before, in the words of a noted professor of anatomy, "we saw, with profound sorrow, their laboratories, so well provided with all that was necessary for their efficiency : their apparatus, their various instruments, all destroyed and covered with a heavy layer of dust." The memory of Garcia Moreno will always prove a protest against the oft-repeated and mendacious cry : "The Church impedes the progress of Science, and the Revolution alone fosters it."

We have endeavored, in this brief and inadequate sketch of a Christian statesman, to show that mere human aims are not, in themselves, sufficient to secure the happiness and welfare of a nation. We see evidence of this in the condition of the world today. Garcia Moreno realized all this and in a letter to Pope Pius IX, near the last days of his life, this model President said : "I deserve no reward, and have greater reason to fear that God will hold me accountable for the good I might have done with His assistance, and which I have left undone. Vouchsafe, most Holy Father, to implore His forgiveness in my behalf and to save me despite my shortcomings. May God enlighten and guide me and grant me the grace to die in the service of His Holy Church. Inspired with this sentiment I beg Your Holiness' blessing once more for our Republic, for my family and for my unworthy self. With it I feel an increase in my confidence in God, the Saviour of all strength and endurance."

Sentiments such as these were little calculated to gain the confidence or good-will of the element of Latin Masonry that had always been the bane of every country in which it gained a foothold and which has kept Spanish America in the backward position in which it is today.

The radical press renewed its vile attacks upon the only man in the country who was able to realize the meaning of civilization and progress. Garcia Moreno, full of that confidence in God that never fails, continued his work, paying little attention to the storm that

was gathering over his head. In a private interview with his friend, the editor of the *Nacional*, he said: "When I consented to go into political life I conceived that the republic wanted to enter upon an era of real prosperity and, in that case, it required a wise and just administration of its affairs. It needed a period of reaction, of reorganization and of consolation. My first term of office was a sort of reaction against the evils that weighed upon the country; evils which had penetrated into the very core of civic bodies. I had, much to my regret, to resort to severe means to redress them. My second term was devoted entirely to organization, did not require violent measures, and even my enemies have been obliged to recognize the moderation which I have been permitted to exercise in the discharge of my duties. If Divine Providence does not ordain otherwise, the present term of my administration will be one of consideration. The people, accustomed to order, to the blessings of peace, will enjoy greater liberty under a paternal and benevolent government. The future of our blessed country being their reward. I shall return to private life with the sweet satisfaction of having saved my country and finally of having placed it on the highway to progress and true greatness."

But, God's ways are not our ways, and in His inscrutable designs, the dreams of the great administrator were not to be realized. The Orient was at work. Its official organ, the *Gazetta*, continued to publish a series of articles, the full purpose of which was evident to those who knew how to read between the lines. Neontalvo was the prime mover in the conspiracy which was hatching and his lieutenants were Roberto Andrade and Manuel Conejo. The tendency to violence grew from day to day, and Garcia Moreno was warned by his friends of the impending danger. To a Prelate who said to him: "It is an open secret that the Masonic lodges have decreed your fate; that the assassins are sharpening their daggers: do take some measures for your safety." "What would you suggest?" replied Moreno. "Surround yourself with a bodyguard." "And who will vouch for the fidelity of the guard? They may be corrupted. I prefer to put myself in God's holy keeping," and then he quoted the words of the Psalmist: "*Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat qui custodit eam.*"

Under the influence of these gloomy forebodings, this Christian Chief Magistrate wrote to Pope Pius IX: "I implore, Most Holy Father, your apostolic benediction. . . . Now that the lodges in our neighboring republics, urged on by Germany, are belching forth the violent accusations and the most horrible calumnies against

me, I am more than ever in need of Divine protection to enable me to live and die in defense of our holy religion and of the country that God has called me to govern. What greater happiness could be mine, Most Holy Father, than to be detested and calumniated because of my love for Our Blessed Redeemer? But what greater happiness it would be if your benediction were to obtain for me the grace of shedding my blood for Him, Who being God, was willing to shed His blood for us on the Cross?"

We cannot dwell upon the numerous and unceasing workings of the conspirators in their secret lodge rooms. To all the warnings Moreno received, his only reply was: "I am in the hands of God. His holy will be done."

On the 6th of August, the feast of the Transfiguration of Our Blessed Lord, at six o'clock in the morning, as was his custom, Moreno went to the Church of St. Dominic to hear Mass. It happened that this day was also a "First Friday," a day devoted to the Sacred Heart. With many others in the congregation, the President received Holy Communion, which in his case was received as Viaticum, and his thanksgiving, after Mass, was longer than usual.

The conspirators, among whom were not a few members of the Peruvian Embassy, had dogged him since early morning. They found the moment for their bloody work unpropitious, because of the number of people leaving the Church and loitering around the Plaza, so they were obliged to delay it.

Moreno went home and spent a short time with his family. At one o'clock he started for the Assembly Hall with his annual message under his arm. It was, indeed, his last will and testament. One of his intimate friends said to him: "You had better not go out; you know that your enemies are lying in wait for you." His only reply was: "My fate is in the hands of God. I am in His hands in everything and in every way."

As he pursued his way, the conspirators, under Polanco, emerged from a nearby café and took the places assigned to them behind the columns of an adjacent building. The President stopped on his way to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament which was exposed in the Cathedral for the adoration of the faithful. Impatient at his delay, Rayo, one of the conspirators, sent a message to the President, telling him that he desired to speak to him without delay. When the latter appeared, Rayo drew a cutlass from under his cloak and dealt the President a deadly blow. "Vile assassin," exclaimed Moreno, and while endeavoring to draw his revolver, Rayo

dealt him another blow with his cutlass. The other conspirators discharged their revolvers. Rayo, as he again used his bloody cutless, cried out: "Die, you enemy of your country!" Moreno's only reply was: "I may die, but God never dies."

It would be a difficult task to attempt to describe the excitement caused by the report of the firearms. Members of the Assembly barricaded the doors of the building, fearing that another revolution had broken out; people hurried to the scene of the tragedy; priests hastened from the Cathedral to administer the last rites of the Church to the victim they loved so well and served so faithfully, and women filled the air with their lamentations, while the vile assassins, taking advantage of the confusion, made their escape. The President was unable to speak, but the gentle glance he bestowed upon the priest proved that he was still conscious, and he received the last Absolution. His bleeding corpse was borne to the Cathedral and deposited at the feet of Our Lady of the Seven Dolores, until further arrangements could be made.

In the meantime a scene of the wildest excitement was being enacted in the Plaza Major. After the murder all the assassins disappeared except Rayo, who had been wounded by a stray shot from the revolver of one of his companions. He was surrounded by an infuriated crowd. A soldier who had just arrived from the barracks, was so indignant at the sight of the murderer that he bade the crowd to stand back, and when they did he discharged his rifle upon the misguided Rayo and killed him on the spot. On his body was found checks on the Bank of Peru, unquestionable evidence that the lodges were not lacking in generosity to their Judases for their secret plottings.

As soon as the death of the President became generally known, the whole population of Guayaquil became a great family in mourning. The official journal declared that "this horrible tragedy, instead of inciting to revolution, as the assassins had expected, had a contrary effect. Under the weight of the great sorrow that was injected upon the nation, all work was suspended, all lips were shut and all hearts were broken. The Vice-President of the Republic was proclaimed head of the government, and in a circular addressed to the governors of the provinces he ordered that no means be left untried to secure the murderers. In his address to the army he appealed to their devotion to the immortal Chief they had just lost. "Officers and soldiers," he said, "hands still red with the blood of your martyred leader may unfurl to you another flag from that of religion and country, but you will not be unmindful of the

teachings of your late Commander; you will remain faithful to the laws of honor and true patriotism. My brave soldiers, raise your eyes to heaven and see, on the brow of him whom you mourn the glorious crown of the martyr, and now to defend the institutions for which he sacrificed his life."

The executive decree for the obsequies of the President contained these words: "Whereas, The Most Excellent Don Gabriel Garcia Moreno was one of the greatest men that America has produced, and by his important reforms, the patriotic author of the prosperity enjoyed by the Republic; that his premature death will be to all our people a subject of unending sorrow; that nations are in duty bound to honor men who are generous to consecrate their lives to the services of their country; the obsequies of the Most Excellent Garcia Moreno will be solemnly celebrated in our Metropolitan Church. On the catafalque shall be inscribed these words: 'To the regenerator of his country; to the invincible defender of the Catholic Faith.'"

On the day of the funeral the body of the late President rested on a magnificent catafalque erected in front of the main altar in the Cathedral, and exposed to the view of the thousands who passed by it with tearful eyes and bowed heads. In due time the Archbishop appeared, surrounded by his clergy, the heads of the government, the civil and military authorities. They took the places assigned to them and the Solemn Mass of Requiem began. The members of the assembled masses was redoubled when Father Vincent Cuesta, Dean of the Cathedral of Riobambray and Senator, expressing the general sentiment of the mourners, applied to the modern Judas Machabeus, the words of Holy Scripture so appropriate to the occasion. "And all the people of Israel bewailed him with great lamentation and they mourned for him many days and said, How are the mighty fallen that saved the people of Israel?" "If silence," said the preacher, "is the expression of deep sorrow when it is the result of a private affliction, so much the greater is it when caused by one of those terrible calamities which sometimes befall a nation. What can I say to you, my brethren, on this most sorrowful occasion, in the presence of the remains of this illustrious Chieftain whose fruitful life will be an eternal memory in the annals of Ecuador? O God of Nations, why hast Thou permitted the guardian of Thy missions; the defender of Thy Church, the pride of Thy people, to fall thus suddenly bathed in his own Blood? O God, prostrate before Thy infinite majesty, we can only adore Thy inscrutable designs. Thou didst give him to

us and Thou has taken him away, blessed be Thy holy name and may Thy will be done. We shall stifle in our hearts all feelings of vengeance. We will not even say to the assassins: 'Caius, what have you done with the blood of this just man?' "

We cannot give this eulogy in full. Suffice it to say that it was a fitting tribute to the departed worth listening to by a vast and sobbing congregation.

Rumors of uprisings by the lodges were rife throughout the capital and the body of the martyred hero was deposited in a vault, the location of which was carefully concealed from the public, until such times as it was thought prudent to deposit it as it merited.

Some of the assassins were secured and dealt with according to law. The National Congress, at its next session, passed resolutions expressing its profound appreciation of the services of the late President and its sorrow at his tragic end. The people of Ecuador saw the crowning glory placed upon their martyr's tomb not only by the people over whom Providence had called upon him to rule, but by all civilized nations, and eulogies were heard in all the South American Republics, now that he was no longer an obstacle in the path of the revolutionists. Pope Pius IX had Solemn Requiem Masses offered up for the repose of the soul of his loyal son after the manner in which they are celebrated for those privileged sons of the Church who have deserved well of her. Italian Catholics, with the approval and co-operation of the Sovereign Pontiff, erected a monument to the memory of Garcia Moreno on the grounds of the Pio-Latino Americano College, in Rome, on the sides of which we read the following inscription:

"Religionis, integerrimus custos,
Auctor studiorum optimorum,
Obsequentissimus in Petri sedem,
Justitiæ cultor, scelerum vindex."

Another inscription goes on to tell the deep sorrow felt by the Catholics of the world for the demise of this model ruler:

"Gabriel Garcia Moreno
Summus Republicæ Quitensis,
In America Præses
Impia manu
Per prodicionem interemptus,
Nonis Aug. a. MDCCCLXXV.
Cujus virtutem
Et gloriosæ mortis causam

Admiratione et laudibus
Divi casus atrocitatem
Boni omnes prosecuti sunt
Pius IX Pont. Max
Pecunia sua
Et plurim. Cathol. collatione
Egregie
De ecclesia et Republica merito."

The events which followed the death of Garcia Moreno do not belong to this article. Our sole purpose has been to call the attention of our readers to the fact that a truly Christian ruler is possible if the people he is called upon to govern are ready to receive him and sustain him by staying the hand of the revolutionist, and, in our own country, by staying the hand of the unprincipled and avaricious politician. Until this comes to pass, the people of God will wander over the ruins of Jerusalem and with tears in their eyes, cry out: "Our leaders have led us to perdition because they refused to heed the voice of Religion and to walk in the steps of such leaders as Garcia Moreno."

May his memory linger in our hearts as that of a man who was the champion of the faith, and to whom may be applied the words of the Church in regard to the holy martyr St. Thomas of Canterbury: *Pro Ecclesia gladius impiorum occubuit.*

MARC F. VALLETTE, LL.D.

IN NATURE'S REALM

A BLACKBIRD PIE

"The blackbirds jangle in the tops
Of hoary-antlered sycamores."

—William Dean Howells ("The Song the Oriole Sings")

WHEN the continental poets write of "The Blackbird," they mean that very musical member of the Thrush Family, four-and-twenty of which were once baked in a pie and came up singing,—to their eternal fame. For ever since appreciative poets have been singing the praises of this most lyrical bird.

When, on this side of the water, the Blackbird arouses poetical comment, any one of several species may be meant, all members of the Troupial Family. Indeed, Troupial should be the name of the individuals as well as of the family, for though they may be black or not, as they choose to go dressed, they are all troupials in the fullest sense of the word, in flocks wherever they go:

"And driving clouds of blackbirds wheeled around."

—Alexander Wilson.

By the term "blackbird, we Americans usually mean the Grackle, or Crow Blackbird, the first name coming from the Latin *graculus*, jackcaw, and the second name from the general resemblance to the crow, in color, build and gait. Only two species of Grackle are common in the East, but individuals of all the different species abound in the Southern and Western States,—Brewer's, or Blue-Headed, the Boat-Tailed, Fan-Tailed, and so on.

One of these eastern birds is the Rusty Grackle, or Thrush Blackbird, for though in summer the male bird is a lustrous black with green metallic reflections on back and head, in the fall, winter and early spring the flocks of young and old alike, of both sexes, are a very rusty brown. Thoreau has a note on the bird:

"(April 9, 1855, 5¼ A. M.)—To Red Bridge just before sunrise. Hear the coarse, rasping cluck or chatter of crow blackbirds, and distinguished their long, broad tails. Wilson says the only note of the rusty grackle is a cluck, though he is told that at Hudson's Bay at the breeding time they sing with a fine note. Here they utter not only a cluck, but a fine shrill whistle. They cover the top of a tree now, and their concert is of this character. They all

seem laboring together to get out a clear strain, as it were, wetting their whistles against their arrival at Hudson's Bay. They begin, as it were, by disgorging or spitting it out like so much tow, from a full throat, and conclude with a clear, fine shrill, ear-piercing whistle. Then away they go, all chattering together."

"And the council of blackbirds was long and loud
Chattering and flying from tree to cloud."

—Mrs. Sigourney ("Migration of Birds")

Mr. Langrille describes this migratory flight most vividly : "On the first of May, 1880, as I stood on an iron bridge crossing a sluggish stream of Tonawanda Swamp, I saw the Rusty Grackles constantly trooping by in immense numbers. They were moving in a very leisurely manner, immense detachments constantly alighting. The large tract of lowland, covered with the alder, the willow, and the osier, seemed alive with them. The sombre wave, thus constantly rolling on, must have carried hundreds of thousands over this highway in a day. Occasionally they would alight to feed in the low, wet fields in the vicinity, making the earth black with their numbers. Their notes, or what might be called their songs, were almost deafening—resembling, indeed, the vocal performances of the Red-wings, but far less musical, being more of a sharp, metallic clatter, interspersed with loud squealing, and almost destitute of the liquid, warbling notes so peculiar to the species. On being alarmed, either in the fields or in the bushes, these Grackles would rise in a dense, black cloud, and with a rumbling sound like that of distant thunder. Their flight, which ordinarily is not very high, is straightforward, with a steady beat of the wings, after the manner of our Blackbirds in general. To one who has merely met these birds in their rusty coats, as they visit the fields in moderate flocks on their way South in October, or perhaps as early as the last of September, or as late as the first of November, they would scarcely be recognizable on these gala-days of their northward migration, so almost completely have they doffed the rust-color; the male being of an elegant glossy black, with the merest touch here and there of the rusty fringe; and even the female being of a fine brown or slaty-black, and having but a moderate garniture of this distinguishable edging on her nuptial plumage."

"Now screaming hawks soar o'er the wood,
And sparrows red haunt bushy banks;
The starlings gossip, 'Life is good,'
And grackless pass in sable ranks."

—John Burroughs ("Early April")

The Rusty Grackle is rather a shy bird, when engaged in nesting duties, and usually hies to some swamp or secluded wood to rear his young. He does not always go as far as Hudson's Bay; he is a most familiar bird in the prairie States west of the Mississippi, where driving clouds of them may be seen pitching off any fence as you drive by. "The Fountain of Youth" Lowell describes is just the place a Rusty Grackle or Thrush Blackbird would choose, being Thrushy in taste as well as in tone of plumage and in build :

"By no sadder spirit
Than blackbirds and thrushes
That whistle to cheer it
This woodland is haunted ;"

Though migrating in such flocks, he prefers to nest rather by himself, in some rushy swamp or alder thicket, as the poet has observed :

"The grackles bicker in the alder-boughs,"
—C. G. D. Roberts ("An Ode to Drowsihood")
"The elm-tops are astir
With flirt of idle wings.
Hark to the grackle's chirr
Whene'r an elm-bough swings."
—C. G. D. Roberts ("On the Creek")

"Here's a grackle chirping low."
—Maurice Thompson ("In the Haunt of Bass and Bream")

His fondness for these warm, still, drowsy, secluded places, where food is abundant and company frequent, just suits this fellow, and it is only those who are fond of such nooks that know Rusty.

Far more popular is the rackety, crowd-loving Common Crow, Blackbird, or Purple Grackle, of whom Lowell says: "Nothing can be more cheery than their creaking clatter (like a convention of old-fashioned tavern signs), as they gather at evening to debate in mass meeting their windy politics, or to gossip at their tent-doors over the events of the day. Their port is grave, and their stalk across the turf as martial as that of a second-rate ghost in Hamlet." He also incorporated this idea in "Biglow Papers":

"Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,
An' settlin' things in windy Congresses."—

For they are among the first spring arrivals, and come heralding spring with all the pomp of royal-robed ambassadors clothed in authority and majesty. As John James Audubon describes them: "The genial rays of the sun shine on their silky plumage, and offer

to the ploughman's eye such rich and varying tints that no painter, however gifted, could imitate them. The copper bronze, which in one light shows its rich gloss, is, by the least motion of the bird, changed to a brilliant and deep azure, and again, in the next light, becomes a refulgent sapphire or emerald-green."

"Here they come, jet-black and purple-crowned,
In darting throngs to flit among the pines
Again they fly the gilded steeple round,
When twilight glares and gleams in scarlet lines,
And though their dress is dark and sombre hued,
And even though their cries are out of tune,
We love them still, for in our April mood,
They promise that the May will follow soon."

—Jac Lowell ("The Purple Grackles")

The bird's pale straw-yellow eye gives him a weird look,— "as if witches had been about," says one writer, and perhaps explains the hint of "evil-eye" in Alice Carey's lines :

"And the blackbirds left the piping of
His amorous, airy glee,
And put his head beneath his wing,
An evil sight to see."

—("The Water-Bearer")

When the birds first arrive, they are very noisy, as Lowell says, also Emerson :

"The blackbirds make the maples ring
With social cheer and jubilee."

—("May-Day")

In their winter gatherings in the south, too, according to Alexander Wilson, they fill the trees until they seem "as if hung in mourning, their notes and screaming the meanwhile resembling the distant sound of a great cataract, but in more musical cadence, swelling and dying away on the ear, according to the fluctuation of the breeze." Nowadays there are seldom such great flocks as these, gathered anywhere, spring, or winter, but we still have plenty of blackbird music. Even one can make quite a stir :

"I saw a shining blackbird loud whistling on a thorn:"

—Celia Thaxter

"Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay."

—Emerson

Purple Grackle's usual note is a hoarse, low chuck, but when very happy, as a bird is quite likely to be when the weather is right and domestic affairs are moving smoothly and food is plentiful, he can sometimes achieve quite a tune. He must be by himself to do it, and quite undisturbed, but when caught at it the performance is praiseworthy, and helps explain why he is put in a song bird family that contains the Oriole, Bobolink and Meadowlark.

"Upon the topmost spray the blackbird sings,
With mellow note, his silvery-throated song."

— E. W. Gage "(Autumn")

The flight of the Crow Blackbird is interesting, for he uses his tail in a rather uncommon manner, on occasion, by turning up the sides until it resembles the keel of a sailboat,—which causes his name of Keel-Tail Blackbird :

"The flock of grackles, decked in raven hue,
Turned down the rudders of their tails, and whirled
Up to the walnut as a single bird,
Rasping their wheezy squeak as slow they flew."

—Lloyd Mifflin

He has another trick that serves to distinguish him; Mr. Langille describes it graphically: "As the plowman turns his furrow this bird forms a part of the newly-made landscape. Stepping along the fresh, brown edges with a peculiar gracefulness, his brilliant hues, with a bright, metallic lustre, cannot fail to delight the eye. Blue, emerald, purple, and bronze, all gleam and flash interchangeably in the sunshine. How quick are those light-golden eyes to detect grubs, beetles, chrysalids and worms!"

"Nature sends her blackbirds, in the early morn,
To superintend his fields of planted corn."

—Will Carleton ("The First Settler's Story")

"We watched the harrows make their furrow wide;
The thievish grackles follow, round by round."

—Lloyd Mifflin

I have wondered just what bird Alice Cary has in mind when she writes:

"and there, with head
Tricked out with scarlet, pouring his wild lay,
You see a blackbird."

—("The Lover's Interdict")

and again:

"He had a blood-red topknot,
And wings that were tipped to match:
And he held his head as if he said,
'I'm a fellow hard to catch.'"

—("Story of a Blackbird")

If the Purple Grackle, one must accuse her of being color-blind or of exaggerating the reddish cast the plumage sometimes takes in the light. I have about decided to believe she meant the Red-Winged Blackbird, but saw the color too widely distributed, perhaps due to the bird's active movements, or a bit of astigmatism she did not suspect. Too, one must allow for poetical license, always a big factor in verse-making. She is more ornithologically correct in the following lines, if she intends the Red-Winged Starling:

"Roses red as wings of starlings."

—("Life's Roses")

"There be the blood-red wings of the starlings
Shining to light and lead him home."

—("Cradle Song")

Red-Wing is the species oftenest mentioned by the poet, because the best blackbird of them all, poetically speaking,

"The wing-spotted blackbird, sweet bobolink's cousin,"

as John T. Trowbridge calls him. Take his colors, that jaunty black uniform with the scarlet shoulder-straps, of which he is so frankly proud:

"The blackbird is bubbling and shaking his shoulders
To show off his epaulettes bright."

—Belle A. Hitchcock

Quite properly "Little Corporal" is one of his nicknames, for he has a most soldierly appearance standing upright on a reed and shouting a wild cry to his mates:

"The flags are aflame with his epaulet—
("Klong-ulla-ree!")

That sparkles of red on a jacket of jet,
Oh, he is the summer-time gay cadet!

("Ka-lonk-o-lee!")

The spring's a-gee

From the Hudson down to the Oconee.

("Ka-lonk-o-lee!")

—Anon. ("The Red-Winged Blackbird")

He is well supplied with nicknames, however, such as Marsh Blackbird, and Swamp Blackbird, which indicate his habitat:

"On a bulrush stalk a blackbird swung,
 All in the sun and the sunshine weather,
 Teetered and scolded there as he hung
 O'er the maze of the swamp-woof's tangled tether;
 And the spots on his wings were red as fire,
 And his notes rang sweet as Apollo's lyre."

—Ernest McGaffey ("The Red-wing")

Lowell, too, knows the bird's liking for water-side bushes—"alders the creaking red-wings sit on," and Thoreau often notes his presence by the thawing streams:

"(March 19th.)—The redwings' gurgle-ee is heard where smooth waters begin.

"(March 12th.)—This is the blackbird morning. Their sprayey notes and conqueree ring with the song-sparrow's jingle all along the river.

"By the river I see distinctly redwings, and hear their conqueree. They are not associated with grackles. They are an age before their cousins have attained to clearness and liquidity; they are officers epauletted. The others are rank and file. I distinguish one even by its flight, hovering slowly from tree-top to tree-top, as if ready to utter its liquid notes."

The bird's song is another pleasing feature about him, it is so reed-like in quality, and ripples along, rising and falling, like the gurgling of a brook over the stones:

"To feel your nerves a-tingle
 By grackle's strident jingle,
 Or starling's brooky call."

—John Burroughs ("Spring Gladness")

"The redwing flutes his o-ka-lee," is Emerson's way of interpreting the performance, which William H. Gibson says has a "gurgle and wet ooze in the note" which reminds one of the swamp from which it comes. It is as though the bird's love for the water has affected his voice, and caused those wet, bubbling, gurgling tones so full of sweetness and light. Early in spring it begins, even in March, as Thoreau has recorded, also Burroughs:

"I hear the starling fluting
 His liquid 'O-ka-lee!'"

—John Burroughs ("A March Glee")

Like the rest of the Troupail Family, Redwing is fond of company of his own kind, and in migration travels in large flocks. As a vast army of them, or even a small party, moves along, each one in his uniform of black with glittering red insignia,—for the males come up together in advance of their mates,—they make a pageant well worth seeing. They fly as though under military discipline, each

soldier obeying perfectly the commands of the general, Mother Nature herself :

“Far in the south the redwings hear and speed
To answer nature's far-heard northern cry;
Swift from the fields they gather and take on
The burden of a journey; young and old
Spring upward to the sun as if the need
Of earth and of her comfort were gone by.”

—P. H. Savage (March 20)

“How handsome a flock of redwings, ever changing its oval form as it advances, from the rear birds pursuing the others,” comments Thoreau. And, indeed, the bird is a lovely sight and sound,—it is his nature to be so:

“We redwings are singers and poets
In meadows and brooks we delight;
Though glossy our shining black dresscoats,
Our family cares are not light.
O-ka-lee! Children three;
Don't you see! O-ka-lee!”

—S. J. Douglas (“Redwing's Song”)

Though to tell the truth, Redwing takes his family cares light, leaving the building and brooding to his mate while he entertains her:

“The blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore,
As sweetly and gayly as ever before;
For he knows to his mate he at pleasure can hie,
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.”

—H. B. Schoolcraft (“Geehale: An Indian Lament”)

There is one black sheep in the Blackbird tribe, and that is the Cow-Bird, or Cow Blackbird, or Buffalo-Bird, named from its habit of perching where food is easily obtained:

“The blackbird sat on their backs
In the still afternoons.”

—Hamlin Garland (“The Passing of the Buffalo”)

Not that this indolent method of obtaining food is so reprehensible,—as long as the host furnishing the dinner-table doesn't object. Insects are a good riddance wherever captured. It is the female Cow-bird habit of laying her eggs in other birds' nests and leaving the care of the resultant young to over-worked mothers while she wanders about carefree, that makes her detestable, also the fact that at best she is an unlovely bird, of a slaty-brown, slatternly in color and habits. The male Cowbird is a little better, being of a glossy green-

ish-black with a glossy brown head and neck. Cowbird is a stealthy, quiet individual, always reminding one of those human parasites that wander about the alleys and by-streets:

"Silent along the silent sky
The brown cow-blackbirds fly."

—Ernest McGaffey ("The Yellow-Hammer")

As to vocal ability, it is almost nil, though as Thoreau comments: "The Cowbird utters a peculiarly liquid April sound. Indeed, one would think its crop was full of water, its notes so bubble up and regurgitate, and are delivered with such an apparent stomachic contraction." John Burroughs, too, finds them watery: "He seems literally to vomit up his notes. Apparently with much labor and effort, they gurgle and blubber out of him, falling on the ear with a peculiar subtle ring, as of turning water from a glass bottle."

Another Troupial the poet has not overlooked is the Yellow-Headed Blackbird of the Central States, which occasionally wanders into the east as far as Massachusetts. As Mr. Keyser describes it:

"His whole head and neck are brilliant yellow, as if he had plunged up to his shoulders in a keg of yellow paint, while the rest of his attire is shiny black. He utters a loud, shrill whistle, quite unlike any sound produced by his kinsmen, the crow blackbird and the redwing." It would seem that when he does wander into New England he is well treated, at least by the one poet who has observed him. Not *her*, for *she* has a dark-brown cap and a dull yellow throat-piece:

"The yellow-headed blackbird, with light yellow crown,
Hangs fluttering in the air, and chatters thick
Till her breath fails, when, breaking off, she drops
On the next tree, and on its highest limb
Or some tall flag, and gently rocking, sits,
Her strain repeating."

—Carlos Wilcox ("Spring in New England")

All in all, the Troupials have their place in the marshes and fields. Even the Cowbird is a good insect exterminator, and the others add beauty and music, life and interest, to whatever scene they see fit to grace. At any time of the year the lover of the out-of-door world welcomes the sight of those orderly flocks, the sound of that sleigh-bell tinkle characterizing the song. To repeat that bit of "Spring Gladness" Mr. Burroughs has so fittingly worded, it is a delight

"To feel your nerves a-tingle
By grackle's strident jingle,
Or starling's brooky call."

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

ABOUT THE ICHNEUMON-FLY

"The wing'd Ichneumon for her embryo young
Gores with sharp horn the caterpillar throng.
The cruel larva mines its silky course,
And tears the vitals of its fostering nurse."

—ERASMUS DARWIN (*Origin of Society*).

Ichneumon is the name generally applied to the parasitic race of insects, because in the old classifications all the species of winged insects whose larvæ feed on the larvæ of other insects were included in the one family. Indeed, the name ichneumon, "the tracker" is fitting to all the maternal parents of these parasites, who are one and all active, prying and destructive.

The original ichneumon was a mongoose, called "the tracker" because it was supposed to seek out the eggs of the crocodile for food. On this account it was adored by the Egyptians as a benefactor. Their example to a reasonable degree should dictate our attitude to our winged ichneumons, since these flies are very serviceable to the agriculturist, destroying as they do immense numbers of caterpillars and other harmful insects. Cuckoo-fly is another appropriate name for this tribe.

Nearly six thousand species of ichneumon-flies and their allies have been catalogued, some so minute that the egg of a butterfly is sufficient for the support of two individuals until they reach maturity; others so large that the body of a full-grown caterpillar does not more than suffice for one. Indeed, it frequently happens that the parasites are themselves preyed upon by others, which may in the larval stage furnish a host for other parasites, and so in some cases into a fourth series. As Mr. Kellogg says, "The chief agents in keeping the great insect host so checked that plants and other animals have some food and room on the earth are insects themselves."

In each of these six thousand species, the female is winged, and may be known by her long, narrow body, so convenient for prying and boring into holes and corners, and by her long, flexible, jointed horns, used as both feelers and as ears for exploring the places and subjects best suited for receiving her eggs.

The ovipositor, particularly, is a most effective instrument, fitted to pierce an egg, the skin of a grub, caterpillar or chrysalis, and in some cases to bore through silk, wood or clay. Few insects, if any, are exempt from their attacks, unless it be some species too short-lived to be of use to the ichneumon-fly larvæ.

Suppose the larva selected be that of the common white cabbage-

butterfly, which has two species of ichneumon-flies preying upon its caterpillar, two others which attack it while in the chrysalis stage, while still another deposits her eggs within those of the butterfly. The five ichneumons should be numbered among the gardener's best friends.

While the caterpillar is stuffing its green, black and yellow striped body with cabbage-leaf pulp, a small, nervous, quivering little fly pounces on its back, flourishes her egg-depositing piercer, and plunges it here and there into the caterpillar's soft body, leaving an egg in each puncture. Strange to say, the caterpillar seems to be unconscious of its danger, and goes on eating cabbage, though there may be hundreds, even two thousand or more, eggs in its body.

In a short time, perhaps within the day, each egg hatches into a soft, fleshy, cylindrical, footless grub, to find itself in a land of plenty, one with the magical power of self-renewal. The parasites feed on the fatty tissues of their host, or in some cases absorb its juices, leaving its vital parts untouched, so that the caterpillar lives on with the hungry brood inside, nourished at its expense.

The grub cuckoo-flies attain their growth as, to all appearances, does their unfortunate host. When, according to instinct, the caterpillar deserts its cabbage for the shelter of a garden well or fence, to begin its transformations, instead, out comes a wriggling mass of white worm-like grubs through holes they have bored in the caterpillar's skin, which naturally loses its plumpness and shrivels to a shadow of its former self.

The emerging grub first attaches its posterior end to its host by some silken threads, then commences to build an unstanding cocoon by forming a series of loops of silk while moving its head alternately from left to right and then from right to left. After spinning to the top of the cocoon on one side of its body, the grub turns head down, gradually contracting its body to fit the cocoon. To complete the cocoon with an upper lid, the grub once more somersaults and finally goes to sleep head up and tail down inside its silken cell.

Soon the caterpillar is nothing but an empty skin, or at best a most shrunken one, while heaped upon it is a mass of little oval cocoons of yellow silk. By some people these are mistaken for caterpillar eggs; others take them for their victim's attempts at spinning its own cocoon, which attempts resulted in its working itself to death.

While the caterpillar dies, the ichneumons pupate within their cocoons, and when transformed to adult flies they gnaw their way

out of the cocoons and fly away to find mates and become parents in their turn.

The hog-caterpillar of the vine, named from a fancied resemblance to fat swine, about two inches when full grown, is often infested by the larvæ of an ichneumon-fly, the mother being a little black creature only about one-eighth or one-fourth of an inch in length. She deposits great numbers of her minute eggs beneath the skin along the back of the partially grown caterpillar, so that one "hog" is host to scores of ichneumons.

Though, as records Dr. Biley, "one of these caterpillars, in its normal, healthy condition, may be starved to death in two or three days, another that is writhing with its body full of parasites will live without food for as many weeks. Indeed, I have known one to rest for three weeks in a semi-paralyzed condition, and after the parasitic flies had all escaped from their cocoons, it would rouse itself and make a desperate effort to regain strength by nibbling at a leaf that was offered to it."

In some cases the victim may even manage to turn to chrysalis, but it never attains to the perfect form, when it could lay eggs and reproduce its kind, because invariably ere it reaches the final stage the maturing larvæ it contains have destroyed it, by a slow, but sure, consumption.

A collector may be cherishing a chrysalis of the swallow-tail butterfly he has gathered from its reedy haunt, only to find emerging an entirely different insect from the one expected. Mr. Ward describes such a denouement.

"Early one morning, much later in the season than when the butterfly should have appeared, a tiny hole became apparent on one side of the chrysalis, which an hour or two later had increased in size. When I looked into the opening, a pair of rather startling insect's eyes could be seen peering through. Also, it was obvious that the insect within, whatever it was, possessed sharp and strong mandibles, and with these it was slowly biting its way through the hardened chrysalis shell.

"The insect worked diligently and persistently for several hours, occasionally pushing through a leg to test if the hole was large enough for its egress. After working for nearly five hours, it got its head and one of its forelegs through in a sideways position, and immediately the other foreleg followed. It then gripped the chrysalis below with these two legs, and so pulled itself out, its wings thereupon appearing. Not a moment was lost; the battle was won, and the insect was free. It quickly dragged itself out and fluttered its wings, its feelers, body and limbs, at the same time twitching with

wonderful activity for an insect only just emerged from chrysalis. A moment later, it was travelling up the stem, still exhibiting the same extraordinary activity. A few minutes later it had trimmed its wings and taken its flight."

Says another writer: "During last August, we had six of the golden chrysalides of the little tortoise-shell butterfly all suspended to a cluster of nettles which we had planted in a flower-pot for the provision of their caterpillars. From two of the number appeared duly, in all their bright array of black, scarlet, blue and gold, the insects to be naturally expected; from the others issued broods of small ichneumons."

For often the ichneumon larvæ, when ready to enter the pupa state, spins its cocoon within the body of the caterpillar, in which case the host dies from causes unsuspected until the adult fly emerges. The cocoons of the smaller species may be found packed closely in considerable numbers, side by side or placed in upright rows, within the body of their host.

Certain parasites of the aphides, or plant-lice, have their development entirely within the body of the host. The tiny egg of the fly hatches out almost immediately after being laid in the body of the aphis, and within a few hours the gnawing larva has accomplished the feat of devouring the body of its host. Frequently the large size of the parasite causes the body of the dead aphis to swell out into a globular form, many times its original size. The adult fly escapes through a hole it makes in the top of the inflated abdomen, which accounts for the empty skins of aphides to be found on rose bushes, oat-stems, wheat-stalks, and hundreds of other plants.

Other parasites of the plant-lice develop as larvæ in the host, but when ready to pupate escape and spin their flattened cocoon, resembling the base of a goblet, beneath the aphid. Of course, this parasite is a tiny creature, not more than one-tenth of an inch in length after emerging from its cocoon, yet it is itself often the host of a still smaller parasite which destroys it as it did the plant-louse.

Weevils are long-lived, and though they go encased in thick armor, they have their foes in certain ichneumons with ovipositors sharp enough to pierce through their seemingly impenetrable hides. Indeed, one of the largest members of the family, with a body two and one-half inches in length, measuring nearly ten inches from the tip of the antennæ to the tip of the ovipositor, is a parasite of the wood-boring larva of the pigeon horntail. Mr. Comstock describes her work:

"When a female finds a tree infested by this insect, she selects a place which she judges is opposite a burrow, and elevating her long ovipositor in a loop over her back, with its tip on the bark of the tree, she makes a derrick out of her body and proceeds with great skill and precision to drill a hole into the tree. When the burrow is reached she deposits an egg in it. The larva that hatches from this egg creeps along this burrow until it reaches its victim, and then fastens itself to the horn-tail larva, which it destroys by sucking its blood. The ichneumon larva, when full grown, changes to a pupa within the burrow of its host, and the adult gnaws a hole out through the bark if it does not find a hole already made by the horn-tail. Sometimes the adult ichneumon gets her ovipositor wedged in the wood so tightly that it holds her a prisoner until she dies."

The cotton-worm has two parasites. One lays its eggs on the pupæ inside the silken cocoon, her thread-like ovipositor being equal to the task. The other is parasitic on the worm, but leaves its host before spinning its cocoon. Mr. Hubbard describes the process: "In quitting its host the parasite maintains its connection therewith by means of a single thread. After crawling to a distance of about half an inch it fastens this thread to the surface of a leaf and begins its cocoon. The larva forms the exterior by throwing out loops of ropey fluid, which under the lens are seen to become rigid as they fall, and to harden rapidly, forming a rather coarse strand of white silk which is often beautifully furred. These loops are piled one upon another, and the walls of the cocoon rise rapidly until they meet overhead. The inside is then lined in the manner usual with cocoon-making larvæ, until the whole has become opaque. The process of spinning occupies about two hours' time."

The leaf-miners, those tiny caterpillars that live between the two skins of a leaf, also have their parasites. "Often in the mine," says Mr. Weed, "there may frequently be found a smooth, silken cocoon, having projecting from each end a cord of fine, silken threads, which are fastened to the sides of the leaf-mine, thus suspending the cocoon after the manner of a hammock. The cocoon is white, with a darker appearing central band, about one-sixth as wide as the cocoon is long. The darker appearance of this band is due not to any difference in the color of the silk, but because the cocoon is there very much thinner than at the ends. The advantage of this peculiar method of suspension is probably to be found in the fact that the cocoon is thus much freer from moisture than it would be were it in contact with the sides of the leaf."

Other cocoons, instead of being anchored under or upon the body of the host, or inside a leaf or on one, are perched on a stalk of silk

several times longer than the cocoon, giving the whole the appearance of the "flowering stalk" of moss. One can imagine how this larva goes to work, attaching first a button of silk to the leaf or other surface chosen, then adding more silk until the button becomes a stem, always keeping its body at the free end of the stalk. Then it weaves a saucer-like bit on the end of the stalk, which grows to a cup, then turning about so it sits in the cup, the creature completes the cocoon and takes its well-earned rest. When it is ready to fly out, a neat lid is cut in the top of its vase-like cocoon, and out through the opening comes the insect that once lived inside another insect's maggot-like body.

A host of parasitic species spend all but the winged adult period of their lives in the eggs of other insects, perhaps as many as half a dozen in one egg. Of course, these insects are often so small they can scarcely be distinguished by the naked eye, except as the trained searcher catches the gleam on their shining dark wings as they flit about the grass. The eggs of the wheat-fly, canker-worm, Hessian-fly, and such insect pests form hosts for these tiny creatures, one of which in the adult state is one-ninetieth of an inch in length.

There are few cases in which the parasite develops in the adult insect, but the locust and the ladybird are two exceptions. Mr. Weed describes such an instance:

"In the Middle and Western States, where the spotted ladybird-beetle is abundant, one may sometimes see one of these beetles crouching over a small, brown, silken cocoon. Sometimes the beetle when found will be dead, with its feet entangled in the meshes of the silk; others will be alive and straddling the cocoon. One such, observed in Illinois several years ago by Mr. C. A. Hart, acted much as a spider does in reference to its egg-sac. When found, the beetle's hind claws were caught in the loose silk of the cocoon; when the latter was removed, the beetle seemed greatly disturbed, and would fold its legs about anything within reach.

"It walked holding its body high in the air, and then it came near the cocoon, the claws would become entangled, so that it dragged the cocoon along after it. When the beetle was placed upon its back it waved its feet excitedly, as most insects do when in this position; but soon as the cocoon was placed within reach, the beetle folded its legs about it and became quiet, remaining so, although still lying upon its back.

"If such a beetle is kept beneath a tumbler or in some closed vessel, one is likely to find in a few days that the beetle is dead, and that a small, black, four-winged fly has emerged from the cocoon

by gnawing off a cap at one end. This fly is a parasite; it developed from an egg laid some time before, probably in the fully developed beetle, by a similar four-winged fly. The egg hatched into a tiny grub that lived in the abdomen or hind part of the beetle, absorbing the tissues of the host as it developed. After a few weeks of such growth it became full-grown; it then burrowed its way out of the beetle's body and spun a cocoon beside it. Within the cocoon the larva changed to a pupa, to emerge a short time afterward as an adult fly. The beetle lingers on in a half-paralyzed condition for some time before it finally dies."

Of course, its devotion to its parasite is the most amazing phase of such a host, as though the worm that had been sapping its life had actually become dear to it,—bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh.

Mr. Kellogg discusses the interesting subject of host and parasite cycles. "It is obvious that in the face of a scarcity of host individuals the dependent parasite species are bound to find difficulty in maintaining themselves, and conversely, that with the increase of the host in numbers 'good hunting' arrives for the parasites. But the good times bring hard ones in their train, for when hosts are abundant the parasites increase so rapidly in numbers, having usually several generations to the host's one, as soon to overcome and sometimes almost extinguish in any given locality the host-species, which, of course, means starvation for the parasite and a new lease of life for the host.

"Thus are brought about succeeding cycles of host and parasite abundance intimately associated with each other. In the case of the California oak-worm moth, a serious pest when abundant of the beautiful life and white oaks of California, the cycles are well-marked, and we have come to rely on the effectiveness of the parasite species in overtaking by rapidly succeeding generations the increasing hosts of the pest, and in checking it before the actual realization of what is not infrequently threatened, the killing of all the live-oaks in certain regions of the state."

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

BOOK REVIEWS

"The Fairest Flower of Paradise." Considerations on the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. By Very Rev. Alexis M. Lepicier, O.S.M. 12mo. cloth with Frontispiece. New York: Benziger Bros.

The author tells us that it was on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Immaculate Conception that the idea first occurred to him of writing a popular work on the Litany of Loretto. Of course this was not a new idea, but Father Lepicier approached the subject in a new way. He resolved to consider the doctrinal meaning of the invocation.

Taking successively each invocation of the litany of the Blessed Virgin, he traces out some mystery, incident, or virtue of our Blessed Lady's life, shedding new light or arresting our attention more strongly upon it. Each consideration is divided into three sections of moderate length, to which is added a suitable example followed by a prayer. This arrangement strongly favors those desiring a book for daily spiritual reading or meditation. Supplemented by two monthly schedules assigning two separate sets of subjects for each day, the book is rendered doubly practical for reading in public at May and October Devotions. Aside from this, priests will find in it a wealth of material for sermons or instructions, especially those priests in charge of Sodalties of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who are required to give frequent talks to the Sodalityists. The matter for such purposes is made readily accessible by the addition of two special lists of subjects.

"On the Run." A Juvenile. By Francis J. Finn, S.J. With Frontispiece. 12mo. cloth, net \$1.00. Postage, 10 cents.

It is an exciting story of the adventures of an American boy in Ireland, during present times, told with all of Father Finn's kindly sympathy, pathos, and humor, and will be of absorbing interest both to young and old.

This is Father Finn's first visit to Ireland, as far as we know, but he is thoroughly at home. Where should a Finn be at home if not in Ireland. He was very courageous to go there in those troublous times, but that only adds to the interest of the story. Only a sympathetic mind can tell stories of Ireland, and Father Finn is that. No more daring setting could be found for this role, and the author's young readers, whose name is legion, will follow him breathlessly from beginning to end.

A very important announcement accompanies this book. All Father Finn's stories will be sold hereafter at the uniform price of one dollar. This is joyful news indeed, and sales are sure to increase rapidly.

"Lives of the Saints." With Reflections for Every Day in the Year. Compiled from "The Lives of the Saints" by Rev. Alban Butler. Cloth, 85 cents. New York: Benziger Brothers.

"Butler's Lives" has been a household word for years and for pious reading is still without a rival. But this is the first time that it has been issued in such handy, readable, and low-priced form that no one can be excused for not possessing a copy of it. It was a happy thought, therefore, which prompted the publishers to add this important volume to their series of popular books, already containing such practical volumes of instruction as "The Home World"—"Catholic Belief"—"The Sacramentals"—"Catholic Ceremonies"—"Explanation of the Gospels"—"Catholic Teaching for Young and Old" and Cardinal Wiseman's classical "Fabiola."

Arranged according to the Calendar so that there is a Saint's life for every day in the year, followed by a short reflection or moral drawn therefrom, it also contains the lives of certain American Saints as well as of some most recently canonized. To many busy people this book will appeal because it presents these biographies briefly and in popular style, permitting of a five-minute regular daily reading. It will be admirable, too, for teachers in our Parochial Schools to have a pupil read aloud from it for five minutes each day. Well adapted for church book racks and for popular distribution to Catholic people generally, it is one of the best books to recommend at the time of Missions and Retreats.

"The Divine Counsellor." By Martin J. Scott, S.J. 12mo., pp. 155. New York: P. J. Kennedy & Sons.

In the six chapters which make up this book, Father Scott represents the Soul and God discoursing concerning "Life's Happiness," "Trust in God," "Eternal Punishment," "Temptation," "Confession to a Priest," and Scruples of Conscience."

He quotes Thomas à Kempis in justification of the colloquial form. There can be no question of its efficiency. It gives a vivid personal touch to the text that cannot be gotten in any other way.

One unconsciously finds himself in the place of the questioning soul, and at the same time God seems very near. The result is a fuller grasping of the truth under consideration, and a more personal application of it.

Father Scott does his part in that clear, earnest way that is characteristic of him, and the publishers have set forth the text in a dress that is worthy as well as pleasing.

"Reardon Rah!" Trials and Triumphs of an American School Boy. By Robert E. Holland, S.J. 12mo. cloth. Frontispiece. New York: Benziger Brothers.

"There is for our Catholic boys and girls a promise just now of many, many, golden days to come. In the last year or two there have stepped into the field of juvenile Catholic literature some new and mighty champions of a pen to be dedicated to the delight and

betterment of our American boys mainly, and incidentally of their amiable sisters.

"And now to swell the goodly and promising band comes Rev. Robert E. Holland, S.J., with a story the reading of which awoke the ashes of my senescency their ancient fires." So says Father Finn, the famous writer of boys' books, of "Reardon Rah!"

This is the story of a boy who has faults and makes mistakes, but who is saved by the influence of the Catholic Church, home and school. It is most thrilling in its description of the school athletics. It might be said that the author is most at home in these chapters. We have noticed generally that teachers who write stories of school life are not as happy when they get out into the business world. Men of business and their employees do not talk like teachers and pupils. Very few teachers, and especially clerical teachers, have had any experience in the world.

The Catholic boy is singularly favored these days with a wealth of juvenile literature. He is indebted for it principally to Jesuit writers, who are so well fitted by their duties as teachers to cater to the boys' love for fiction.

Parents will act wisely if they place these books in the hands of their children, because they instruct, as well as amuse, and they provide the Catholic solution of all childish problems, and that is the only correct solution.

"Carina." By Isabel C. Clarke. 12mo., pp. 393. New York: Benziger Brothers.
 "Average Cabins." By Isabel C. Clarke. 12 mo., pp. 402. New York: Benziger Brothers.

There is an old saying that one should not call too often, lest he wear out his welcome. As long as Miss Clarke can produce such excellent stories as those before us, she need have no fear of wearing out her welcome. Not the smallest of Miss Clarke's merits is that she does not repeat. In one respect she reminds us of the best theatrical managers, who keep distinct, all the paraphernalia of each play.

Since the appearance of Carina it has been frequently referred to as one of her best books. We think it is, without exception, the best. The theme, the danger of mixed marriages, while not new, is treated so naturally, and leads to disaster so inevitably that it is irresistible. The characters are perfect portraits, and if they were on canvas, they would be recognized at once as the work of a master. The atmosphere of England and Rome is so skilfully reproduced that one actually lives in it.

The strong-willed wealthy English gentleman, with his traditional pride of family, and strong attachment to the Protestant Church of his ancestors, who takes for his second wife the beautiful young Catholic Carina, and who tries in vain to prevent the only child of his first marriage, Peter, from embracing the Catholic faith excites our sympathy even while he tempts us to anger.

It is a beautiful story, and ought to be placed in the hands of girls without limitation.



THIS VOLUME DOES NOT
CIRCULATE